Aug. 25, 1980

# THE NEW YORKER

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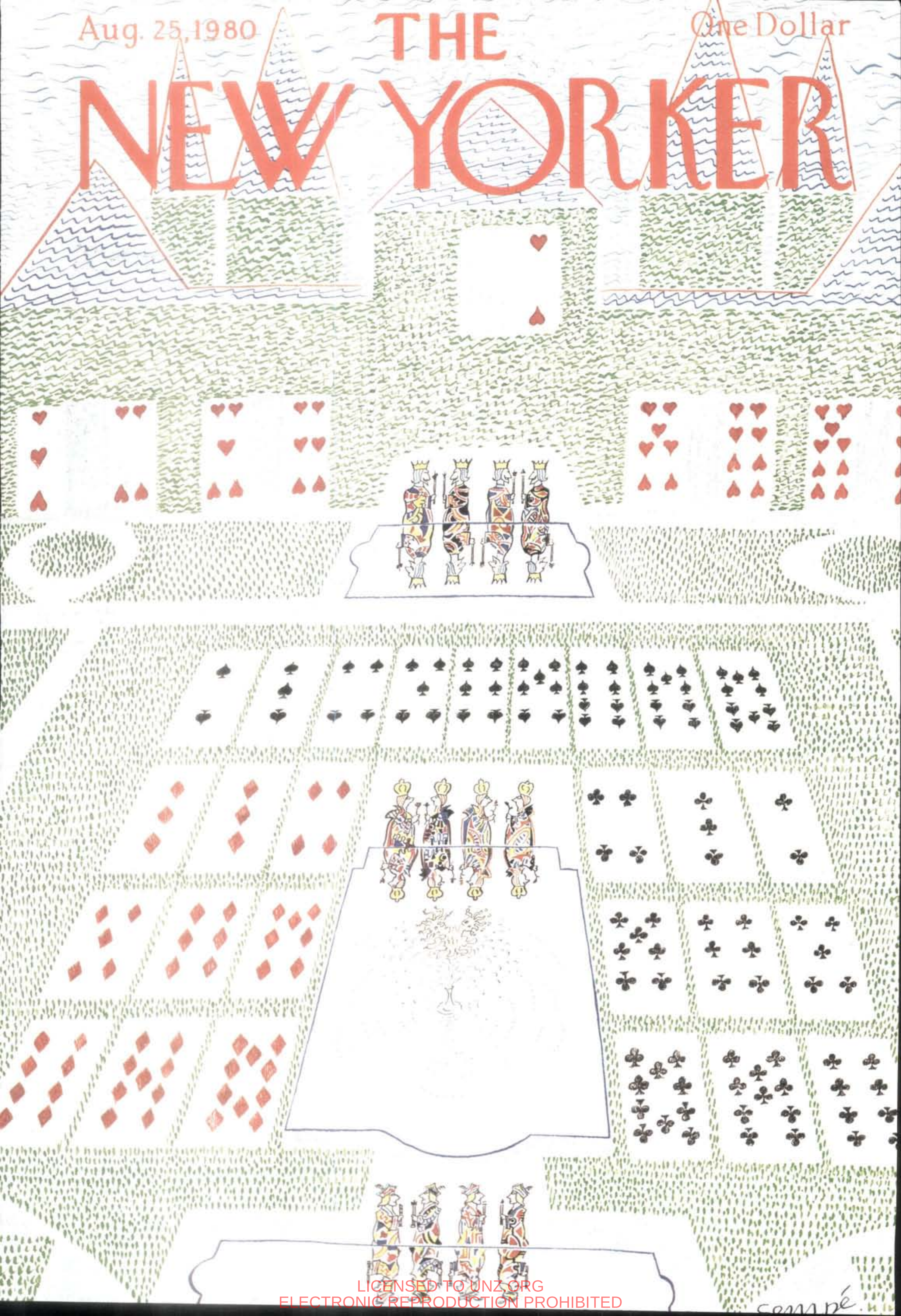

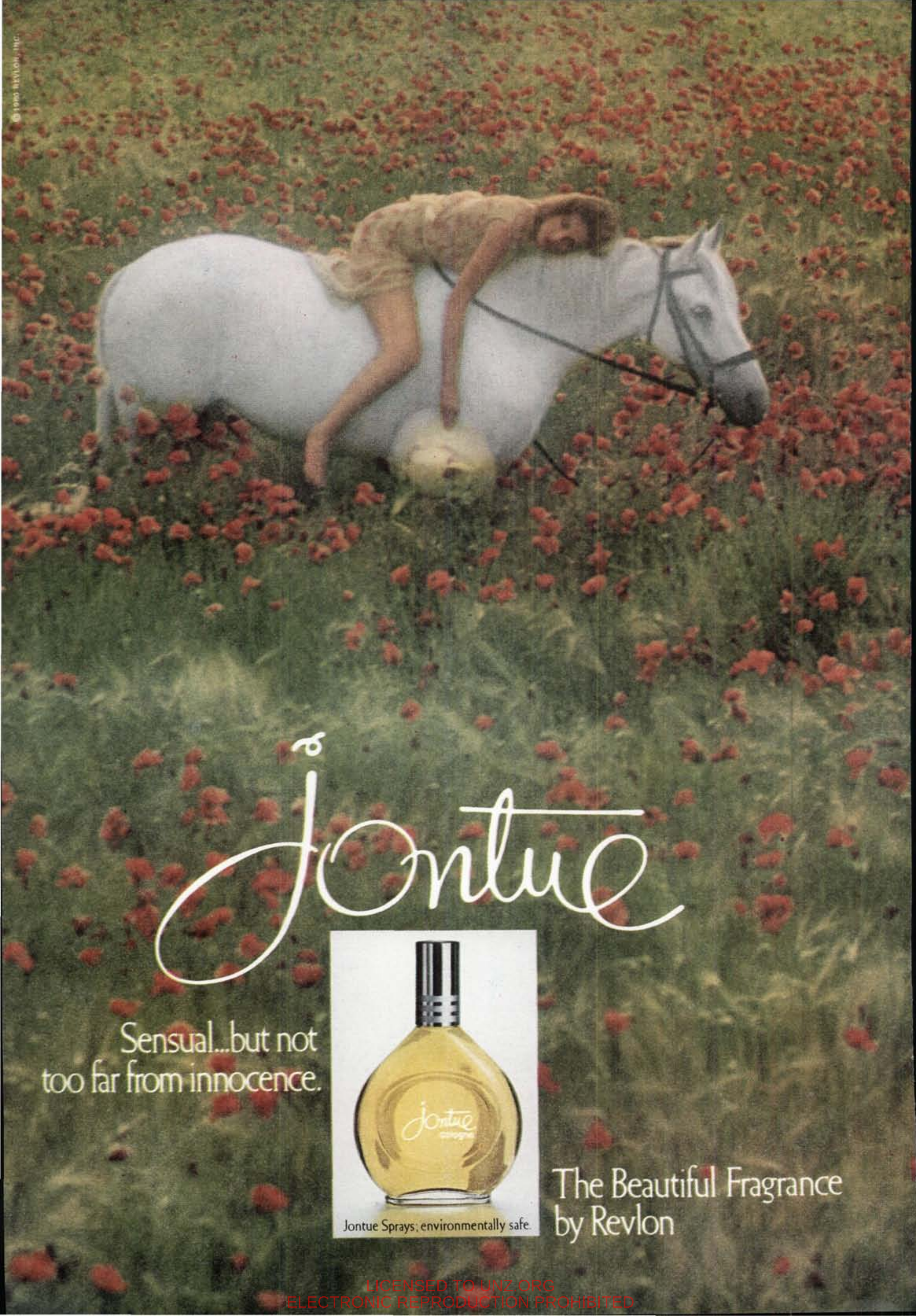
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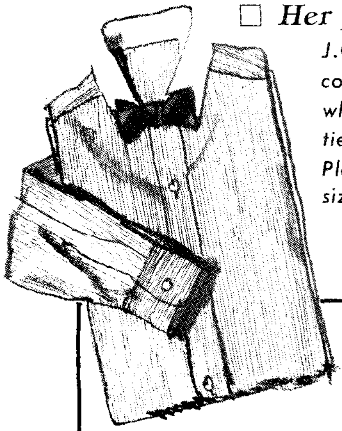

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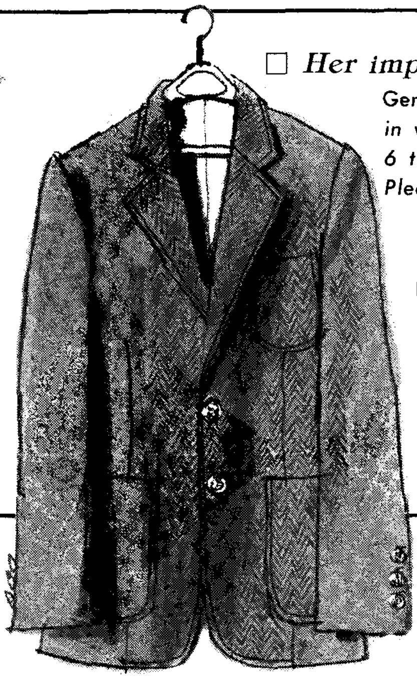

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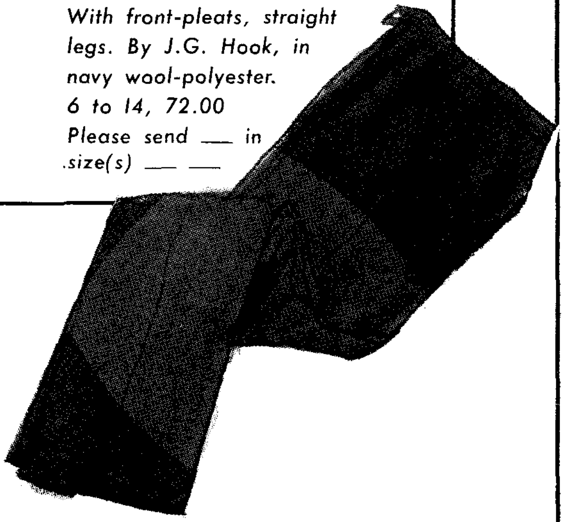

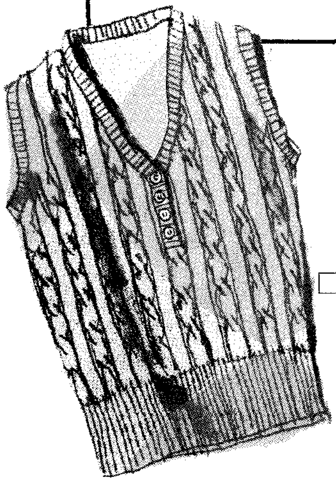

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Barnum**—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Billy Bishop Goes to War**—A fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author is John Gray. Cedric Smith plays no fewer than seventeen roles, and Ross Douglas plays the piano and sings. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Camelot**—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (7/21/80) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 23.)

**Children of a Lesser God**—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3.... MACREADY!, a one-character play written and performed by Frank Barrie: Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, Fridays at 10:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

**A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking**—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine**—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**42nd Street**—A musical starring Tammy Grimes and Jerry Orbach. Harry Warren and Al Dubin are credited with the songs, and Gower Champion is the director and choreographer. Previews Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 22-23. Opens officially on Monday, Aug. 25. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Aug. 23, at 2.)

**Fourtune**—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Home**—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**I Ought to Be in Pictures**—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: THE MIKADO.... ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-31: IOLANTHE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Look Back in Anger**—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 7.)

**Morning's at Seven**—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Oklahoma!**—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31.)

**Table Settings**—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Talley's Folly**—Jordan Charney and Debra

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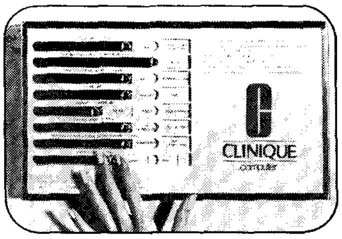
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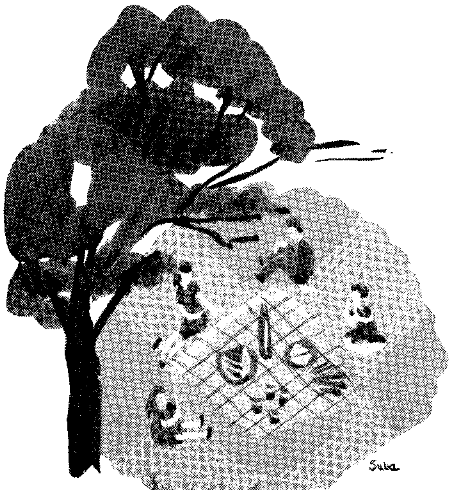
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mooney as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**West Side Story**—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—Vinnette Carroll has turned the Gospel According to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a figure of speech not much in tune with the New Testament. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,448 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance is now playing trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PETER PAN**: High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES**: The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book. Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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## MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

## DANCE

**Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille**—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 21, by a company appearing here for the first time—Performances of a full-length ballet, "The Bat," will be presented Wednesday, Aug. 20, through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. On Friday, Aug. 22, guitarist and singer **DAVID BROMBERG** will give a special, midnight-only performance (which, by the way, is already sold out); on Saturday, Aug. 23, **DOC** and **MERLE WATSON**, the stunning flat-picking father-and-son guitar players and country-folk singers from North Carolina, will be here; on Wednesday, Aug. 27, rock singer Benny Mardones will take the stage; and on Friday, Aug. 29, intense, whirling pianist **MC COY TYNER** will arrive with his quintet for three nights. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

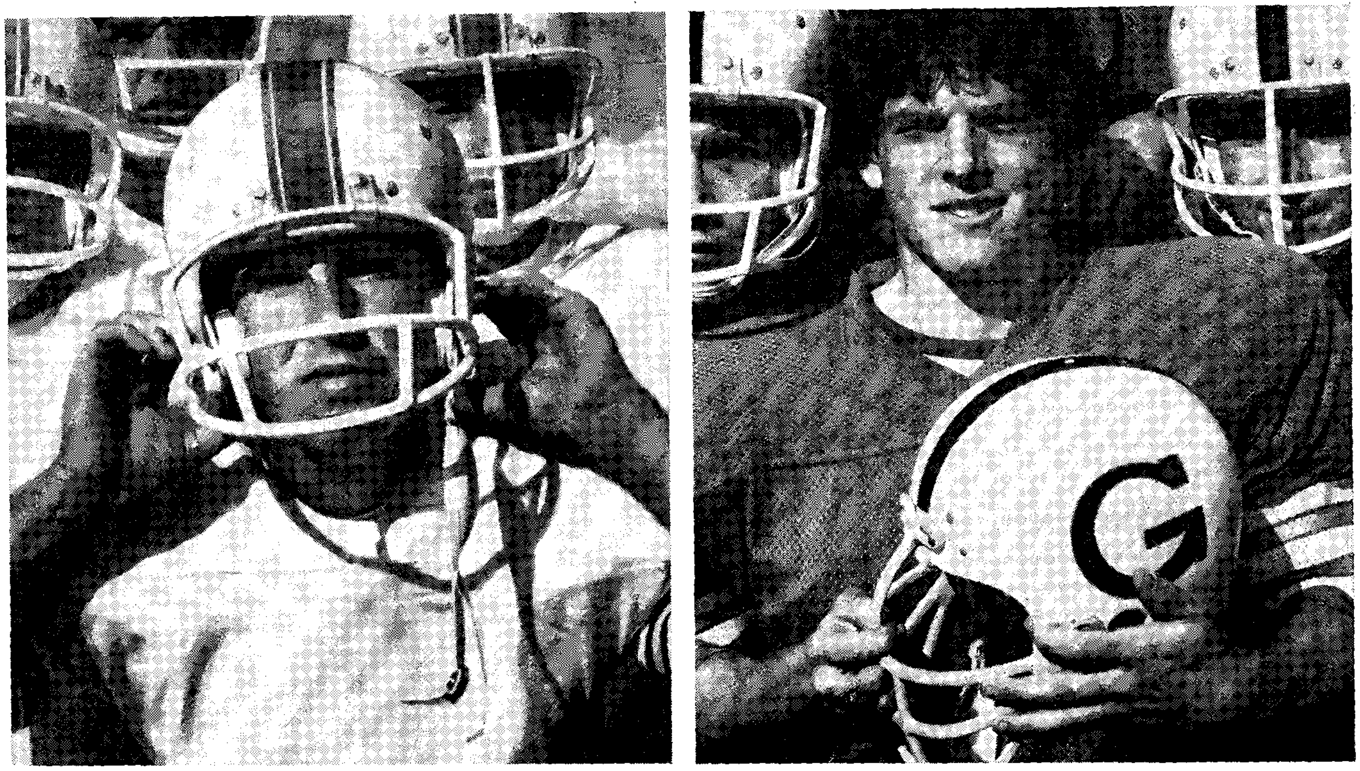
**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. The wonderful duo of pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** is here through Saturday, Aug. 23. On Monday, Aug. 25, pianist Kirk Lightsey will take over. On Sundays guitarist **JOE BECK** performs with a bassist. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A Brazilian club, with mirrors, glass, stainless steel, gray Chesterfield couches, large plants, and subtle lighting, which call to mind the chic urbanity of Rio. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is in charge, with a trio, at the Café. The summer schedule runs Sundays through Thursdays, with sets beginning at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

**Café Pierre**, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is half of a duo with his guitar-playing son John. They trade fours Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting, hanging



# One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

**Here's what we're doing:**

- Helping to develop standards for safer products.
- Advising manufacturers on safety procedures and loss prevention programs.
- Supporting legislation to reduce the enormous legal costs of administering the product liability system.
- Supporting legislation to make the standards of legal liability more definite, more predictable and more equitable.

**Here's what you can do:**

- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate.
- Use all products as they are meant to be used. Read and follow warning labels and instructions for product usage.
- Get involved! Become aware of proposals to improve fairness in the legal liability system.

## Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, New York 10038.

plants, and a glassed-in sidewalk section. The current musician in residence is solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ**, who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Just in case anyone's forgotten, "CBGB & OMFUG" stands for "Country, Bluegrass, Blues, and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers"—not that it really matters. The current crop of rock and roll: **BUZZ & THE FLYERS**, a local energetic rockabilly quartet, and the Standards Wednesday, Aug. 20; Fleshtones Thursday, Aug. 21; Mundanes, Coolies, and Dee Slade Friday, Aug. 22; and Bad Brains and Ama-dots Saturday, Aug. 23. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**CITY LIMITS**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS**, a usually powerful, emotional gospel singer who is somewhat restrained in these smallish quarters, saves souls nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. Sundays belong to **DARDANELLE**, an effortless, diction-perfect singer and sturdy, swinging pianist. Her times are eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Aug. 24, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will guide a quartet that will feature **MAJOR HOLLEY**, the humming, buzzing, bowing bassist, from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room. Bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** and his musical colleagues—saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE**, and drummer **BILLY HART**—work together through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and the 1980 edition of his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will move in. Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

**GREENE STREET**, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music every night after ten. Dining.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **AL GAFA** collaborates with pianist **BEN ARONOV** and bassist Todd Coolman; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

**HANRATTY'S**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got the fulfilling stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** right in the middle of the dining room, playing everything he can think of in a stride style. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

**HORS D'OEUVRERIE**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

**HURRAH**, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 20, the Love of Life Orchestra and Exdragon Debs; Thursday, Aug. 21, Polyrock, an arty rock band whose record producer happens to be Philip Glass; Friday, Aug. 22, the Pop and Insect Surfers; Saturday, Aug. 23, Neighborhoods and Nitecaps. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Monday through Sunday, Aug. 25-31.

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**JAZZMANIA SOCIETY**, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, electric pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** and his bluesy sextet will hold forth on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23. Music Friday and Saturday from nine-thirty, and Sunday from nine. Closed Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, under the leadership of trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE**, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, are performing here, their New York base, through Saturday, Aug. 23. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, another wonderful duo will take charge—pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** work on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS** and his band are onstage through Thursday, Aug. 21; on Sunday, Aug. 24, **DOUG DILLARD** will sing and play bluegrass with his band; on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 25-26, **TAJ MAHAL** will sing folk and blues tunes; and on Wednesday, Aug. 27, **ETTA JAMES** will sing some rhythm-and-blues numbers. Dining.

**MARTY'S**, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The current attraction is the Velvet Fog—**MEL TORMÉ**. Mr. Tormé can be seen (if one is lucky enough to get past the crowds) Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Dining.

**MAX'S KANSAS CITY**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Minors Aloud, Hi-Fi, and Eliot Michaels' New York, Wednesday, Aug. 20; Major Thinkers and Kongress Thursday, Aug. 21; Neon Leon and Justin Trouble Friday, Aug. 22; Science and Ozone Saturday, Aug. 23; 2nd Thoughts, Ama-dots, and Mental Notes Sunday, Aug. 24; Bedrooms of Europe, Startoon, and Top Decay Monday, Aug. 25; and Forced Entry, Telstars, and Paazo Rowe Tuesday, Aug. 26. Music after ten-thirty.

**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert of 1938 is the current subject for Tribute of the Month: the part of Benny Goodman is played by clarinettist **BOB WILBER**; guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** plays Charlie Christian; vibraharpist Lars Erstrand plays Lionel Hampton; drummer Chuck Riggs plays Gene Krupa; and bassist Phil Flanagan plays Harry Goodman. Through Saturday, Aug. 23. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, singer Dianne Little and a quartet led by former Duke Ellington bassist **AARON BELL** will begin a two-week tribute to Ellington. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club—rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. And **STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER**—is the main rhythm-and-blues reason why. Not everyone thinks that Stuff is the best rhythm-and-blues band in the world, but a lot of people do; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. Local rock and roller Elliott Murphy performs on Wednesday, Aug. 20; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 21-22, will be given over to country-rock singer Robert Hunter; on Saturday, Aug. 23, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, the Verrazano Narrows cowboy, will deliver sleepy, alphawavelike monologues about the Mississippi River and sing in a satisfyingly raspy voice songs by Louis Jordan, the Grateful Dead, and, of course, Woody Guthrie; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 28-30, electric pianist and singer **LES MC CANN** will alternate with pianist **HAROLD DANKO**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

**PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—*JIMMY LYON* is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**RITZ**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. The bands: **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES** through Thursday, Aug. 21; Human League Friday, Aug. 22; Kid Creole and BBC Saturday, Aug. 23; and the Shirts Monday, Aug. 25.

Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**St. Regis-Sheraton**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the sleek, strikingly beautiful King Cole Room, **HAZEL SCOTT**, an animated singer and pianist, leads a trio from eight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

**Salt Peanuts**, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture window that faces west, is a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too: Trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** heads up a hard-bop quintet that has taken over the Tuesday-through-Saturday slot with saxophonist and flutist **FRANK STROZIER**. Music from ten. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** teams up with pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and drummer **PETER DONALD** Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 21-24. The club will then be closed for ten days. Music from ten to two. Dining.

**Star and Garter**, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A sleek, attractive, but not pretentious bar and restaurant. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist have made a home for themselves on the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Sweet Basil**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, a pianist, composer, and guru to many newer jazz players, is leading a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 23; on Sunday, Aug. 24, Joyspring, a vocal bebop trio, will perform with backing from pianist **JOHN HICKS**' trio; on Monday, Aug. 25, Guanabara, a nonet, will play Brazilian jazz; and on Tuesday, Aug. 26, **NAT ADDERLEY**, an earthy cornettist and raconteur who plays R. & B.-flavored jazz, will arrive with no less than keyboardist **LARRY WILLIS**, bassist **WALTER BOOKER**, drummer **JIMMY COBB**, and tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Syncopation**, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and his trio work through Saturday, Aug. 23; on Sundays, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his energetic hard-bop associates—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—occupy the bandstand; on Monday, Aug. 25, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will lead a trio; and beginning Tuesday, Aug. 26, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** and his trio will share the bandstand with a trio led by drummer Joe Dukes. Music from about nine-thirty.

**Tramps**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It's even sparser than before, with no more banquettes, just tables and chairs and, for the most part, blues bands—what more could one ask? The meaty part of the schedule: soul singer Carla Thomas performs through Sunday, Aug. 24; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 26-27, the Fabulous Thunderbirds will play some rock and blues; on Thursday, Aug. 28, Roomful of Blues will play some more rock and blues; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, will be devoted to rhythm-and-blues singer Rufus Thomas. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Trax**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Soldier Wednesday, Aug. 20; the Darts and John King & the Cats Thursday, Aug. 21; Norman Nardini & the Tigers and the Yardleys Friday, Aug. 22; the Mix Saturday, Aug. 23; and the Pop and Hardbeats Tuesday, Aug. 26. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** Latin-jazz organization swaps sets with jazz-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA'S** group through Sunday, Aug. 24. Candi Staton, a disco and soul singer, will arrive with her backing crew on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Music from ten; on Saturdays from midnight. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten, and **JAZZ À CORDES**, a convincing hot-jazz quintet, performs out there, too, on Thursdays after ten.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is currently presenting two weeks of trumpeters: **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet are here through Sunday, Aug 24, and **BENNY BAILEY'S** quintet, which will feature saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and pianist **JOHN HICKS**, will move in on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

**West End**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Pianist Ram Ramirez and his combo are present through Saturday, Aug. 23; Sunday, Aug. 24, will belong to **JAZZ À CORDES**; and on Tuesday, Aug. 26, bebop pianist Joe Albany and his New Yorkers will take charge. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Roberta Flack/Peabo Bryson**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 7:30.

**Salsa Festival**—A two-day event. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8: Celia Cruz, El Gran Combo, Hector La Voe, Cheo Feliciano, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 8: Miss Cruz, Eddie Palmieri and Charlie Palmieri, Sonora Poncena, Ismael Rivera, Ismael Miranda, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Aug. 20: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: Bob Berg & Tom Harrell Quintet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27: Larry Willis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30: The Jimmy Cobb Trio with Mr. Willis. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Maureen Connor**—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Michael Heizer**—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Battery Park City**—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Architecture**—The Municipal Art Society has opened its new headquarters in the north wing of the recently restored Villard mansion—or the Urban Center, as it is now called—and there are two exhibitions (mostly photographs and architectural models) to celebrate the occasion: the first focusses on the buildings the society has been influential in preserving (Grand Central Station, for example) and on some that were lost (Pennsylvania Station), and the second, on the various planning and construction stages of six new big buildings. Through Sept. 23. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open daily, 11 to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Sept. 19. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Major paintings and sculpture by more than two dozen twentieth-century artists. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ In another room, Douglas Abdell's most recent welded-steel sculptures, accompanied by working drawings, are being shown. Through Sept. 30. (Open 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 22. . . . **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Herbert George, Arthur Gibbons, and Joe Neill are some of the artists in a show devoted to sculptures by gallery regulars. Also working drawings. Through Friday, Aug. 22. . . . **HAMMER**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **SPECTRUM**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works by contemporary artists depicting fifteen American Presidents, sometimes reverently, more often not. There is a life-size stained-glass likeness of Abraham Lincoln by Hy Bley; slapstick sculptures of him by William King; and a lithograph, "Sam's Art," by Saul Steinberg, which shows Lincoln sitting at an easel drawing images from the back of a dollar bill. Through Friday, Aug. 22. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Friday, Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Imogen Cunningham** (1883-1976) / **Laura Gilpin** (1891-1979)—Sixty little-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Judy Dater./Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Friday, Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Lou Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads; copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's

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collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which were commissioned by the East India Company. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**American Craft Museum**, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**New York City Opera**—Opening performances of a week-long engagement of Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," after which the company will move into its regular season, continuing through Sunday, Nov. 9. There will be alternating casts: Leigh Munro, Kathryn Bouleyn, Jacque Trussel, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings, or Elizabeth Hynes, Miss Bouleyn, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Jack Harrold. The conductor for both casts will be Andrew Meltzer. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Friday, Aug. 29, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 1 and 7.)

**Mostly Mozart Festival**—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 20: David Zinman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: David Zinman conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Stuart Canin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

**Peking Opera**—Final performances of an engagement of traditional Chinese opera by a company of seventy singers, dancers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time—Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Fight in the Dark," "The White Snake," and "Goddess of the Green Ripples." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Monkey King Fights the Eighteen Lo Hans," "The Jade Bracelet," and "Princess Red Fish." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Three-Forked Crossroad," "The White Snake," and "Goddess of the Green Ripples." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2: "Monkey King Fights the Eighteen Lo Hans," "The Jade Bracelet," and "Yen Deng Mountain." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

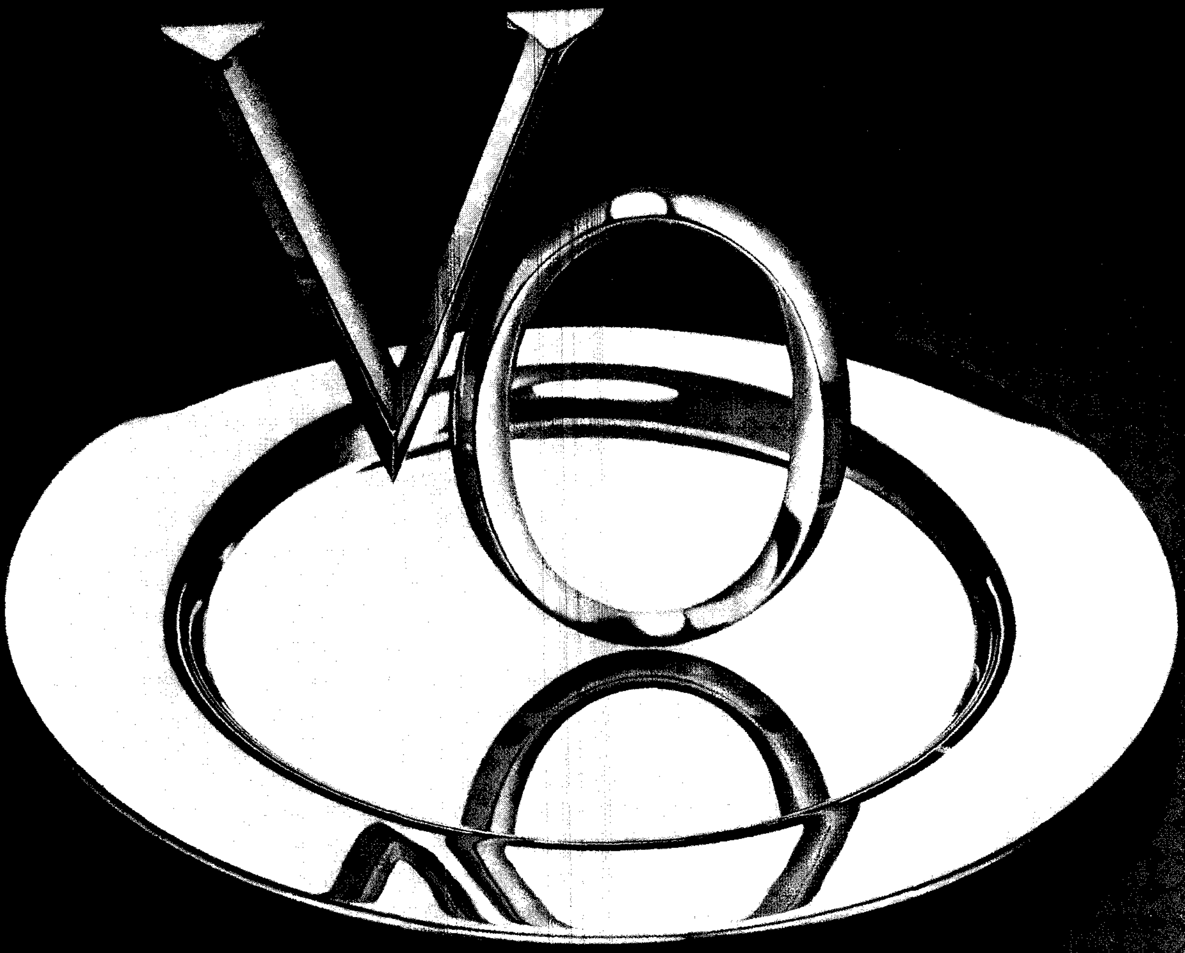
**Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival**—A six-day series of concerts. The participants include James Buswell, Franco Gulli, Ani Kavafian, Ida Kavafian, and Daniel Phillips, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama and Walter Trampler, viola; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Edward Auer, Enrica Cavallo, Ned Rorem, Alicia Schachter, and André-Michel Schub, piano; and Dale Clevenger, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday through Thursday, Aug. 23-28, at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

**Chamber Opera Theatre of New York**—Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief" and Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanna," two one-act comic operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 26-28, at 8.)

## IN THE COUNTRY

**Tanglewood Festival**—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30; Elly Ameling, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student de-

Treat yourself like company.



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WESTERN INTERNATIONAL

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

partments of the Berkshire Music Center and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the orchestras of the above two organizations, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, and John Williams, respectively. The soloist for the concert will be Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Herbert Blomstedt conducting the Boston Symphony, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Miss Ameling; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Neil Shicoff, tenor; Mr. Milnes; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 7: James Taylor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2: Jackson Browne. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—Final performances of the season—**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.** Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: William Smith conducting a program of popular music and jazz, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with soloists from the orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Norman, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . **ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE.** Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: "Suite Otis," "Inside," "Les Noces," and "Memoria." . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: "Later That Day," "Love Songs," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: "Memoria," "Facets," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30 and 8:15: Liberace. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25, at 7: James Taylor and Kim Carnes. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: Al Hirt. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: The Charlie Daniels Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 8:15: Glen Campbell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 7: The Cars. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Boston Repertory Ballet, Eleanor D'Antuono & Danilo Radojevic, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 21, at 3; Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3 and 8:40.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 23, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Sandy Amoros, Billy Loes, Clem Labine, Whitey Ford, Bill Skowron, and other Dodger and Yankee players who participated in the 1955 World Series); and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 2:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 28-30, at 8.

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**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

**Racing**—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 25. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23; the Spinaway, Sunday, Aug. 24; and the Seneca Handicap, Monday, Aug. 25. . . . **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Monday, Oct. 13. The Forego Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13.

**Soccer**—Cosmos vs. Rochester. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Tennis**—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 26, through Thursday, Sept. 4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

**Trotting**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

**Yachting**—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' (Australia, France, Great Britain, and Sweden) observation trials, through Monday, Aug. 25. . . . Defenders' final trials, through Friday, Sept. 12. . . . Challengers' final trials, Friday, Aug. 29, through Thursday, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

## ET ALIA

**Auctions**—Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Rugs. (Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 20-22, from 10 to 5.)

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** Arthur Sullivan's music is well served in the beautiful singing of Linda Ronstadt (Mabel) and of Kevin Kline and Rex Smith (Pirate King and Frederic) and in the spirited playing of the orchestra, but aside from the performance of George Rose—surely a better Major-General ne'er trod the boards—the wit and humor of W. S. Gilbert are often undermined by blurred diction and campy fooling. Wilford Leach directed. Patricia McGourty's costumes are delightful. Free performances are being presented through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**New York Philharmonic**—Zubin Mehta conducting the last in the concerts-in-the-parks series. (Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8.)

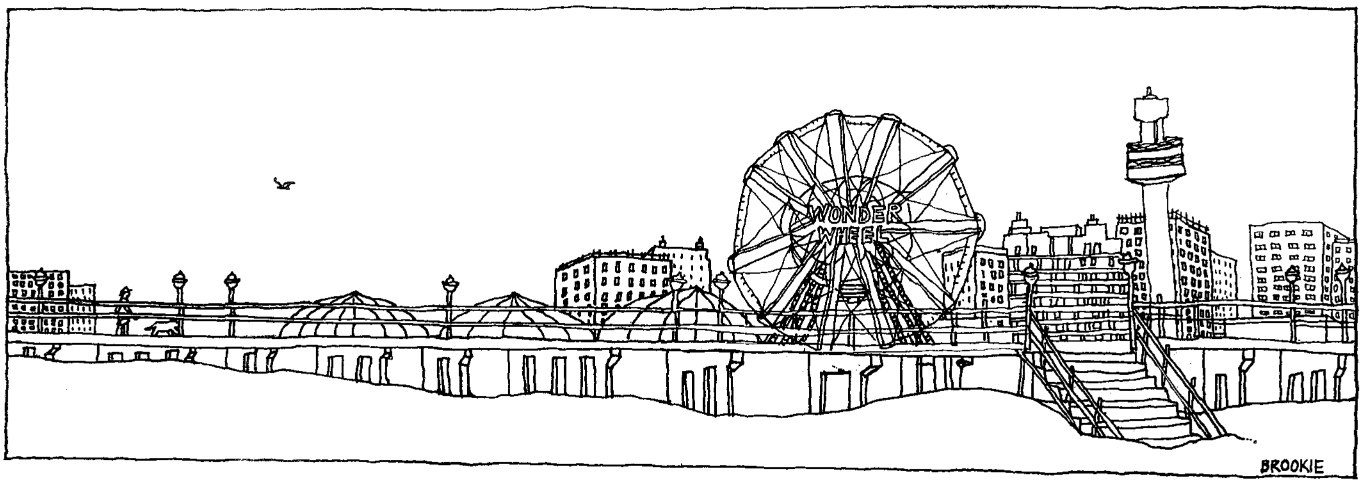
**South Street Seaport Museum**—The final free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 22: Julie Holtzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: The Rod Rodgers Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30: The Battery Dance Company. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

**Wollman Rink**—The final performances in this summer's series of concerts. Wednesday, Aug. 20: Rita Coolidge and Booker T. Jones. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: The David Bromberg Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Daryl Hall & John Oates and Black Rose. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25: The B-52's. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27: The Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29: Stephen Stills and Randy Van Warmer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30: The Pretenders. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors**—Final performances of a three-week festival that includes jazz (as well as country and bluegrass music), dance, musical comedy, children's theatre, cabaret, Hispanic specials, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** The Junior Cook-Bill Hardman Quintet, Thursday, Aug. 21, at noon. . . . ¶ Jay Clayton & Voices, Thursday, Aug. 28, at noon. . . . ¶ After Dinner Opera Company, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 6. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Singers, and Drummers, Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ "Tribute to Pavlova," Friday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ José Limon Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ The musical "Damn Yankees," Monday, Aug. 25 (dress rehearsal), and Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30, at 8:15. . . . ¶ 1000 Years of Jazz, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

**Deep Breathing**—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 14. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 24: "Ludwig."
Aug. 25: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 26: "Scandal."

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Scum."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 21: "The Blues Brothers" and "The Nude Bomb."
Aug. 22-28: "Caddyshack," and "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 28: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Hunter."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 28: "Battle Beyond the Stars."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**Penthouse East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Xanadu."

**Manhattan I,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Aug. 23: "Caddyshack."
From Aug. 24: "No Nukes."

**Manhattan 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Aug. 28: "My Bodyguard."
From Aug. 29: "Oh Heavenly Dog."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Willie & Phil."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Aug. 23: "No Nukes."
From Aug. 24: "The Adventures of Picasso . . . And a Thousand Loving Lies."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

**Gemini I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Kidnapping of the President."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

**Loews New York I,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Airplane!"

**Loews New York 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 21: "The Blue Lagoon."
Aug. 22-28: "The Big Red One."
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Xanadu."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

**Loews Orpheum I,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**Loews Orpheum 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hunter."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 28: "The Final Countdown."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." From Aug. 22: "The Octagon."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**Greenwich Playhouse I,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

**Greenwich Playhouse 2,** Greenwich Ave at 12th. (929-3350)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 2: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

**Harold Clurman,** 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
A Brian De Palma Festival:
Through Aug. 21: "Obsession" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
Aug. 22-23: "Carrie."
Aug. 24: "The Fury."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Willie & Phil."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 23: "Practice Makes Perfect."
From Aug. 24: "Make Room for Tomorrow."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 28: "Battle Beyond the Stars."
From Aug. 29: "Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**Cinema Studio I,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Jun."

**Cinema Studio 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**New Yorker I,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Tin Drum."

**New Yorker 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 21: "The Blues Brothers" and "Animal House."
Aug. 22-28: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" and "Which Way Is Up?"
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Xanadu." (†) From Aug. 29: "No Nukes." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Blues Brothers." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 28: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†) From Aug. 29: "Xanadu." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

**Embassy,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Kidnapping of the President." (†)
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "Brubaker."

**Embassy 5,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

**Loews State I,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hunter." (†)

**Loews State 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Prom Night."

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama I,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Final Countdown." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Aug. 21: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu." (†)
From Aug. 22: "The Octagon." (†)

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 20: "The Searchers" (1956), directed

by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

Aug. 21: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams. Both films in 3-D.

Aug. 22: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Aug. 23: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro.

Aug. 24-25: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Aug. 26: "Hunter in the Dark" (1979), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha, with Tatsuya Nakadai and Sonny Chiba; and "Destiny's Son" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Raizo Ichikawa.

Aug. 27-28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Aug. 29: "Gilda" (†) and "Laura." (†)

Aug. 30: "Luna" (1979), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 20: "All Above Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Aug. 21: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Aug. 22: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Aug. 23: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate.

Aug. 24: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

Aug. 25: "Rashomon" (†) and "Ugetsu." (†)

Aug. 26: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II." (†)

Aug. 27: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Aug. 28: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, wih Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.

Aug. 29: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

Aug. 30: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 21: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Aug. 22-23: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Aug. 24-25: "10" (1979), directed by Blake Edwards, with Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, and Bo Derek; and "Bedazzled." (†)

Aug. 26: "Lin Tse-hsu (The Opium War)" (†); and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Aug. 27-28: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Aug. 29-30: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

**Mini Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Aug. 22: "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Rosalind Russell; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Aug. 23-25: "Kissin' Cousins" (1964), directed by Gene Nelson, with Elvis Presley and Arthur O'Connell; and "Viva Las Vegas" (1964), directed by George Sidney, with Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret.

Aug. 26-27: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (†)

Aug. 28-29: "Prisoner of War" (1954), directed by Andrew Marton, with Ronald Reagan and Dewey Martin; and "Battle Circus" (1953), directed by Richard Brooks, with Humphrey Bogart and June Allyson.

From Aug. 30: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Village of the Damned." (†)

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 20: "Objective, Burma!" (1945), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, William Prince, and George Tobias; and "Air Force" (1943), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Garfield, John Ridgely, George Tobias, and Harry Carey.

Aug. 21-23: "Old Acquaintance" (1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, and Dolores Moran; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.

Aug. 24-25: "Watch on the Rhine" (†); and "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains.

Aug. 26-27: "My Dream Is Yours" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Jack Carson, Doris Day, and Lee Bowman; and "Thank Your Lucky Stars." (†)

Aug. 28-30: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "White Heat." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 20: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

Aug. 21: "Samurai, Parts I and II" (1954-56), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 22-23: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Aug. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "Les Parents Terribles." (†)

Aug. 25: "A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones and a program of cartoons by Tex Avery.

Aug. 26: "The Ascent" (1977), in Russian, directed by Larisa Shepitko; and "A Slave of Love." (†)

Aug. 27: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.

Aug. 28: "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai, Part III" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 29-30: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "All Screwed Up." (†)

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

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Aug. 20: "Terror by Night" (1946) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Aug. 21: "Lover Come Back" (1946), directed by William A. Seiter, with Lucille Ball, George Brent, and Vera Zorina; and "Sorrowful Jones" (1949), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, William Demarest, and Bruce Cabot.

Aug. 22-23: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Aug. 24: "It's a Gift" (†) and "Man on the Flying Trapeze." (†)

Aug. 25: "Gilda" (†) and "Affair in Trinidad." (†)

Aug. 26: "Jungle Book" (†) and "Cobra Woman." (†)

Aug. 27: "The Glass Key" (†) and "The Blue Dahlia." (†)

Aug. 28 "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Theodora Goes Wild." (†)

Aug. 29-30: "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944), directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938), directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art**, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 20 at 6: "Paris Vu Par . . ." (1965), in French, directed by six directors; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6: "Fidel" (1969), a documentary, directed by Saul Landau. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:30: "Black Girl" (1965), a Senegalese film, in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Salesman" (1969), a documentary film, directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Walkover" (1966), in Polish, directed by Jerzy Skolimowski; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:30: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Les Créatures" (1966), in French, directed by Agnès Varda, with Catherine Deneuve and Michel Piccoli; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 8:30: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969), directed by Ronald Neame, with Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6: "The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1968), in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub and Daniele Huillet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:30: "Pinky" (1949), directed by Elia Kazan, with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: "The Guru" (1969), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 8:30: "John and Mary" (1969), directed by Peter Yates, with Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: "Rat Life and Diet in North America" (1969), directed by Joyce Wieland; "Eleven Different Horses" (1969) and "Necrology" (1969), both directed by Stan Lawder; "Moon 69" (1969), directed by Scott Bartlett; and "The Tempest" (1969), directed by Frank Olvey and Robert Brown. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 8:30: "Le Gai Savoir" (1969), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "The Rain People" (1969), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Shirley Knight, James Caan, and Robert Duvall. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 8:30: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Berger, and Ingrid Thulin. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**The Adventures of Picasso . . . and a Thousand Loving Lies**—With Gösta Ekman, directed by Tage Danielsson. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 24.)

**Affair in Trinidad** (1952)—Rita Hayworth in a spy-chase mediocrity. With Glenn Ford, Valerie Bettis, and Juanita Moore; directed by Vincent Sherman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25.)

**Airplane!**—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, Festival, and Forum.)

**All Screwed Up** (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown as tightfisted petit-bourgeois schemers who manipulate and exploit their likable proletarian men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 29-30.)

**Animal House** (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (Olympia; through Aug. 21.)

**The Arabian Nights** (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

**Battle Beyond the Stars**—With Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn, directed by Jimmy T. Murakami. (Sutton, and Paramount; through Aug. 28.)

**Beauty and the Beast** (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father and Michel Auclair as the brother; music by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

**Bedazzled** (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Cinema Village; Aug. 24-25.)

**The Big Red One**—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (72nd Street East; Aug. 22-28.)

**The Blue Dahlia** (1946)—This untidily complicated thriller threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The director, George Marshall, doesn't provide a tense atmosphere or a hard-boiled pace, and though the screenplay is by Raymond Chandler, the picture just drags along. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier whose adulterous wife (Doris Dowling) is murdered; a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is attracted to the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen, Hugh Beaumont, Will Wright, Howard Freeman, and Tom Powers. Three of the players—Dowling, Da Silva (who wears a mustache here), and Faylen had appeared in "The Lost Weekend" the year before, and each had done good, distinctive work, but, like the rest of the cast here, they sink without a trace. The performers' responses are too slow; the acting throughout seems lifeless, narcotized. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

**The Blue Lagoon**—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 21.)

**The Blues Brothers**—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she transcends the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 21.)

**Caddyshack**—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (Manhattan 1; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 22-28.)

**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Caligula**—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

**Carrie** (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 22-23.)

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof** (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Mini Cinema; Aug. 26-27.)

**Cheech and Chong's Next Movie**—Directed by Thomas Chong. (National. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Olympia; Aug. 22-28.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind** (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" it has been cut, altered, and added to. (Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 28.)

**Cobra Woman** (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as voluptuous twins. She's the good Nadja, a South Seas girl who is kidnapped just as she's about to marry Jon Hall (who smiles his moony, Mona Lisa smile and looks as boneheaded as ever), and she's the evil High Priestess Tollea, who rules a tribe of snake worshippers on Cobra Island. The impeccably lifeless cast includes Sabu, Edgar Barrier, Lon Chaney, Jr., Lois Collier, Mary Nash, Samuel S. Hinds, and Moroni Olsen. Among the exotic treats: a rumbling volcano, a pet chimp, ominous gong sounds, forest-glade love scenes, human sacrifices, Tollea's handmaidens in their high-heeled pumps, her imperious writhing during what is supposed to be a demonic dance, and the good Nadja's plea for the symbol of the power that is rightfully hers: "Gif me the cobra jool!" Produced by George Waggner for Universal, and directed by that playful wit Robert Siodmak (on sets that are often parodistic), based on a story by W. Scott Darling. A heavenly absurdity. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

**Come Have Coffee with Us** (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.)

**Dressed to Kill**—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

**The Empire Strikes Back**—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**Fame**—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center.)

**The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu**—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Aug. 21.)

**The Final Countdown**—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Aug. 28.)

**The Fury** (1978)—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 24.)

**The Getting of Wisdom**—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet.)

**Get to Know Your Rabbit** (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 21.)

**Gilda** (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous, fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

**The Glass Key** (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

**The Great Santini**—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

**The Hunter**—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

**The In-Laws**—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 22-28.)

**It's a Gift** (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a fine irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24.)

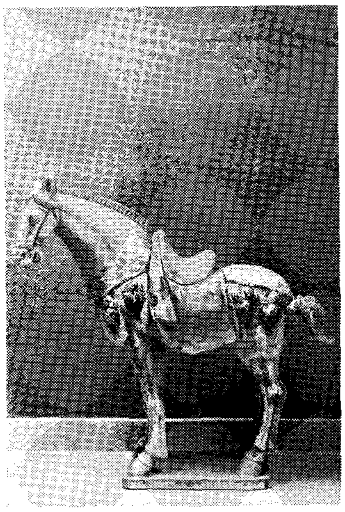
**Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II** (1944-46)—For this movie the city of Kazan was rebuilt, full scale, in Central Asia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades were laid on. In Part I of Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, is forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

**Jun**—With Jun Eto and Mayumi Asaka, directed by Hiroto Yokoyama. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 1.)

**Jungle Book** (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltán Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults will have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

**The Kidnapping of the President**—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini 1, and Embassy.)

**Laura** (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl



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who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

**Lin Tse-hsu** ("The Opium War;" 1963)—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. The picture was suppressed for fifteen years or so by Mme. Mao—one of the Gang of Four—because it is about the past; the Gang of Four liked to insist on films that were about the present and had abundant revolutionary themes. The picture, directed by Chen Chun-li, dwells on China's long history, which is made to seem instantly available to the characters through their connection to poetry written a couple of thousand years ago. In the same reviving way, the film has its own conduit to China's past. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Cinema Village; Aug. 26.)

**Ludwig**—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. With Harry Baer and Balthasar Thomass. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 24.)

**Make Room for Tomorrow**—With Victor Lanoux and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kossovitz. In French. (Paris; starting Aug. 24.)

**Man on the Flying Trapeze** (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24.)

**The Marriage of Maria Braun**—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**My Bodyguard**—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through Aug. 28.)

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**My Brilliant Career**—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

**No Nukes**—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; starting Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 29.)

**The Nude Bomb**—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 21.)

**Obsession** (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson, who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 21.)

**The Octagon**—With Chuck Norris, Karen Carlson, and Lee Van Cleef; directed by Eric Karson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Aug. 22.)

**Oh Heavenly Dog**—With Chevy Chase and Benji playing the same part. Directed by Joe Camp. (Manhattan 2; starting Aug. 29.)

**Les Parents Terribles** (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragi-comic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

**Practice Makes Perfect**—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris; through Aug. 23.)

**Raise the Titanic**—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

**Rashomon** (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

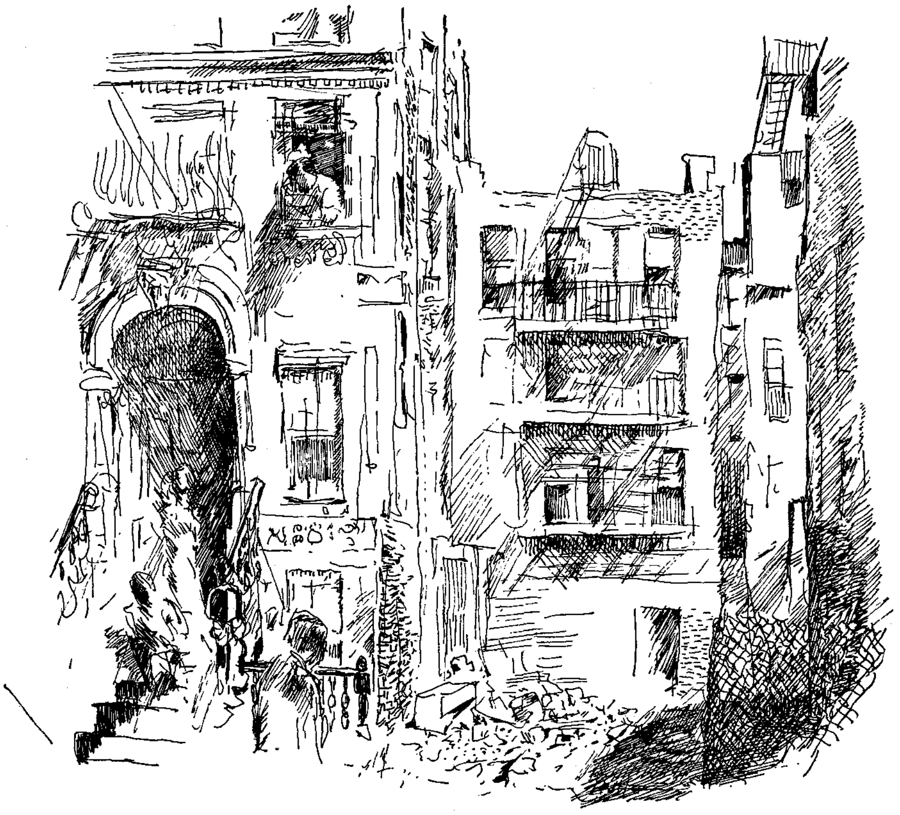
**Scandal** (1950)—With Toshiro Mifune, Yoshiko Yamaguchi, and Takashi Shimura; directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 26.)

**Scum**—With Ray Winstone, directed by Alan Clarke. (Art.)

**A Slave of Love** (1978)—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

**Smokey and the Bandit II**—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Rivoli.)

**Thank Your Lucky Stars** (1943)—Wartime patriotic musical, featuring the Warners stable—somewhat livelier than the others of this ilk. The high point is Bette Davis complaining of the lack of civilian males in the song "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." With Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield,



Dinah Shore, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn, Hattie McDaniel, Dennis Morgan, Spike Jones and His City Slickers, Eddie Cantor, and many others. David Butler directed, from a not too constricting script by Norman Panama, Melvin Frank, and James V. Kern. (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)

**Theodora Goes Wild** (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28.)

**Those Lips, Those Eyes**—With Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; directed by Michael Pressman. (Gramercy, Sutton, 86th St. East, and Paramount; starting Aug. 29.)

**The Tin Drum**—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker I.)

**Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane**—With Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; directed by William Peter Blatty. Based on a novel by Blatty entitled "The Ninth Configuration." (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Aug. 28.)

**Ugetsu** (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

**Village of the Damned** (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids. This one is clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos;" made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Mini Cinema; starting Aug. 30.)

**Watch on the Rhine** (1943)—Lillian Hellman's 1941 cautionary play about Fascists in this country. Paul Lukas is the European underground leader who brings his American wife (Bette Davis) and three children home to the Washington mansion of her mother (Lucile Watson). Herman Shumlin directed this polemical melodrama, which is housebound and fearfully lofty. Dashiell Hammett is credited with the screenplay, but from the theatrical look and sound of things he can't have changed much. Lukas, repeating his stage role, won an Academy Award; Davis is subdued and unexciting. The film has some inadvertent humor: the children of this liberal couple are the most highly disciplined little prigs imaginable. With George Coulouris as a suave, vile Fascist. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Woods, Henry Daniell, and Beulah Bondi. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

**Which Way Is Up?** (1977)—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Olympia; Aug. 22-28.)

**White Heat** (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naiveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Regency; Aug. 28-30.)

**Willie & Phil**—With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey; directed by Paul Mazursky. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

**Xanadu**—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Criterion Center.)

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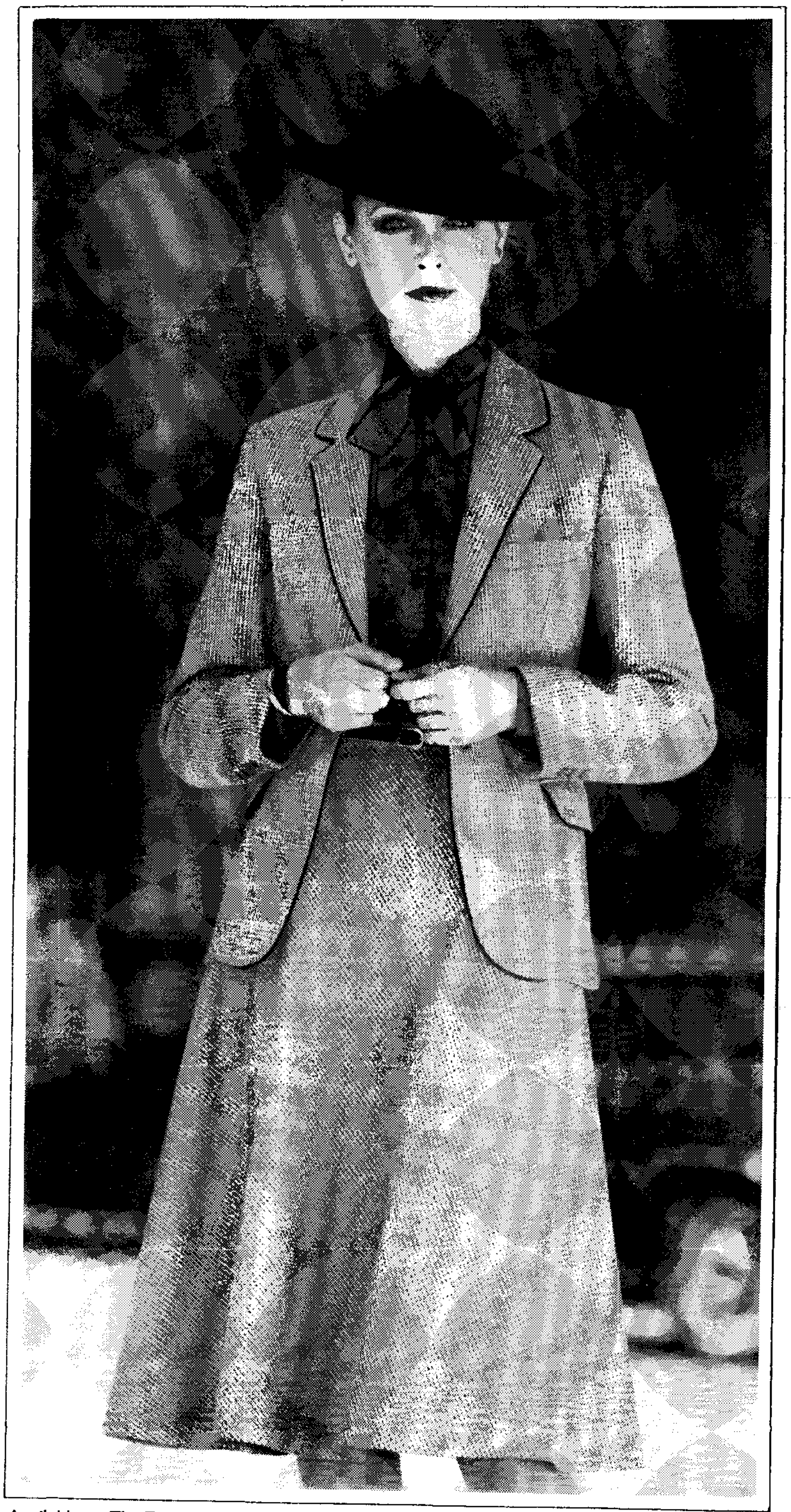

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# THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

LESS ebullience, more interaction. When the city played host last week to the 1980 Democratic National Convention, the people who came to town and the people who live here seemed to have a lot more in common than any of us had realized four years ago, during the 1976 Democratic National Convention. Four years ago, the Convention had been the second of three visible events during a summer in which New York didn't drop dead but instead rediscovered its liking for itself: we had the Tall Ships, then we had the Democrats, and then the Yankees won the pennant for the first time in twelve years. Since then, the city has reinforced its self-esteem by surviving the horrible blackout of 1977, the transit strike of 1980, and that tank truck that was leaking liquefied propane gas on an exit ramp of the George Washington Bridge, virtually paralyzing traffic in much of Manhattan, four days before the Convention opened. Curiously, larger problems, like the energy dilemma—problems that apply equally to, and will have to be solved by the intelligence of, four billion people—have also had the effect of making New Yorkers, in one sense, feel less insecure: the country can no longer afford the luxury of abandoning New York or tearing it down. That's on our side. The assembled Democrats seemed more at their ease here, more out-and-about, more like comfortable house guests. "In 1976," said the official New York City host for the North Carolina delegation, "the question I kept hearing was 'Where is Mamma Leone's?' This time, what I hear is 'How do you get to La Tulipe?' and 'Which are the best tables at Elaine's?' "

There were still closed circles. Delegates took special shuttle buses to Madison Square Garden from caucuses in dishevelled hotel ballrooms. For the Democratic Party's biggest financial contributors, there was a round of especially luscious parties ("The Democratic Party is a catered affair," said one guest): a private viewing of the Picasso show at the Museum of Modern Art; a special preview performance of "42nd Street," David Merrick's new musical—based on the old movie—whose opening date was then unknown. The Garden itself was surrounded by television lights, policemen, neatly piled allotments of police riot gear, and lines of police sawhorses newly painted a sort of Dodger blue (they've always been battleship gray), while two blocks away, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, there were no protesters, no venders, just the Garment District going about its business. But people kept breaking out of these circles, sometimes out of any established role. Last week, far more than in 1976, there seemed to be plenty of time available for everyone—delegates, alternates, elected officials, honored guests, official hosts, reporters, and New Yorkers—to explore, to talk, to examine expectations, and to just get to know one another.

Them, us. Democrats, New Yorkers.

"Hello again."

"Hello yourself."

• •

## *The Bronx*

SATURDAY afternoon, August 9th, two days before the opening session of the Convention, Stanley Simon, Borough President of the Bronx, led a cavalcade of twenty buses, filled with eleven hundred delegates and their families, through the Bronx to a party in front of the crystal-palace conservatory at the Bronx Botanical Garden, where Playboy Bunnies handed out cheese cubes and wine. Then on to pretty good box seats on the top deck of Yankee Stadium to see the Bombers, who had lost the night before, drop the second game of a three-game series against the surging Baltimore Orioles. The idea seemed to be that New York has nothing to hide—that Charlotte Street and the rest of the South Bronx are showing signs of life and that a drive along the borough's beautiful parkways and then through Riverdale and Fieldston would present a balanced picture of Bronx realities. Bus No. 8, a comfortable city express bus with padded, forward-facing seats and a certain amount of air-conditioning, had mostly Oklahomans, with a few native New Yorkers. The tour guide was City Councilman Stephen Kaufman, who represents Co-op City, which covers half a square mile in the northeast Bronx and is home for sixty thousand people. Norman, Oklahoma, has a population of seventy-eight thousand and covers a hundred and ninety-three square miles. Before the tour got started, some Oklahomans who had

never been to the Bronx talked about their mental images of it:

"Full of tall residential buildings."

"A place not to go. Sort of like Harlem."

"It's where Flatbush is."

"A little slower-paced than New York City."

When the bus started up, James Brown, a delegate from Tulsa and a ninth-grade history teacher, had been in New York for forty-five minutes. He said that his image of the Bronx came from television and consisted of people who gesture broadly with their hands and talk with an accent.

Some of the New Yorkers on the bus had never been to Fieldston, and when the bus took them past its half-timbered manses, winding lanes, and flower beds, they looked awed. The Oklahomans, however, were less impressed. "All of Tulsa—the richer parts and the poorer parts—looks just like this," one of them explained. "This is the first place we've seen that looks like a normal city."

### *Freshing Up*

STILL-LIFE on our desk after a visit to the Media "Fresh-Up" Lounge, provided by Bristol-Myers/Clairol in the Statler Hotel (press agent: "The purpose of the Media 'Fresh-Up' Lounge is to provide a Big Apple Welcome for members of the press from Bristol-Myers/Clairol by offering complimentary haircuts, shaves, and other grooming services in a relaxing atmosphere convenient to Madison Square Garden"): One red-white-and-gold box Ban Regular Scent Roll-On Anti-Perspirant—"Keeps You Drier Than All Leading Sprays." One one-ounce squeeze bottle Windex Specially Formulated Eyeglass Cleaner—"Makes Eyeglasses Sparkling Clean." (Reporter, while cleaning his glasses: "How come you have a suite for members of the press but no suite for delegates?" Press agent: "Well, I don't know. I guess because the delegates are here mainly to have a good time. I mean, they can go back to their hotels. Reporters have a much more hectic schedule. Yes, that's it, it's because reporters have a more hectic schedule. Maybe we'll have a 'Fresh-Up' Lounge for delegates next time.") One vial Comtrex Multi-Symptom Cold Reliever—"Analgesic, decongestant, antihistamine, cough reliever." One bottle Excedrin—"The Extra-Strength Pain Reliever." One blue bottle Handle With Care Detergent—"Special Care Wash for hand or machine use on all fine washables . . . also softens and eliminates static cling." (Reporter: "Thank God for the Media 'Fresh-Up' Lounge! Here I am, sitting on the story of my life, and my confounded slacks develop static cling!") One white-and-beige box Clairol Condition Beauty Pack Treatment—"The Beauty Prescription for Troubled Hair." (Reporter: "Get me to the Media 'Fresh-Up' Lounge double-quick! I've got troubled hair!")

### *The Hosts Square Off*

THE second most gripping confrontation at the Convention—after Carter vs. Kennedy—was Cerf vs. Rose. The challenger was David Rose, a special assistant to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan for urban affairs, and the official host of the Florida delegation, having been an official co-host, with his parents, of the same delegation in 1976. Christopher Cerf, the writer, and the official host of the Guam delegation ("Where America's day begins") in both 1980 and 1976, was the beleaguered incumbent in this challenge. Last time around, Cerf got more attention than any other host by holding a wedding for two delegates at the home of his friend Henry Beard, himself the official host, both years, of the Canal Zone delegation (now renamed the Latin-American delegation, since there isn't a Canal Zone anymore). Tom Baer, chairman of the official hosts, agreed to judge the fight.

The Florida Host Committee and Rose, its chairman, had reason to believe that they had dealt the Guam faction a stunning defeat. They provided private at-home breakfasts in the Village and on the upper East Side, lunches in SoHo. They arranged a blind date between Dr. Charles Smith, of Tallahassee, an alternate who had requested an evening of disco dancing, and a young New Yorker who goes dancing practically every night; they fixed a delegate's shoe when the heel broke; they came up with dozens of tickets to Broadway plays; they operated a free raffle (prize: a helicopter ride over Manhattan); and they threw "The Great New York Loves Florida Bash" at the Sheffield, on West Fifty-seventh, which featured cocktails, caviar, a jazz pianist, and swimming in a rooftop pool (disposable bathing suits provided).

At the party, Rose, who has red hair and a full beard, was full of optimism: "The Guam hosts have talked a good game, but Florida delivers."

Well, maybe. We asked Bob Graham, the governor of Florida, whether the host committee had failed to fulfill any of his requests. "Only one," he said. "I asked David Rose last night to deliver a filet mignon, medium rare, with béarnaise sauce, to the floor of the Convention at nine o'clock. He just didn't come through. I can't understand why; I sent my request via the communications satellite that David had set up for the Convention."

Wednesday morning, however, halfway through the Convention, Cerf unexpectedly won the fight, jointly with

his second, Beard [illegible] a bash at the Ginger Man for Guam, Latin America, and a third delegation, Democrats Abroad, Cerf and Beard unfurled an official proclamation they had written for Mayor Koch's signature. His Honor had declined the honor, so Cerf and Beard and several friends signed it themselves. The proclamation made Manhattan and Guam sister islands, made the Panama and Gowanus Canals sister canals, and renamed Gramercy Park "Guamercy Park" and Broadway "Abroadway." Tom Baer, present at the occasion, was presented with a Guamercy Park mockup street sign and abruptly declared Cerf and Beard victors over Rose. "On three grounds," he said. "Originality, aptness, and the judge has been reached. However, let me add this: David Rose is a fine young man, and has an excellent chance for 1984. He will be heard from again."

Thursday night, in a magnanimous spirit of unity, Cerf offered to declare the contest a tie. Rose, after an initial display of reluctance, grabbed Cerf's hand and held it aloft.

## *Tough Questions*

OF a total of eleven thousand five hundred and fifteen members of the press who came to town, only Mal Sharpe chose the moment of Carter's renomination to approach several cheering delegates and ask, "What's your favorite fish?" We first spoke with Mal Sharpe the day before the Convention opened, during a party for George Mitrovich, the president of The City Club of San Diego and a member of the California delegation, which was given by Dick Tuck and George Plimpton at Plimpton's town house, on East Seventy-second Street.

Sharpe does man-in-the-street interviews for KMEL, a radio station in San Francisco that is part of the Century Broadcasting network. Last year, he cut a record album, titled "The Meaning of Life," which was released by Rhino Records. It sold fifty copies last month. Sharpe is quite tall, is in his mid-forties, has gray hair, and resembles a friendly elk. His voice sounds as if he had a smile implanted in his throat. All this is deceptive. Sharpe specializes in the tough question—"Did you ever own a teddy bear?" or "Do you think the Convention would have more flair if the Democrats all wore ballet costumes?" or "How's your underwear supply holding out?"—and he racks up more than his share of scoops along the way. At George Plimpton's, we overheard this conversation between Sharpe and a guest.

SHARPE: We're actually at a cocktail party at George Plimpton's. We're really here, aren't we?

GUEST: Yes, we certainly are.

S.: How do you feel about invisibility? None of the candidates have taken a stand on invisibility. Do you think it's a key issue?

G.: Yes, I do.

S.: Why?

G.: Well, because I feel that the invisible are among the most neglected of our citizens. In this room, for example, there are hundreds and hundreds of invisible people, who are probably not getting any Brie, who are probably not getting any wine, who for all we know may not be enjoying the view, and I think that's undemocratic. Where are *their* rights? Where's *their* lobby? Where's *their* representation? It's time for an American revolution for the invisible.

S.: You're just tired, I guess, of the poor and the sick and the uneducated getting all the attention?

G.: It's absolutely true. I mean, the poor and the sick are conspicuous for their very visibility. Whereas the invisible are, by definition, inconspicuous for their invisibility.

## *"Who Won?"*

ON the night before the vote on the question of an "open Convention," at a time when the divisions between the Kennedy and Carter forces were at their bitterest, a No. 5 bus heading down Fifth Avenue deliberately dallied at a stoplight until a No. 3 bus drew alongside. "Who won?" the No. 5 driver called out to the No. 3.

"They won—six to five!" said the other driver.

It was clear that everyone on both buses knew that the question involved not politics but the third game in the series between the Yankees and the Orioles.

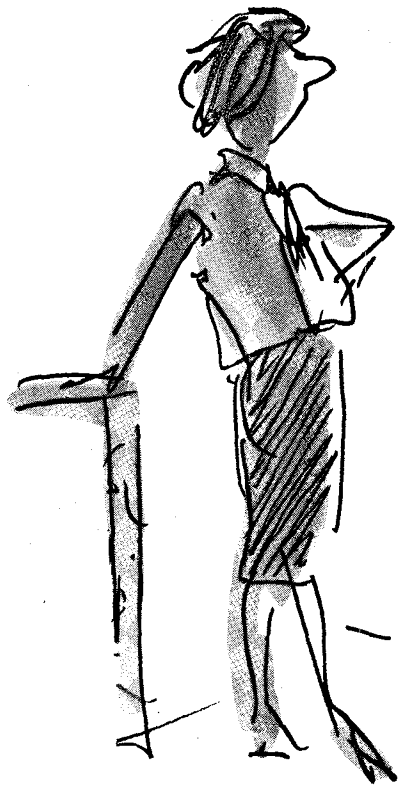
"We were ahead five-four in the ninth," No. 3 went on, "and then Bobby Brown lost a fly in left field that he should have got."

"We're playing outrageous ball," said No. 5 as his bus moved on south. "I don't know what's happening in this country."

Things were looking up the following night, however. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, at the end of his speech on foreign policy, concluded that the nation was up to the challenge of facing down the Russians after all. "If Reggie Jackson could do it, we can do it," he said, bringing the Convention crowd the first word that Reggie, in a game against the White Sox, had finally hit his four-hundredth home run.

## *KA 35057*

A DELICATESSEN called J. J. Applebaum's opened for business on Seventh Avenue opposite Madison Square Garden less than a week before the Convention began. On the first or second floor of Applebaum's, you could sit down with a menu and select one of nineteen triple-deckers or one of twenty-nine combination plates or an



ice-cream dessert called Broadweigh. On the third floor, which was not yet ready for customers, you could watch the "Draft Muskie" movement prepare for the extremely unlikely. The "Draft Muskie" movement was organized in Washington two weeks before the Convention by a young attorney from San Diego named King Golden, Jr. On Monday night, the occasion of the vote on an "open Convention," he stayed busy on the third floor of Applebaum's overseeing the affairs of KA 35057. These were the call letters of a seventy-watt itinerant radio station. A free-lance media consultant named Jim Avis was at the controls, and fifteen two-way transceivers were being used on the Convention floor by "Draft Muskie" legionnaires.

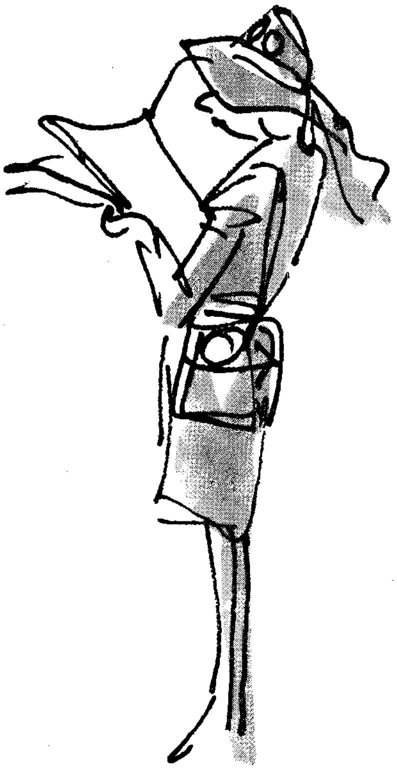
"What we're doing here tonight is testing our communications system," King Golden explained. "We're watching the Convention on television—we have three televisions, you notice—and telling our people on the floor, via radio, what's going on. Otherwise, they won't know. We're in favor of an open Convention, of course, because the delegates can't vote for Muskie if they're bound to another candidate. The idea is that if an open Convention does come about, and on Wednesday night you have seven people running for President, our people on the floor, lobbying in the various delegations, will know what's going on, because we'll have an effective communications system."

The instant that the Convention majority voted against an "open Convention," the "Draft Muskie" movement expired. We watched it literally crumple. There were twenty or so people in the room, and they began grabbing armloads of papers from tabletops and depositing them in trash containers. King Golden said that he was going back to San Diego, "the nicest city on earth." Jim Avis closed down radio station KA 35057, and then everybody went downstairs to the deli to eat.

## *Inside the Garden*

THE NBC anchor booth, enormous and faintly Art Deco, has a cool, blue-carpeted open-air patio with a white railing. It could be the deck of the Normandie. Chancellor and Brinkley can stroll out on it, see which way the wind is blowing. CBS and ABC have no outdoor facilities: their anchor booths are dark and serious, like expensive clock radios. After the Monday debate and vote on an "open Convention," and even before Senator Kennedy's withdrawal, no wind is blowing at all. The atmosphere is deflated. Delegates look bleary, as if they'd already been convening for days. Hey, there's Scamp, the bomb-sniffing yellow Labrador retriever from the Sixth Precinct. The Garden is a sports arena, but during a convention the fans—the reporters and guests in the raised perimeter seats—are looking down at something that looks exactly like them: delegates sitting in chairs, delegates milling about. The audience has spilled onto the stage.

Tuesday night is Kennedy's night: rapt attention from a packed house during the speech, the only sound a rustle from the press box as a hundred reporters with the advance text turn pages at once. Wednesday night, a lull: Carter is quietly renominated. On-camera unity waits in the wings.



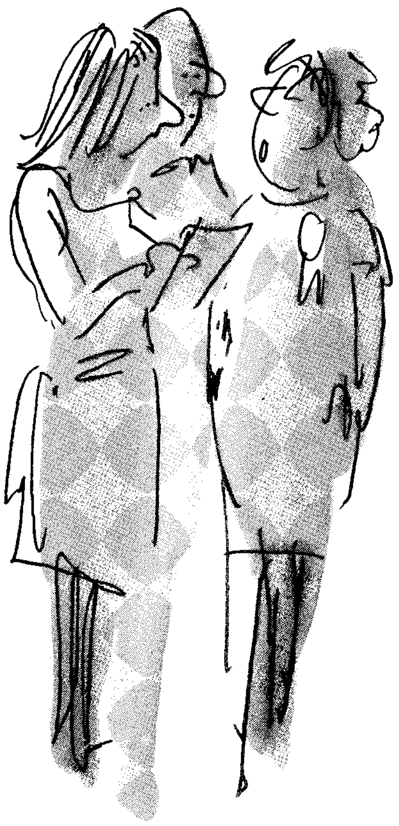
## *Troy's a Farm Town*

TUESDAY morning, twenty-five people showed up at The Four Seasons for "What's Cooking," which the Citizens Committee for the Democratic National Convention described as a behind-the-scenes tour of a haute-cuisine shrine. Plenty happened to be cooking, but none of it was for the tour participants, all of whom were welcome to pay a visit later in the day to the World Hunger Information Suite, at the Statler. Ed Grewach, a law student and alternate delegate from Troy, Missouri, took a look around The Four Seasons and concluded that it deserved more stars and crossed forks than Chum's, a beanery in Troy. "I'd say Chum's is the best in Troy," Grewach said. "It's not even a real nice restaurant, but they serve a little of everything—steaks, catfish. Troy's not far from the Mississippi River. The catfish is good. Chum's started out as a truck stop, but they upgraded it—began to serve drinks, and everything. If you really want a meal—if you're celebrating an anniversary or a birthday—St. Louis is only sixty miles away. Troy's a farm town. People don't eat out that much in Troy."

## *18¾ Minutes*

ON Tuesday night, eighteen and three-quarters minutes after Tip O'Neill, the Convention chairman, announced the platform compromise on economic planks which the Carter and Kennedy forces struck during the euphoria that followed the Kennedy speech, some client newspapers of the United Press International with computer typesetting facilities had a fifteen-hundred-word story about the deal in type and ready to print. At the Garden, UPI had three video-display terminals in the press box alongside the podium, at which reporters could write their stories, and twenty-nine more terminals in a Convention city room downstairs in the Felt Forum, for reporters and rewrite people. The platform story was written and edited and filed in fifteen minutes. When the computer was instructed to file the piece, the story was transmitted by telephone-company microwave lines to the main UPI computer, in Dallas (a minute and a quarter), and from there to the client newspapers' computers (another minute and a quarter). Getting the story into type took about another minute and a quarter—computerized printout and typesetting equipment can handle only twelve hundred words per minute.

A modern city room is a quiet place; the only noise is the click of the keys on the computer terminals and the soft locust buzz of the high-speed printout machinery. A roly-poly forty-three-year-old named Ronald Cohen, who is the UPI Washington-news editor, and who was wearing a tie with giant pandas on it—they remind him of himself—and an old Washington Senators baseball cap, took time out from running the city room to talk about the new age. “There are only two typewriters here,” he said. “One for the boss to write letters on and the other if someone needs it. We didn't bring any copy paper. If you're going to use the typewriter, you'll have to tear a sheet off a legal pad or use the back of a printout.”



## *Corned Beef to Go*

The Reverend Paul Lawson, a Latin-American delegate and an Episcopal priest whose parishioners are descendants of the West Indians who dug the Panama Canal, was on the lookout all week for corned-beef expertise. He pickles his own corned beef in Panama, but it sometimes loses its bright-pink color. On Thursday, he found Leo Steiner, the owner of the Carnegie Deli, on Seventh Avenue, and one of the few New York restaurateurs who pickle their own corned beef. The two men hit it off immediately.

Lawson: I use a three-pound brisket.

Steiner: Too small. Use a six- or seven-pound brisket. And you've got to mix the salt and the water with an eggbeater to dissolve it properly.

Lawson: I'm stuck. In Panama, I can only get boxed pickling spices.

Steiner: Yeah.

Lawson: I use six peppercorns.

Steiner: Good.

Lawson: Two bay leaves.

Steiner: Good.

Lawson: And a teaspoon of saltpetre to make it red.

Steiner: It's naturally red. Use two teaspoons anyway, though. If the meat turns gray, you need to sterilize better. Wash the pot with Clorox before you start. Otherwise, you're doing good. Add a potato and an onion to the water. Absorbs excess salt. Gets good flavor. Everything is in the pickling spices. I mix my own spices.

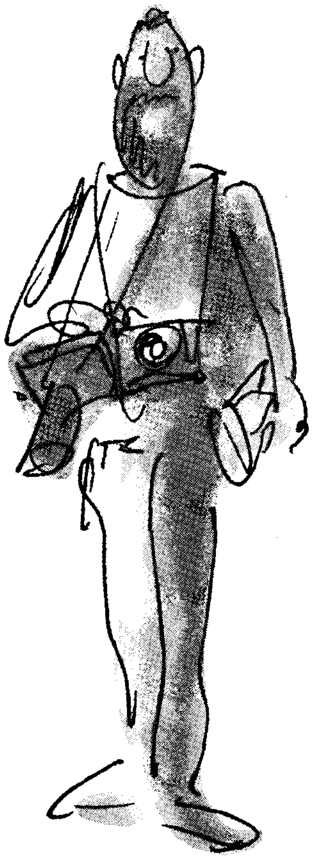
With that, Steiner excused himself to greet a customer.

Lawson turned to a fellow-Panamanian and said, “I noticed he didn't give his recipe for pickling spices.”

Steiner returned. “Here's my card,” he said. “Write me, and I'll send you a big batch of pickling spices.”

## *Farewell*

On Thursday, the final night of the Convention, Kennedy made his brief appearance on the podium with the President, looking solemn and enigmatic. But apparently it hadn't been such a bad party after all. Many of the delegates weren't ready to leave. Half an hour after the band played “Happy Days Are Here Again” for the last time, scores of them were still exchanging addresses or taking well-composed pictures of each other standing in front of the podium or leaning against their state stanchions. Others kicked up their heels in the debris on the Garden floor—a mélange of confetti, busted balloons, overridden minority reports, and cardboard signs bearing such messages as “J.R. Is a Clone of Ronald Reagan” and “We Love Ted—But Jimmy's All Right, Too.” Then the delegation phones went dead, the lights dimmed in the celestial anchor booths, and workers moved in with brooms.



# DUSTY ANSWER

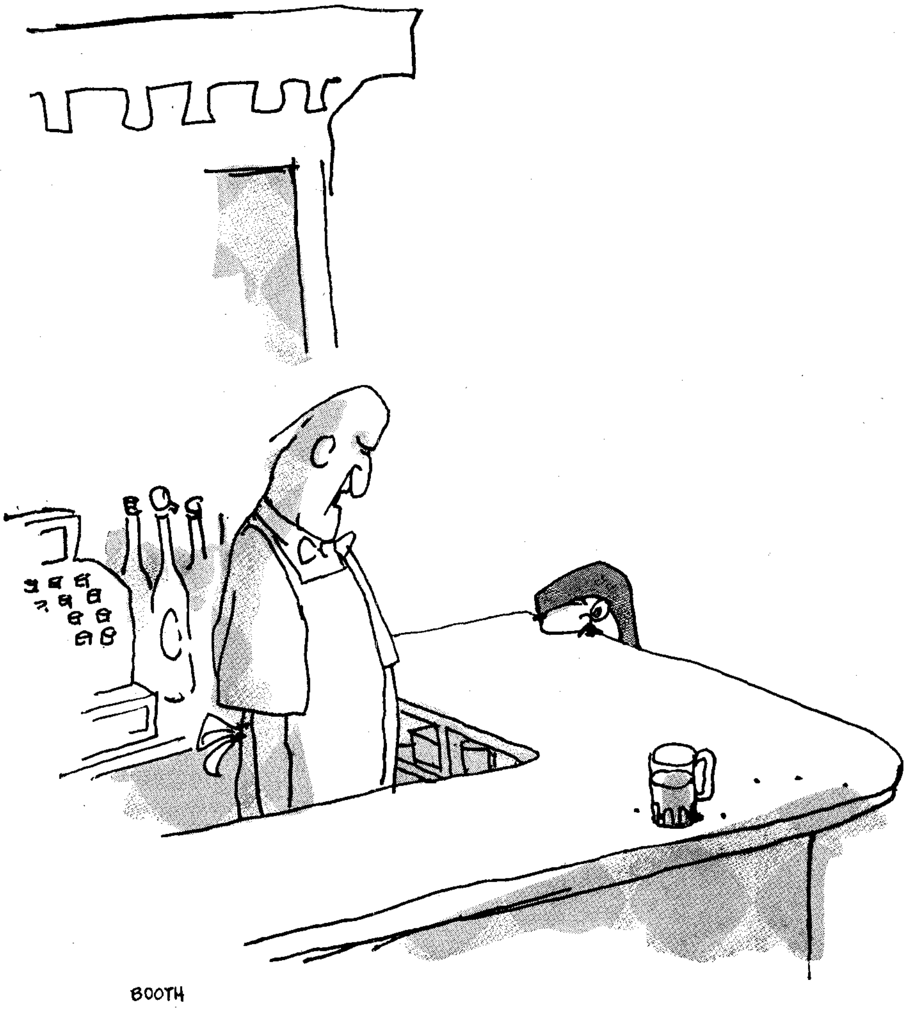
IT all depends on whether you prefer sluggish and more or less evolutionary causes for great events or one great crash that does the job in the twinkling of an eye. Myself, I am on the side of the Big Bang. And not just to explain the creation of the universe, important though that was in its way.

Take Knossos. Many theories have been advanced for the destruction of the Palace of Minos sometime in the fifteenth century B.C. Some say it was the Mycenaeans, others blame it on a Cretan revolution. Professors argue for and against the simultaneous collapse of such well-sited subsidiary structures as Phaestos, Mallia, and Hagia Triada, disagreeing violently about the actual date of all this havoc and indulging in much heated talk about stratification. But there is no need for us to get bogged down in a quagmire of clay tablets, Late Minoan II vases, labyrinthine legends, and the rest, when the whole problem can be solved by one vast bang on the island of Santorini, about seventy-five miles north of Knossos.

Pretty well the whole of Santorini (or Thera, as the Greeks preferred to call it) blew up in 1470 B.C., or thereabouts, in a spectacular volcanic eruption, and one theory is that the resulting tidal wave devastated the Minoan settlements on the facing coast of Crete. "A glance at the map," says Mr. J. V. Luce, in his "The End of Atlantis," "will show how exposed the whole northern coast of Crete is to waves coming from Thera." So down went Mallia, Amnisos, Katsamba, and a whole string of less distinguished seaside resorts. Knossos itself, lying farther inland and better protected, "would have had a chance," continues Mr. Luce, going a bit chicken in my opinion, "to escape annihilation," but he admits that "very large waves could have washed around it." And what about Phaestos and Hagia Triada, snugly on the south coast or near it, as another glance at the map will show, but also due for destruction at this time? Courage! We must not forget that a top-rate volcano can do more than stir up the adjacent waters. "Other possibilities are: earthquakes preceding or following the eruption; blast damage to upper stories combined with the breaking down of roofs and upper floors by a heavy fall-out of ash; pillaging by the starving survivors of the disaster." Well done, Luce! There is nothing like a thick layer of ash for wiping out a civilization, especially if, "as seems probable, the eruption took place in the period June-August," when "all vegetation in central and eastern Crete would have suffered severe damage" and "crops still in the fields are likely to have been completely destroyed." Add the defoliation of "olives and vines," and there you are. As wholehearted and all-embracing an explanation of a difficult crux in the Bronze Age as you could wish to find. I reckon this to have been the most laborsaving Big Bang in the known history of the world since the original one, in ten billion B.C., or whenever.

Or, rather, I did so reckon. But now, to usher in the nineteen-eighties, comes splendid news about an asteroid that killed off all the sizable dinosaurs some sixty-five million years ago. The demise of these ponderous reptiles has vexed generations of zoologists, paleontologists, and paleoecologists. Something out of the way was felt to be needed to account for the extinction of creatures up to eighty feet or more in length and weighing around forty tons when fully fit. You can't put it down to an outbreak of malaria, such as (some used to say) brought about the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. After all, these dinosaurs had been around, lording it over the earth, for upward of a hundred and forty million years and must have got the hang of coping, for all their small heads and elongated nervous systems, with minor disorders. There were no Mycenaeans about, either, to blame for the disaster. So some paleontologists have been arguing that it must have been the up-and-coming mammals that outsmarted the dinosaurs, though others say rats to that, because there is no evidence of any contemporary mammal in those quaint old Mesozoic times larger than "a shrew-like creature only a few centimetres long." "It is just possible," observes David Attenborough, in "Life on Earth," "that such a small creature could have preyed on dinosaur eggs," but he can't credit it with a totally genocidal appetite.

So it must have been the cold weather. After a hundred and forty million years of gracious living, one of those well-known bleak periods set in, and



*"The average American drinker consumes twenty-four gallons of beer per year, Foley, but not all in one night!"*

down went the dinosaurs with hypothermia—many of them to fall into the Paluxy Creek, in Texas, en route to the Dinosaur National Monument museum. Others huddled together up in Montana to await the end. H. G. Wells, as long ago as 1922, when warmer days had returned, wrote, "How safe and eternal the sunshine and abundance must have seemed, how assured the wallowing prosperity of the dinosaurs and the flapping abundance of the flying lizards! And then the mysterious rhythms and accumulating forces of the universe began to turn against that quasi-eternal stability. That run of luck for life was running out." Yes indeed. And Attenborough, a little more prosaically, agrees with him, pointing out that "a succession of bitterly cold nights could have drained a big dinosaur of its heat beyond all recovery. With its body badly chilled, it might not be able to summon sufficient energy to move its huge bulk and browse." *Exeunt* the herbivores, and with them, of course, the carnivores that relied on them for sustenance.

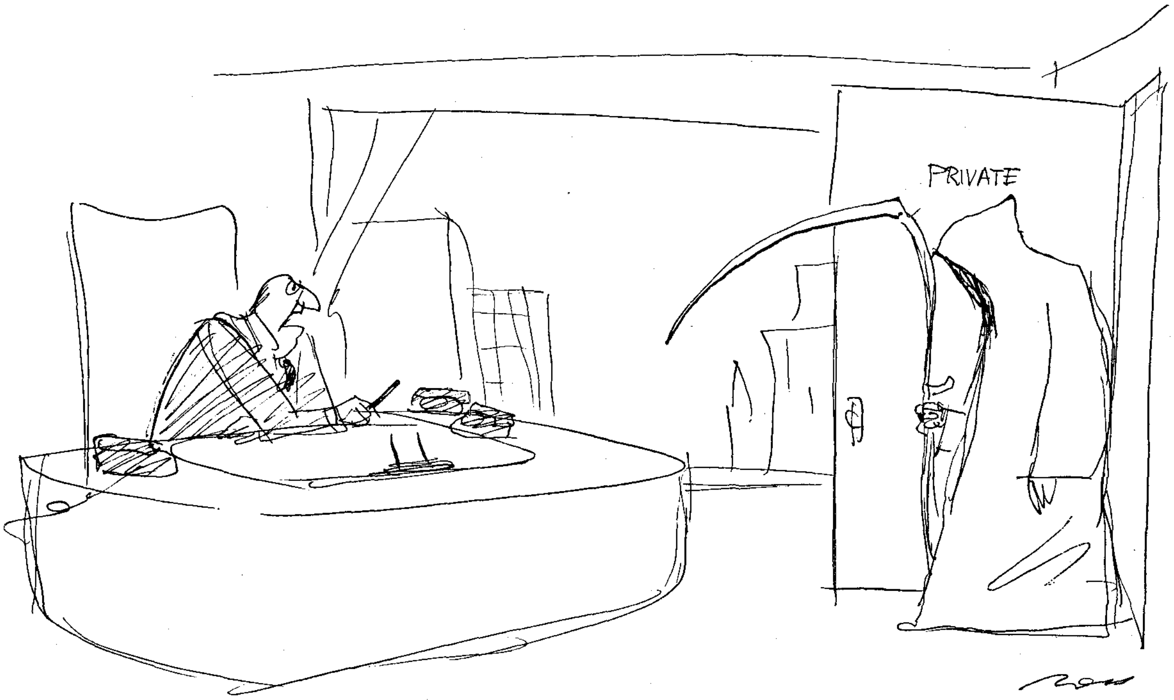
*"Jessica, my darling, would you pop around the corner and get me a sports final?"*

It is a pitiful picture this—of shivering diplodoci and famished tyrannosauri dragging their slow lengths along through the lush, though rime-encrusted, vegetation, too feeble even to munch—nor is it one that I care to contemplate or feel prepared to accept. What was evolution supposed to be thinking of? This cold snap can hardly have come overnight, and would surely have advanced gradually enough for the wiser dinosaurs to flee before it or to evolve some sort of protective covering, as did the woolly rhinoceros during a more recent spell of inclement weather. No, what is called for here is a cataclysm of more than Minoan proportions, and we must all feel grateful to the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory of California for providing one.

My information on this second Big Bang comes from a report in an English newspaper of the proceedings last January of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is not as fully documented as I could wish. My understanding is that an asteroid, probably from one of the Apollo groups of planetoids, crashed into earth at the end of the Cretaceous period, terminating the Age of Reptiles and the Mesozoic Era in one tremendous swipe. This asteroid—"weighing some 13 trillion tons," says my paper airily, "roughly equal to the weight of the Greater London Area to a depth of 10 miles" (fancy knowing the weight of *that!*)—would have struck the earth at several thousand miles per hour and "would have thrown a hundred times its own weight of dust up into the atmosphere."

That is a great deal of dust. In fact, I can tell you straightaway that it is "more than 1,600 times what was released by the volcanic explosion of the island of Krakatoa in 1883" and "would have blackened the sky, turning days into nights, for three to five years."

Good old Krakatoa. As cataclysms go, that famous upheaval came too late to solve any vexed historical or paleo-problems; one looks in vain for the hitherto unexplained collapse of a palace or two around 1883, or the total extinction of the Flying Dragon of Java. The more modest role of Krakatoa is to show what can be done in the way of stirring up dust and tidal waves—to act as a kind of "control," as scientists say, for the better estimation of the effects of less well documented cataclysms. Mr. Luce says that "the evidence of the great eruption of Krakatoa in A.D. 1883 is crucial for any attempt to reconstruct what happened on Thera in the Late Bronze Age," and he makes "no apology for going into the Krakatoa eruption in considerable detail." I make no apology, either, for *not* going into it in considerable detail, merely wishing to note that the resulting tidal wave was vast and that the fallout of ash and pumice plunged Batavia, a hundred and sixty-five kilometres away, into complete darkness. Small wonder, then, if Knossos, at a mere hundred and twenty kilometres from the equivalent disturbance on Thera, was never quite the same again. And, more to the point, multiply Batavia's discomfort by a factor of sixteen hundred, as instructed by the scientists of the Lawrence



*"Who the hell are you? And how did you get past Miss Merryweather?"*

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Berkeley Laboratory, and one can see that the dinosaurs were out of luck.

ALL the same, I am a bit puzzled by the thirteen hundred trillion tons of dust said to have been thrown up by the Apollo asteroid. It's not the calculation that worries me—any competent scientist can weigh dust—but where the dust came from. That a volcano like Krakatoa or Thera can produce a vast quantity of powdered debris from its subterranean resources one readily accepts. But an asteroid is not a volcano, however many times one multiplies one by the other. Where did it land? In some Cretaceous dust bowl? My paper is silent on the point. And, anyway, my picture of Mesozoic earth—one I shall not easily relinquish—is wet rather than dry. Besides a full complement of oceans, so essential from the earliest times for the production of life, I see great forests of tree ferns and cycads, all hot and steaming in a damp, tropical way: typical dinosaur country, interspersed with brackish lagoons in which ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs splash and dive. Wallowing, to borrow a word from H. G. Wells, is rife. Very well, then. Hit this lot with an asteroid where you will, even in the June-August period, and whence comes the dust? If it fell in the seas, as seems most likely, I'd expect a tidal wave high enough to overtop the tallest tyrannosaurus that ever browsed and powerful enough to go round and round the earth a dozen times, if it fell among the swampy vegetation, we have to envisage such a splattering of mud mixed with fragmented cycads, mosses, shrewlike creatures, old megalosaurus bones, and other detritus as was never seen since the world began. This asteroid, moreover, at the speed it was going must have been pretty hot on impact (though my newspaper makes no mention of it), so that I reckon the mixture thrown up must have been at least two hundred times as unpleasant as anything that rained down on Batavia—or on Knossos, for that matter.

Such then, in brief, is what I hope will come to be known as the Anti-Dust Postulate. Blinded by boiling mud, their nostrils choked with flying moss, the enormous herds of stegosauri, triceratopses, and the rest lacked the will and the means to escape the ensuing tidal wave, which hurtled them many times around the globe—"rolled round," as Wordsworth has it in another context, "with rocks, and stones, and trees"—and finally cast them up, in a hideous tangle of scaly tails, bony frills, huge horns, and backbones as long as cricket pitches, at suitable sites in Texas and Montana. Who shall blame them if, after that, they simply gave up and allowed themselves to be covered by Tertiary deposits for another sixty-five million years?

It may seem a little headstrong for a layman to take issue, on the basis of a short news report, with the conclusions of the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, but I just can't swallow all that dust. From three to five years, they say, it hung about, depriving the plants of solar radiation and so starving the dinosaurs of their foodstuffs, while permitting "smaller animals, weighing under about 25 lbs., including the squirrel-sized ancestors of Man" to survive "by living on rotting vegetation." It isn't good enough. No ancestor of mine ever lived for three years on rotting vegetation. I can accept a dusty answer for the troubles of Knossos, but what is sauce for the minotaur is not necessarily sauce for the dinosaur. These professors, it seems to me, have simply chucked away the inherent advantages of a first-rate cataclysm and turned what could have been a worthily sensational end to a hundred and forty million years of world supremacy into a sunless death in a huge heap of highly odoriferous silage. Overanxious to explain how all those large saurians could be demolished without a simultaneous extinction of the emergent mammals, my sources make bold to state that "plant seeds would have regerminated after the return of the sunlight . . . and surviving animal species [would have] soon repopulated the land and sea." "This," one of the professors is reported to have said, "fits what is observed in the fossil record."

My own mud-and-flood theory preserves our ancestors without recourse to any such dusty generalizations. Obviously, a few nimble squirrel-sized creatures (or shrewlike, if you prefer to follow Attenborough) scrambled up a handy mountain and, shaking off any stray particles of mud and moss, sat there on the top above the tidal-wave level and settled down to await the return of more normal evolutionary times. They probably ate nuts, which would be washed up in quantity as the floods receded. This fits what is observed in the Biblical record. Near enough. —H. F. ELLIS

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There was also a panel that compared Joyce and his work and Eugene O'Neill, the American playwright, and his work. The panel concluded that there were many similarities and many contrasts.—*The Times.*

Way to go, panel!

# BURIED TREASURE

ALL morning we'd worked side by side, and we were nearly finished gardening when Gwen told me to look. A green V.W. had come up the drive and was pulling in next to my truck. A few years ago, everyone drove V.W.s, but now no one did, and all I could think was Who is dropping in like this, unannounced and unexpected? It had taken me the years I'd lived in that place to get it straight with people—Don't come without calling first.

Gwen, who watches birds without the aid of binoculars, narrowed her eyes in her farsighted way, sized up the visitor, and said, "It's Vance. All dressed in white." I could just make out his shape as he left the car, spotted us in the garden, and started walking toward us. "He's wearing something swell around his neck," she said, showing off a little.

"An albatross," I suggested, though he was more like the wandering Fool of the tarot deck than the blighted Mariner. My hand felt loose on the tool I'd been using and I wanted to heave the hoe across the chicken wire at Vance. Instead, I rested it against the fence and squatted on the ground to tighten the laces on my sneakers. It was a blistering July Fourth weekend. I was wearing cutoffs and the loose top of an old bathing suit, and looked like a Saturday gardener, while Vance was pristine, coming across the freshly cut lawn toward the garden. His skin was tanned the light honey color I'd always envied.

"I told you he'd be back," said Gwen, who loves to be right.

"I have no memory of your telling me that," I said. "But if you did I never believed you."

He was close enough now to speak, but he kept his eyes on a point between Gwen and me, beyond the hills and the sky. He brought his gaze first to me, then to Gwen, as if in blessing, though his look was more blank than benevolent. "Vance," I said, and wished that I didn't want to reach across the fence to touch him.

"How are you? Good Lord, it's been a long time," said Gwen, sounding more friendly than I would have predicted.

"How long *has* it been?" I asked, not really expecting an answer. He'd never been one for reminiscing, and as for the future, he wanted each day to be new and unpredicted. Though the three years of absence were easy to add up, he hesitated, so I said, "You've never been good at keeping track, have you?"

"Not really. I don't know how long, Nessa. The garden has certainly grown."

"Would you like some zucchini?" I offered, as though he were a neighbor come to call. "Basil? Are you staying with your cousin?"

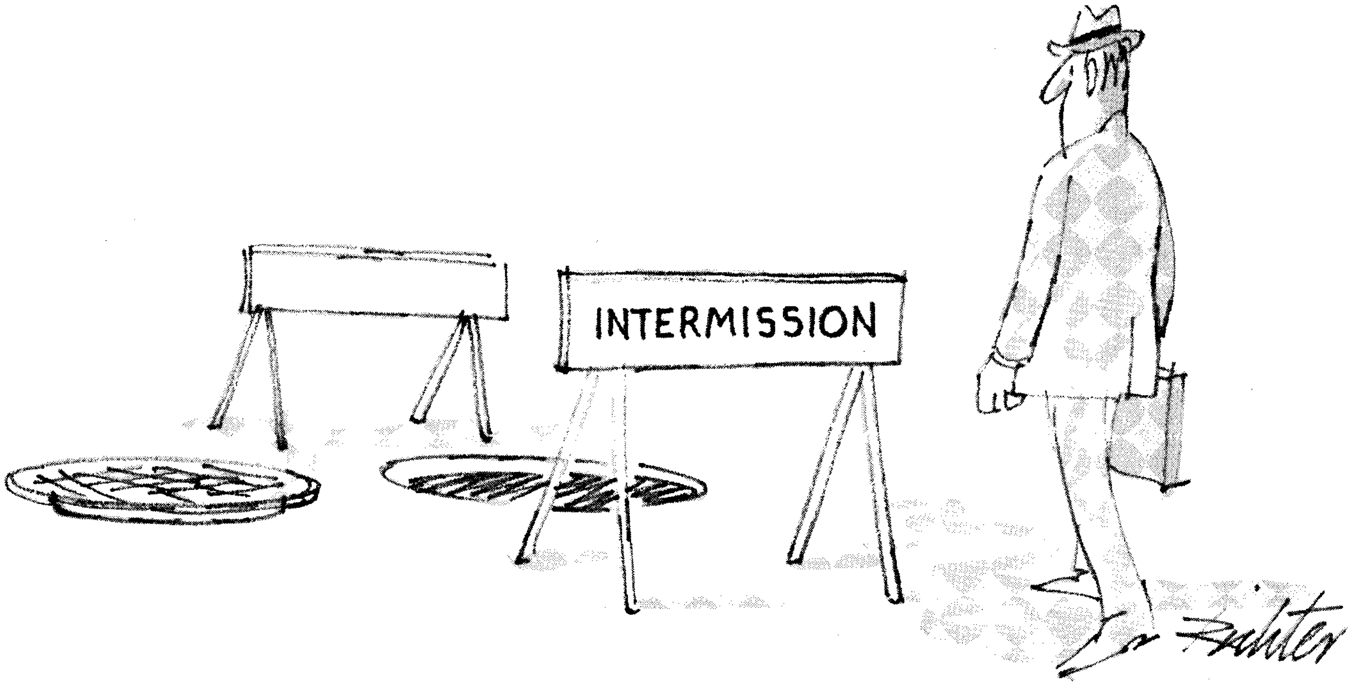
"Yes," he said, and smiled at my row of questions. He touched the fence with his hand and said, "I'd like . . . whatever."

Past the tomato plants Gwen and I had mulched with hay, past the new rows we'd dug for second-crop lettuce and arugola, just at the dill, I caught the sharp sweet odor of the herbs. The rows were so orderly. Sometimes at sunset I came out to gaze at the garden while my cats sat beside me, watching the darkening sky. I tried to be as peaceful and unmoving as the cats. A central bed of red nasturtiums I'd planted for cutting was the only point of contrast in all the green.

"Are you and Charley here for the summer?" I heard Vance ask Gwen. It was just like him to assume that everybody has all the time in the world to do as they like. Gwen has a private practice in New York—she's a psychotherapist—and Charley's a lawyer. They lead scheduled lives, and their weekends are planned to the minute, like military campaigns, their arrivals and departures announced weeks ahead. The day before they come, I travel from town to town, gathering up their favorite foods—raw milk from Jersey cows in Hoosick Falls, meat and New York State cheddar from the butcher on Railroad Bed, eggs from our friend Molly—as if Gwen and Charley were invalids who needed coddling. I don't ask them to share those miles of country so often travelled alone. I indulge Gwen and Charley, even beyond what I consider proper for my best friends. Their country time is so short, their visits are so infrequent. And, after all, I moved here myself to avoid such crammed weekends, such a doling out of country minutes.

"Not for the summer, just the weekend," Gwen said to Vance. "But it's a long weekend, you know."

I cut Vance some medium-sized zucchini with my pocketknife. They were tasty enough, and I was holding back on the babies. I picked mint for tea before I returned to the fence, where Vance and Gwen stood talking. He was slouching, hands in pockets, as if he were waiting for a train. "Notice the black stripe," I said, and I handed



the shiny squash across the fence to him. I pulled back my hands before they had a chance to touch his. "A new variety," I said.

"THE place looks fine," Vance observed as the three of us walked slowly across the freshly cut lawn to the slate patio he and I had started together. I didn't say that Charley, now napping in the upstairs guest room, exhausted after mowing the grass, had finished the patio one Labor Day weekend. Of all the things I'd forgotten and remembered about Vance, it was his voice—light and sweet—that left me first and most permanently. I'd tried to catch it many times, but failed to hear him say again the things I wanted to remember. Later, I would have been happy to hear him say anything.

On the patio, Vance chose a black wrought-iron chair that faced away from the house, out over the valley, and Gwen settled into a white Adirondack armchair. She has red fuzzy hair that forms a halo around her face. Her skin is thin and sprinkled over with pale freckles. The night before, I walked from the garden to the house and saw Gwen washing dishes at the sink, framed by the arched kitchen window. She had the look of a pure Dutch beauty. When I told her this, she looked pleased, then said, "I'm no beauty, Nessa. I'm much too fat."

"I'll make us iced tea," I said, leaving Gwen with Vance on the patio. Once inside the house, I changed quickly into a T-shirt and skirt. While the water heated, I stood at the kitchen window, watching Gwen and Vance. She was asking questions. He was responding. I was still surprised at seeing him do anything normal. He had been so silent with me always that it was like living with a storm cloud that hovered but refused to burst. Yet I'd missed Vance for three years solid. The day he went, I searched the house for something he'd left behind, sure that he was still there with me. It was only in the last months that the missing had lifted and I'd stopped seeing him in the rearview mirror whenever I was stuck in traffic, stopped thinking he was the thin figure just passing out of view around a corner. When the tea had steeped, I fixed a tray of glasses, mint, and ice, and I carried it all out to the patio.

". . . Morocco and Tunisia for a while," Vance was saying. "Then my mother sent me to Greece. My brother Guy—" He turned to me. "You remember him, Nessa? The young one He got himself into a mess there."

"What kind of mess?" I asked.

"Opium. Now he's back in New Orleans."

"Did you come straight here from Greece?" Gwen asked. She accepted the glass I gave her and held it away from her chair, letting it drip onto the green-and-black slate.

"No," Vance said. "I was in Spain. Before that Italy, in a house like this. Out in the country. I helped some people rebuild a stone tower. Then Boston again."

"You've got to see this house inside," Gwen said. "It's a miracle. Not anything like the place you left."

I looked at Gwen to check if she was trying to reproach Vance for leaving when he did, at the first frost of my first winter in the house. She must have been reminded, as I was, of the times I phoned her in the city and told her of the silence of that winter alone, of the times I looked around and saw only half-finished rooms, gray skies, and white fields. To all this she would say firmly, as if her words were a bitter dose that would cure: this was what I'd wanted after all; what I'd saved for and asked for; this was my house.

But sipping her iced tea, chatting with Vance, Gwen looked bland and innocent. "You two were sleeping on the porch back then, weren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," Vance answered for both of us. "I liked the porch—sleeping there at night."

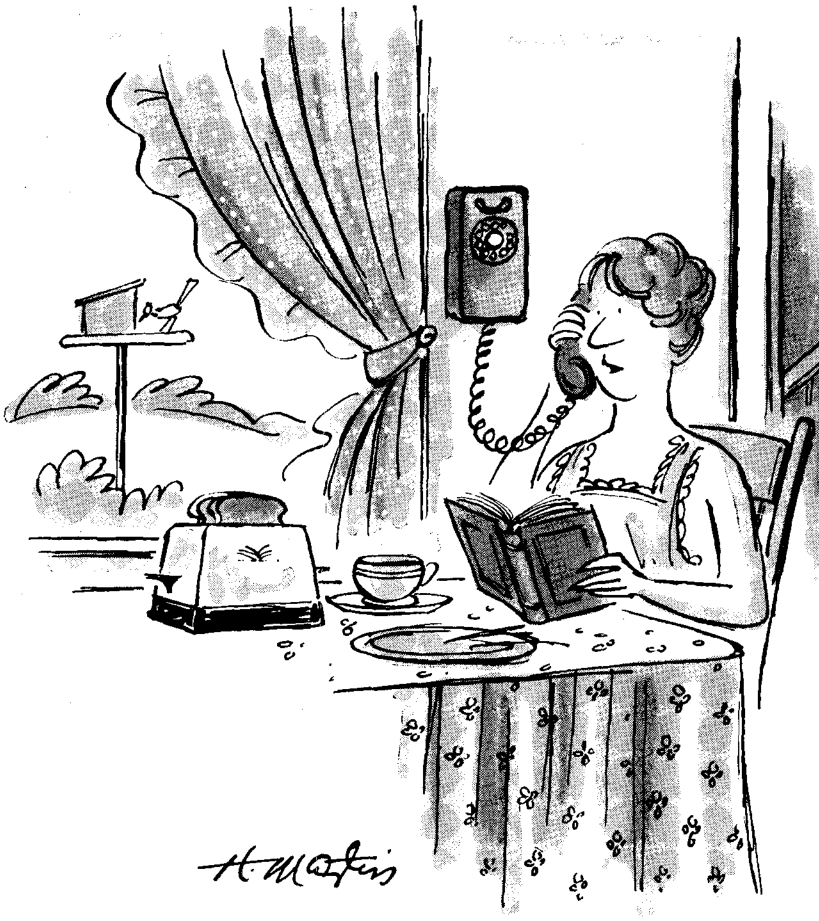
He half closed his eyes, dreamy and calm, and I said, to break his reverie, "I liked it a lot less when the temperature dropped. I'm tearing off the porch this summer." And when he twisted around to look at the screened-in porch sitting there, waiting to be taken away, I explained, "It ruins that elevation. The house will look better from the road."

He settled himself again in his chair and went on as if I hadn't spoken. "I liked sleeping listening to the animals."

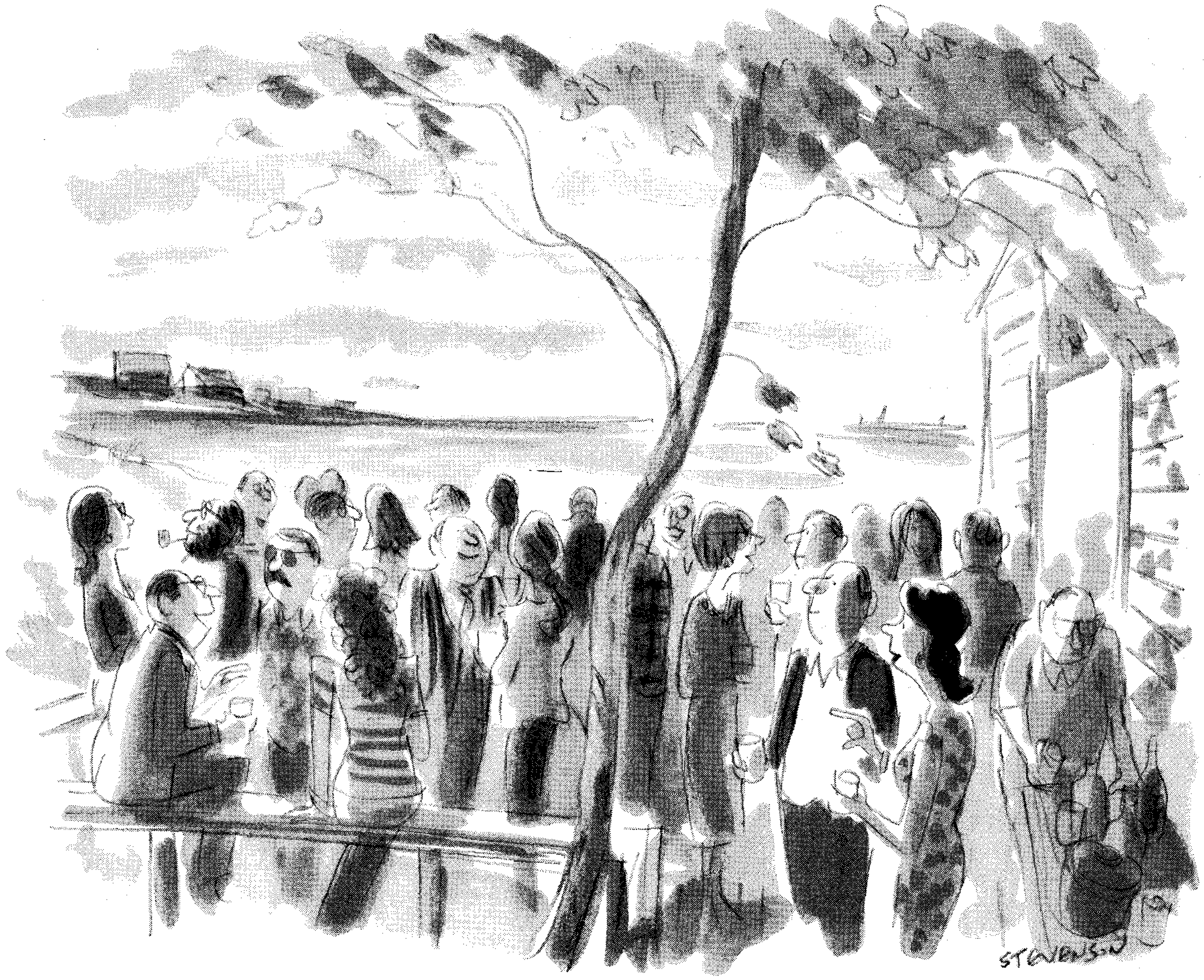
"That's because you sleep like a turtle," I said. I had had too many nights of insomnia out there to be sentimental.

"DID I sleep too long?" Charley called down from an open bedroom window.

"Up just in time," said Gwen. "Vance is here for a little visit."



*"I'm sorry, Mr. Harrison, but I won't be in today. I just started a book and I can't put it down."*



*"Gary Trotter will give you the latest poop, Clara Eckley the dirt, Dotty Henricks an overview, and Brad Pudner an ironic commentary on the whole scene."*

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"I'll be right there." Through the screen on the bedroom window I could just make out Charley's form. He looks so much larger in the country—almost bearlike—it's hard to imagine how elegant he is in his business suits. He takes a special pleasure, I think, in his metamorphosis.

Gwen stood up, setting her glass of tea on a table she and I had made from a tree stump and a slab of wood. "Never mind," she called to Charley's window. "Stay where you are." And she left me on the patio with Vance.

The view from the patio out to the Taconic Range was hot and still; a mist lay between the hills, where the streams and lakes were cooling off the air. The many times I'd imagined Vance's return, it had taken place in shadow, at dusk—never in bright sun, the two of us sitting politely, drinking iced tea while our glasses dripped.

"How's the barn?" Vance asked, as if inquiring about my health or the status of a mutual friend.

"Same old same old," I said, wanting to tell him a lot had changed.

"I left some things by your horse barn," he said, and gave me a sidelong glance I remembered as the prelude to a secret or an announcement.

The place had come with a large hay barn, and I meant to do something with it someday. Meanwhile it stood empty, just beyond the house, the boards turned silver with age and the weather. There had originally been another barn—an L-shaped horse barn—but the boards and beams were sold by the last owner to a contractor in Connecticut. Only the old sills were left to rot.

"The fact is," Vance said, and he smiled as if he were enjoying a good joke, "I left my beads there. Underneath the foundation. I didn't know where I was going or for how long. And I knew they'd be safe here with you, Nessa."

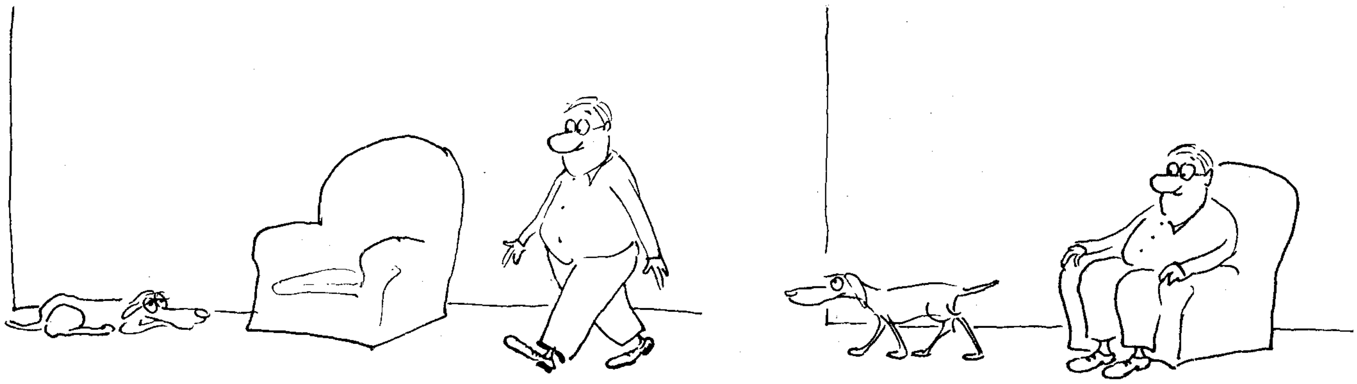
"If I'd sold the place or moved . . . You took quite a chance, didn't you?" I said.

"You'd never sell."

"I thought of it."

"And if you did . . . I meant to come back, but one thing after another happened, and then my brother being sick . . ."

IN the heat of the day, Vance and I abandoned our cool spot by the house. We crossed the lawn and climbed the wooden fence at the barns, and the smell of the mown grass clung to us as we looked over the foundation of the horse barn. What had been a tentative patch of wild blackberries had taken over. The barnyard was a jungle, impenetrable and threatening. All I could see in the thornbushes was the



outline of the foundation, its beams barely visible. The thought of the beads buried in there made me want to laugh. Vance had been so careful with his precious beads. He'd selected them one by one from the hoard of a grave robber in Lima, smuggled them into the States from Mexico, then carried them here to New England. The few times he chose to show them to me, he was sure to roll them up afterward in ancient scraps of cloth and tuck them back into separate pill jars. The jars he folded among his clothing, in the leather satchel that was his only baggage. The beads were ancient clay, shaped like yo-yos and spindles, and figured in geometric designs I couldn't read. There were carnelians and turquoises also, and thin tubes of beaten gold, some rubbed so fine there was barely any gold left, only the shadow of the tube. The nights he took the beads out to show me, Vance spread them on the quilt that covered our bed on the porch, and we looked at them by candlelight while animals cried in the dark and moths beat against the porch screens.

I tried to think of a word to mitigate the thorns, but Vance wasn't waiting for my sympathy. Without a word, he turned and walked back to the house. When he came back, he had a shovel and a pickaxe, a pair of clippers and a saw. I leaned against the fence, and Vance took off his shirt. While my arms had grown hard and strong from gardening and splitting wood—just from living in the country—he was bone thin, down to nothing. Still, we looked alike, Vance and I, the coincidence of our coloring and the shape of our heads holding true: both of us black-haired and stern-looking, both brown-eyed and grim. He laid his white shirt by me on the fence post and attacked the thornbushes with the clippers until the sweat burnished his honey skin. I stopped myself from offering help, but I could not stop myself from watching.

Clipping systematically, the blades beating a tattoo, Vance exposed the outline of the southern corner of the foundation. He trampled down the stubs of the bushes, then looked past me to the sky and turned slowly in place, his eyes fixed on one spot as he moved, like a ballerina taking care not to make herself dizzy. It might have been a magical Peruvian ceremony of discovery, but when the turning stopped Vance said, "Has anyone been here? Something's changed, Nessa."

"Just us chickens," I answered. "I didn't move the beams, if that's what you mean."

He looked again at the sun as if it had betrayed him, and then he set aside the clippers. With the pickaxe, he started to gouge a narrow trench around the farthest edge of the foundation.

"DIGGING for buried treasure?" Charley and Gwen stood outside the fence on the lawn. They were dressed for fishing—old dungarees and T-shirts, flannel shirts with extra pockets sewn on. Over one shoulder, Charley had slung Gwen's canvas bag. Before they'd married, she'd used it as an overnight bag, occasionally rinsing the removable lining of nothing more serious than spilled makeup. Now the lining had to be washed regularly to remove the scales and smells of their catches. Charley carried three rods. Mine was an old fibre-glass job I'd found at a yard sale, much like one I'd had as a child. Theirs were fancy graphite—Christmas presents they'd given each other. Gwen was holding a tin can, which she tipped to show me the worms she'd found in the compost heap. She also had a six-pack of beer. We'd been planning to go fishing when the day cooled off, in a pond at the top of the hill. The pond belongs to my neighbor; all spring he'd been complaining that the bass he'd stocked it with were multiplying faster than they were growing, and I'd offered to weed out the edibles for him next time Charley and Gwen visited.

When he heard Gwen's voice, Vance stopped working, but he didn't speak. "Vance left some things behind," I explained. "His beads—he's digging for them."

"Great," said Gwen. "Where's your map? Is it written on parchment?"

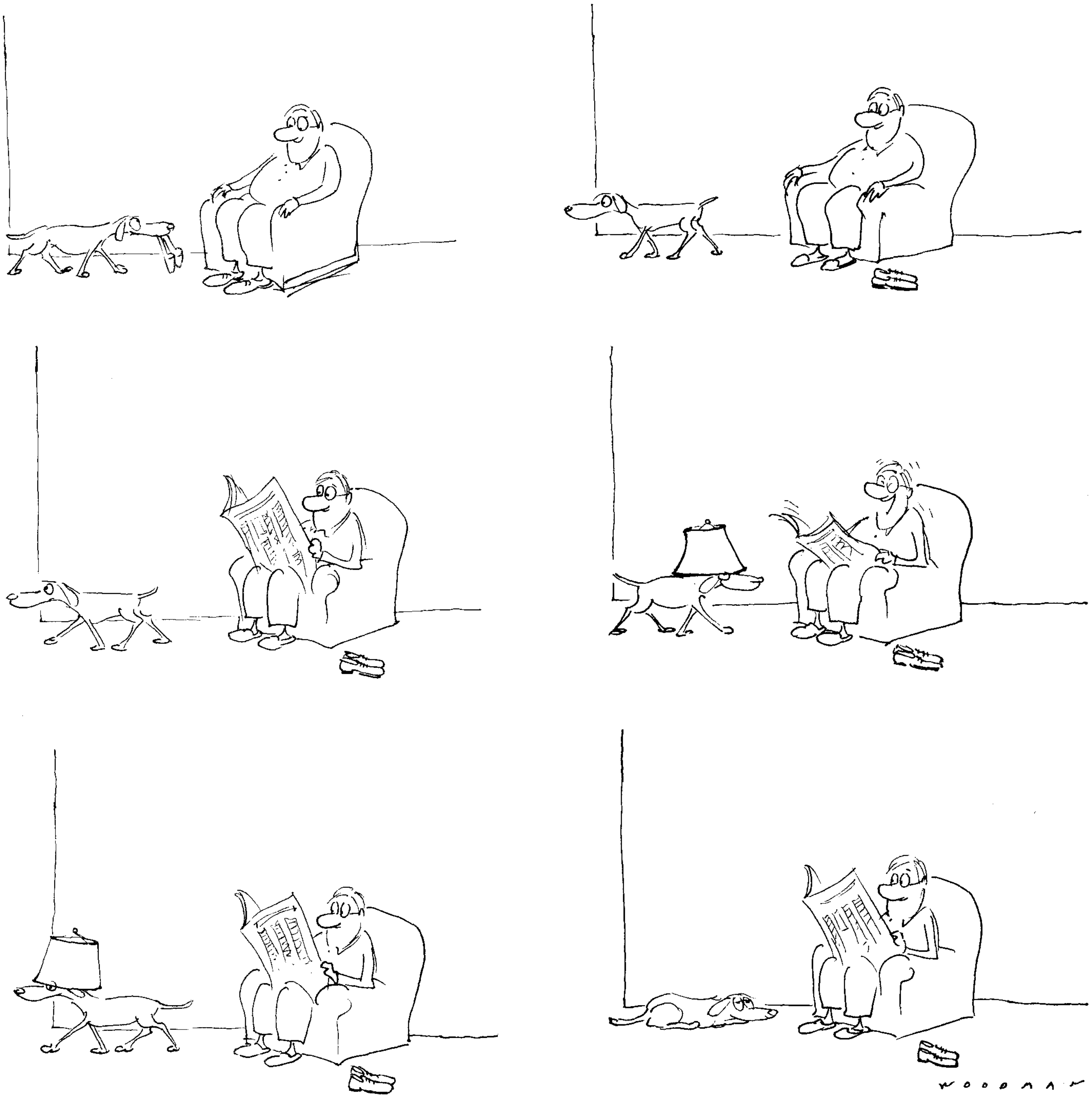
"I don't need a map," Vance said stiffly. "I remember quite well where I put them."

"I'll be up the hill in a minute," I told Gwen. "I want to see the treasure recovered."

"Suit yourself," she said.

"Don't be too long," added Charley. "The light's getting to be about right." They waited another moment, and all four of us just stood there, Vance with his pickaxe, I on the fence, the two of them ready to fish. Then they moved off up the hill and out of sight.

ON his hands and knees, Vance made his way along the corner of the foundation. In between the roots of the thornbushes the soil was dark



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and rich with composted wood and ancient manure. It might be only a matter of minutes before he came up with the treasure. Then he would leave again. On his last day with me, he told me in the morning he'd be gone by night, and when at midday he disappeared I imagined he was taking a last long walk. He must have been burying the beads. He must have planned it out deliberately, the way he did everything. In the bedroom—the one room he'd finished—he'd spent hours inches from the wall, smoothing over the smallest adjustments he made to the plaster. Now I thought, If only he'd told me then that he was leaving those beads behind, if only I'd known there was something of value on the place; it would have made a difference.

Vance got up from his knees and walked to the fence, where I waited. I could smell the earth on him, he was so close. He brushed at his white trousers, leaving traces of blackness.

"Everything's shifted," he said, sounding as sad as I've ever heard him.

"Try again," I suggested, for I wanted to be kind. "Perhaps it's only deeper than you remember."

He sighed and resumed his careful work. Extending the trench on both sides of the beams, he clipped farther along. In the fall, I'd prune back the bushes to see if they'd produce better berries, and I'd invent a way to sift the roots from the soil he was digging, to use the soil on the beds of strawberries and asparagus. My house was finally finished. Every room, upstairs and down, had smooth walls painted pale shades of gray and white. I had closets. I had bookshelves. In winter I laid Oriental carpets in every room and the colors—ruby, coral, sapphire, emerald—shone in the hard northern light. It was time to live for my garden.

The heat of the day was past, and I wondered how Charley and Gwen were doing. I wanted to be drinking beer and talking with them. I didn't like staying with Vance, watching him as if my day would have been empty without his unexpected reappearance. With his hands he was feeling along the edge of the L—first one side, then the other. He had dug about a foot down and I could tell by his expression—fixed and dissatisfied—that he was finding nothing. I didn't want to lose a minute of him, but I forced myself to say, "If you don't need me, I'm going fishing."

"Of course," he said, politely. "I'll be out of your way any time now. I'll come up to the pond to say goodbye."

I doubted he'd climb any hill to speak to me. I didn't believe I'd ever see him again. I took a last look at Vance, who leaned on the pickaxe as if waiting for me to be gone, as if he had a surprise tucked up so far inside himself that he'd forgotten what it was.

FLIES buzzed the water's surface in lazy waves. The light wasn't quite right, and the fish weren't biting. Gwen had drifted the six-pack off the pond's broken-down pier, and the three of us stood around the egg-shaped pond, far enough apart not to cross our lines, near enough to hear. Charley had caught one bass right away, but it was less than six inches and he'd thrown it back. Squinting into the woods, he said, "Maybe there aren't any big ones."

To answer him, I pointed to the shadow of a bass, enlarged by the water surely, but large enough. It stayed smack in the center of the pond, where we couldn't quite see it.

"I told you he'd be back," said Gwen.

"But three years later?"

"I never said when."

"You also never said how long he'd stay once he got back."

"How long could you possibly want him to stay?" Charley asked. Before I could answer, his attention was taken by a faint pull on his line. I rarely fish. It seems to me a matter of luck—not skill or control. Gwen and Charley disappear for days to fly-fish for trout on the Batten Kill, and for years they've talked about taking a long vacation in Scotland to fish for salmon.

I got one definite strike, Charley got two, and then I saw Vance coming over the hill. He carried his shirt and the zucchini, and his face showed streaks of dirt and sweat. There was a smudge near his mouth that looked like a bruise.

"The pirate's revenge," Gwen called. "Have a beer."

"No. Thanks," Vance said. "I came to say goodbye."

"Any luck?" Charley asked, keeping his eyes on the water.

I reeled in my line, laid my rod on the ground, and walked over to where Vance stood. "It's gone," he said. Then his voice softened. "The earth must have taken it back. Thanks for letting me try, Nessa."

"You're taking it very well," I said.

"Ah. I shouldn't have left it so long, should I?" Already he seemed to have gone, his intended departure and past absence becoming the same thing to me.

I said, "Give my regards to your cousin."

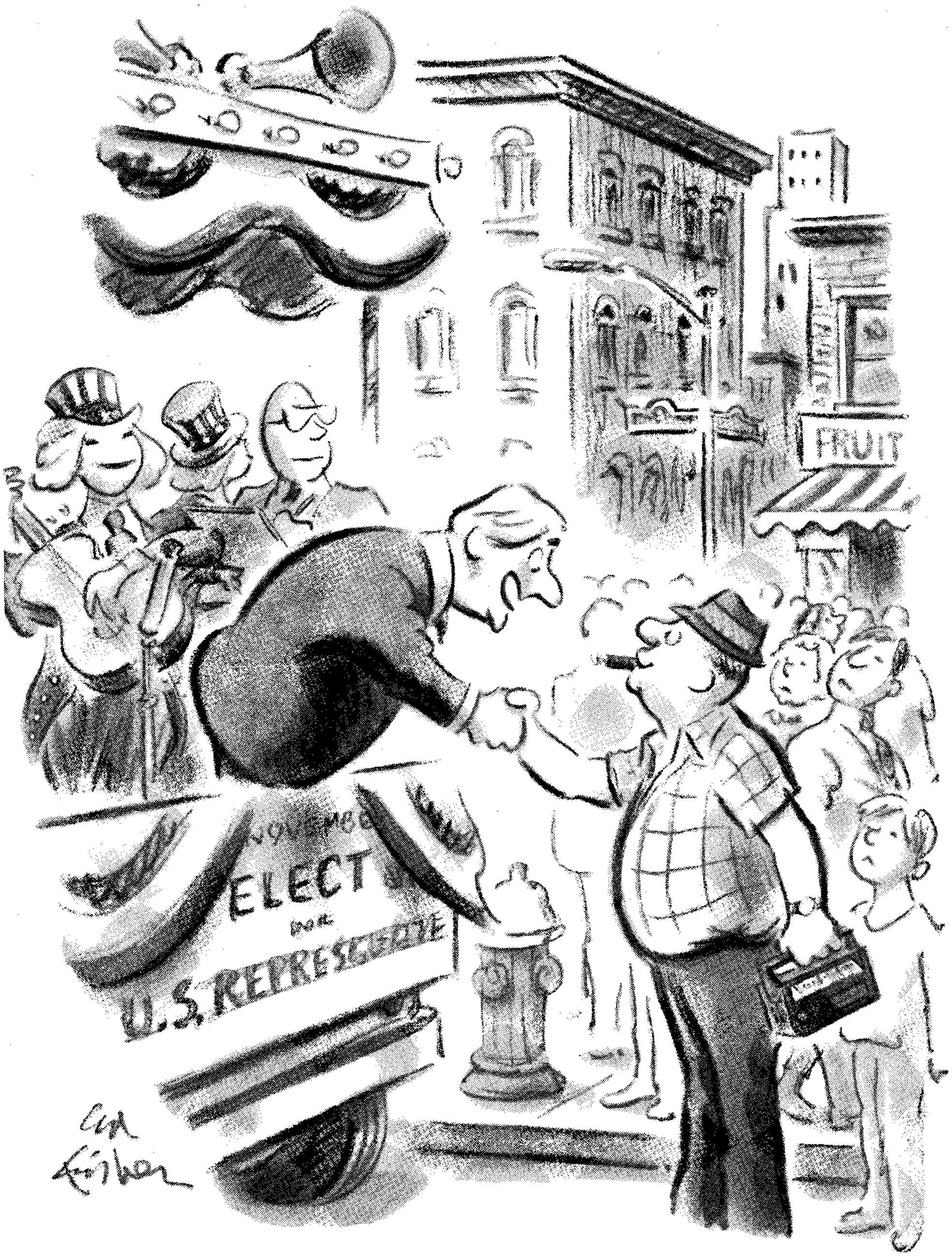
"Good to see you, Nessa." He waved his hand and called goodbye to Charley and Gwen. I watched him walk all the way down the hill to his car. I stayed watching until his car was out of sight.

EVEN when the sun was lower and the air just right, the fish didn't care for us. Gwen and I gave up and sat together at the edge of the pond, observing the movements of the dragonflies as they teased the surface of the water.

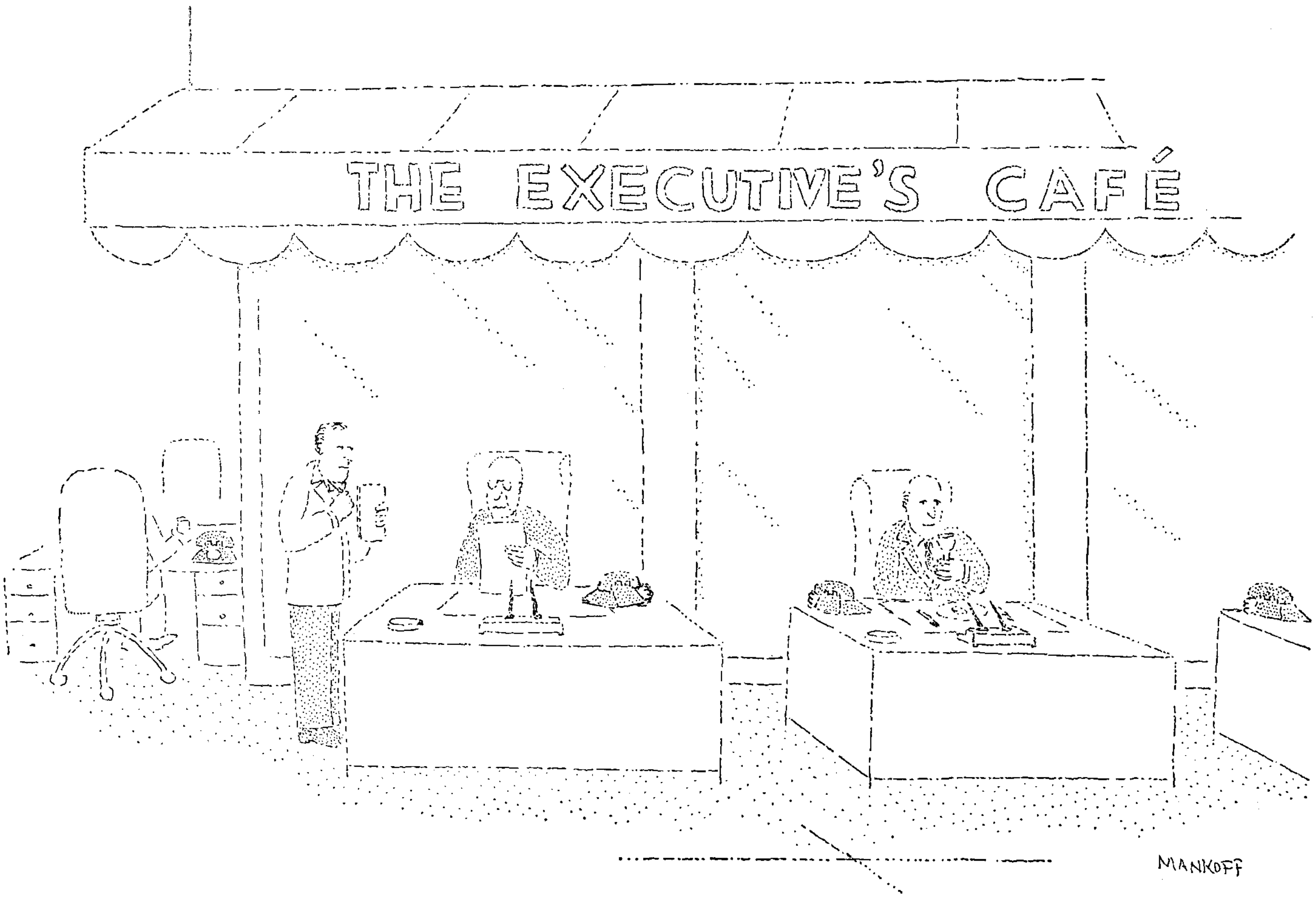
"I wonder if he's lying," Charley said from the opposite bank.

"What about?" I asked.

"Once a sucker, always a sucker," Gwen said. "Charley means, Do you



*"Thank you, sir! I knew I could count on your backing. You fit my supporter profile to a T."*



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think Vance found the stuff and didn't tell you?"

"Why would he do that?"

"So he wouldn't have to give you any. That's the obvious reason. But I don't know. . . . I never understood why Vance did anything or why you put up with him."

"I didn't put up with him," I said. "I loved him."

"I wish I could believe him," she said. "Because if the beads are what you think they are—I mean pre-Columbian and Peruvian gold—we should be out there digging."

In a little while, Charley gave up and Gwen dumped the worms. "I'm returning them to the earth," she announced, and we collected our beer cans and walked down the hill. Without saying we would, we walked straight to the barnyard and saw that dirt was banked carefully around the beams and that the clipped branches were stacked on one side. Vance had covered his tracks.

Charley went over to the foundation and tested his weight against the beams. "Archimedes," he said. "Most likely, the beads are buried too far under to reach. Give me a crowbar and I'll move these things."

"Once we've lifted them," Gwen said, "we'll find the stuff. I know we will. Where was he looking, Nessa? Just in this corner? Around the other side? Do you see any other places he might have been digging? Maybe he waited for you to leave so he could slip his hand under and lift them out."

"For Christ's sake," I said. "He was looking right there. He really thought they were there."

"Well, I hope they still are," Gwen said. "I hope we find them. Three-way split."

"That's stealing," I said.

"Don't be a Goody Two Shoes," Gwen said. "This is piracy."

"Maybe a woodchuck got them," Charley said, and he climbed the fence to join us.

We started toward the house, and to keep the peace I said, "Yes, maybe."

"Never mind," said Gwen. "We'll try in the morning—it's getting dark anyway, and I'm hungry."

"I'll pick some vegetables," I said, and left the two of them at the door of the tool shed.

In the garden, I gathered up the tools Gwen and I had abandoned when Vance arrived. For dinner I'd pick lettuce and baby carrots and dill. We'd dig in the morning for treasure, but I hoped we wouldn't find it. Let the beads return to the earth; let Vance vanish empty-handed. Gwen had turned on the kitchen lamp, and the light that fell from the window into the evening looked as though it were made of gold. My first summer on the farm had been so green. Vance was with me and I'd believed—as I believed no longer and didn't want to—that the feelings I had for him would be maintained over a lifetime. It was different now, with nothing staying the same from day to day, not even the barn against the sky. I stood and surveyed my garden to see if there was anything else I wanted. Over the smooth expanse of lawn I saw a shadow moving as if it were coming straight to me. I smiled. I nearly laughed. Then I turned and picked the smallest zucchini, the ones I'd saved out for myself.

—LAURA FURMAN

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Hugh Downs discusses the future of aging with Congressman Claude Pepper and Dr. Robert Butler of the National Institute on Aging (7, Channel 28).
—*Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

With any luck, it's here to stay.

# FOUR POEMS

## FATHER

My blunt father comes back
from the trains.
We recognize
in the night
the whistle
of the locomotive
perforating the rain
with a wandering moan,
lament of the night,
and later
the door shivering open.
A rush of wind
came in with my father,
and between footsteps and drafts
the house
shook,
the surprised doors
banged with the dry
bark of pistols,
the staircase groaned,
and a loud voice,
complaining, grumbled
while the wild dark,
the waterfall rain
fell on the roofs
and, little by little,
drowned the world,
and all that could be heard was the wind
battling with the rain.

It was, however, a daily happening.
Captain of his train, of the cold dawn—
and scarcely had the sun
begun to show itself
than there he was with his beard,
his red and green
flags, his lamps prepared,
the engine coal in its little inferno,
the station with trains in the mist
and his geographical obligations.

The railway man is a sailor on the earth,
and in the small ports without a sea line—
the forest towns—the train runs, runs,
keeping a check on the natural world,
completing its navigation of the earth.
When the long train comes to rest,
friends come together,
come in, and the doors of my childhood open,
the table shakes
at the slam of a railway man's hand,
the thick glasses of companions jump,
and the fullness
flashes out
from the eyes of the wine.
My poor, hard father,
there he was at the axis of existence,
virile in friendship, his glass full.
His life was a running campaign,
and between his early risings and his travelling,
between arriving and rushing off,
one day, rainier than other days,
the railway man, José del Carmen Reyes,
climbed aboard the train of death, and so far
has not come back.

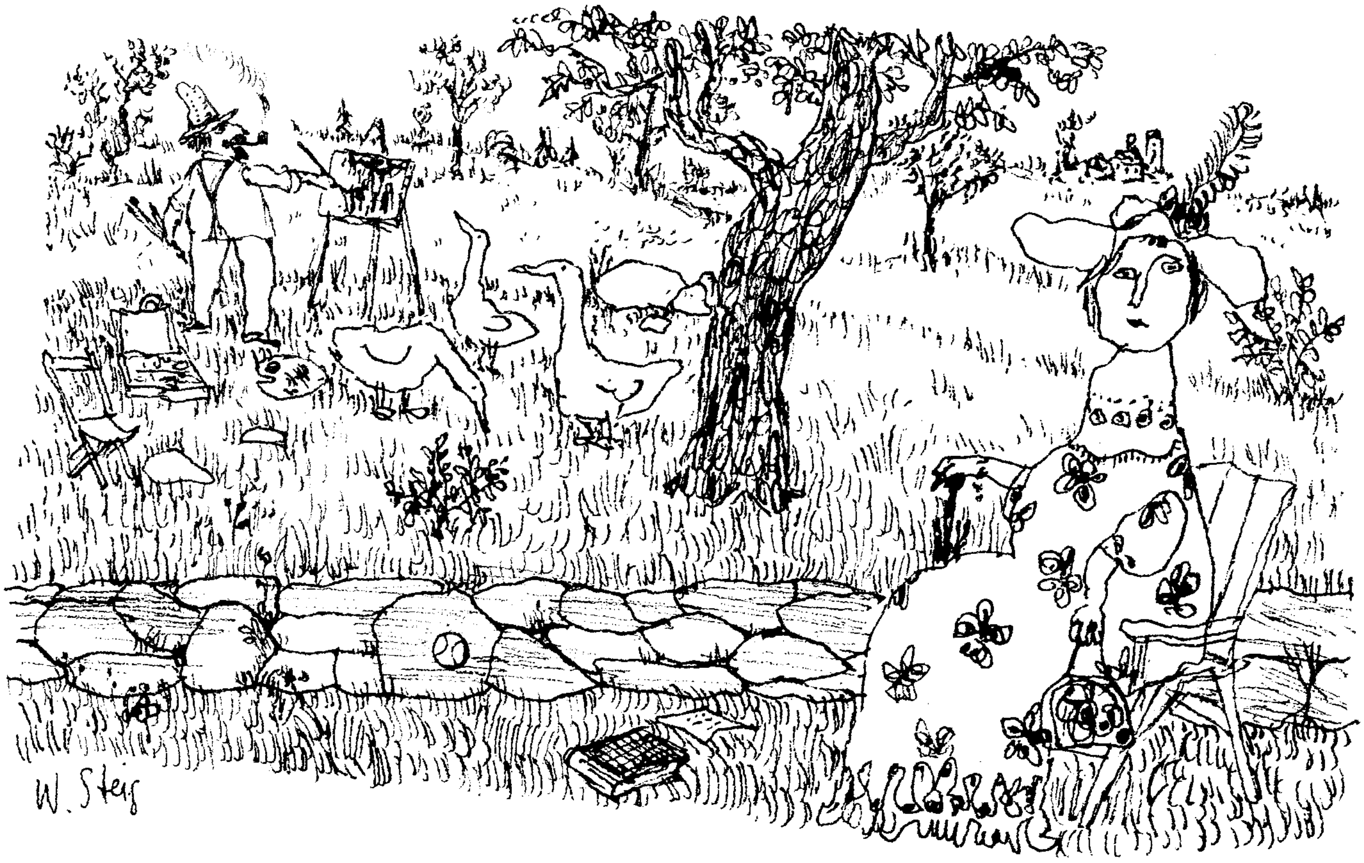
## THE RIVER BORN IN THE CORDILLERAS

The river doesn't know it's called a river.
It was born here, the rocks fight with it,
and thus, in the army
of early moving,
it learns its music and creates its froth.
It's nothing more than a thin thread
born from the snow
among the surroundings
of green rock and moor,
a poor, lost flash
of lightning
which begins to carve
with its spark
the stone of the planet,
but here
it appears
so thin
and vague,
as if it couldn't survive its fall
down to its end in that hard place,
and it circles the summit,
jabs the mineral flank of the mountain
like a spur, and its bees fly off
toward the freedom of the plain.
The plants in the stone
stiffen their spikes against it,
the hostile soil twists it,
gives it the shape of an arrow or a horseshoe,
narrows it almost to invisibility,
but it resists and goes on,
thin,
crossing the rusty threshold
of the volcanic night,
drilling, wearing away,
emerging hard and whole as a sword,
turning into a star against the quartz,
eventually slower, open to freshness,
a river at last, steady and abundant.

## EXILE

Among castles of tired stone,
streets of beautiful Prague,
smiles and Siberian birches,
Capri, fire in the sea, scent
of harsh rosemary,
and, lastly, love,
essential love brought all my life together
in a generous peace
while
with one hand and its friend, the other,
a dark hole was being dug out
in the stone of my spirit
and in it my country was burning,
calling me, waiting for me, spurring me on
to be, to preserve, to endure.

Exile is round in shape,
a circle, a ring.
Your feet go in circles, you cross land
and it's not your land.
Light wakes you up and it's not your light.



*The Artist's Wife*

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Night comes down, but your stars are missing.
You discover brothers, but they're not of your blood.
You're like an embarrassed ghost,
not loving more those who love you so much,
and it's still so strange to you that you miss
the hostile prickles of your own country,
the loud helplessness of your own people,
the bitter matters waiting for you
that will be snarling at you from the door.

But inevitably in my heart
I remembered every insignificant detail
as if only the sweetest honey
gathered in the tree of my own country
and I expected from every bird
the most faraway song,
such as woke me from childhood on
in the damp light of dawn.
It seemed better to me, the poor earth
of my country—crater, sand,
the mineral face of the deserts—
than the glass filled with light they toasted me with.
I felt lost and alone in the garden.
I was a rustic enemy of the statues,
of what many centuries had arrived at
among silver bees and symmetry.

Exiles! Distance
grows thicker.
We breathe air through a wound.
To live is a necessary obligation.
So a spirit without roots is an injustice.
It rejects the beauty that is offered it.
It searches for its own unfortunate country,
and in exile knows only martyrdom and quiet.

## AT LAST THERE IS NO ONE

At last there is no one, no, no voice, no mouth,
no eyes, no hands, no feet; they all went away.
The clean day runs on like a hoop,
the cold air is naked metal.
Yes, metal, air, and water, and a yellow
inflorescence, a thick cluster,
and something more—the persistence of its perfume,
pure patrimony of the earth.

Where is the truth? But the key
has got lost in an army of doors,
and it's there among the others,
without
            ever finding
                        its lock again.

In the end,
for that reason, there is nowhere to lose
the key, or the truth, or the lie.

Here
there is no street, no one has a door.
The sand opens up only to a tremor.
And the whole sea opens, the whole of silence,
space with its yellow flowers.
The blind perfume of the earth opens,
and since there are no roads,
no one will come, only
the solitude, which sounds
like the singing of a bell.

—PABLO NERUDA

(*Translated, from the Spanish,
by Alastair Reid.*)

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## AFTER MEANY

FOR twenty-one years, the Americana Hotel, a huge dollop of marshmallow and gilt splashed on the sand at Bal Harbour, on Florida's Gold Coast just north of Miami Beach, has been the winter palace of the American labor movement. Every February for twenty of those years, George Meany, the patriarch of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, led the chiefs of his largest unions past the simulated rain forest in the hotel's lobby to begin a week-long meeting of the federation's Executive Council. For the gruff ex-plumber from the Bronx, this week always seemed the most jovial period of the year—his opportunity to demonstrate his mastery over the Council, to engage in relaxed jousting with reporters at daily press conferences, and to issue a hailstorm of directives to the President, Congress, industry, and the world in general on what they must do to provide justice and security for the nation's workers. This year, a new leader—Lane Kirkland, an urbane, scholarly union technocrat—presided over the midwinter meeting of the Executive Council. He had taken over from Meany last November, at the federation's biennial convention, in Washington, less than two months before Meany died. The February gathering was the initial test of the adequacy of Kirkland's temperate brand of generalship, so different from that of his imperious mentor, but the significance of the meeting went beyond any mere shift in command style. Inescapably, the meeting was expected to mark the beginning of a fundamental redirection of a movement, born of discontent and struggle, that had been declining into smug stagnation. As one who had watched Meany at close range for many years, I was eager to see whether the new leadership would fulfill this expectation.

I had no delusions that change would be either dramatic or drastic. For two decades, Kirkland had been so close to Meany that many observers considered him a mini-Meany, who as president would set his policies with one eye on a rearview mirror. Indeed, when he took the helm at the biennial convention, with Meany in a wheelchair at his side, he had seemed bent on reinforcing that impression. Kirkland, who was a first mate in the merchant marine during the Second World War, gave as his first directive from the bridge of the federation: "Full ahead. Steady as she goes." And just before my arrival in Florida, in mid-February, the new chief had delivered a talk to the federation's Maritime Trades Department in which he reiterated his respect for the programs and policies of the past. He said then that the journalists' perpetual avidity for novelty was something he did not share, especially when it took the form of calls on him to embrace new initiatives for unionism. One reason for his reserve, he was quick to note, was that people would have every right to ask apropos of any sudden Kirkland move to turn things upside down, "If you had all those brilliant new ideas, where the hell were you with them before?"

The ostentatious way in which Kirkland was proclaiming his fidelity to the past made me suspect that he was seeking to provide protective coloration for a braver attempt at innovation than might have been expected at the first important post-Meany meeting of the Executive Council. Any insider moving out on his own in a tradition-encrusted institution must be careful to make the proper obeisances to all the graven images, and nowhere is this more necessary than in organized labor, with its worship of seniority and other ironclad rules of precedence. Moreover, Kirkland was well aware that he himself had special need for circumspection. His accession to the top rank, though it had been approved by unanimous vote at the Washington convention, violated a hallowed labor precept: the notion that the only dependable training grounds for union leadership are the shop floor and the picket line. By birth, Kirkland is a Southern aristocrat. He traces his ancestry back to the American Revolution, through a dozen generations of Carolina plantation owners and cotton merchants. A great-great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Causes, in which South Carolina attempted to justify its secession from the

"Did Richard tell you about how we've decided to expand the film section of our lives?"

• •

Union, and a great-grandfather was a Confederate cavalry captain killed in the battle of Trevilian Station in central Virginia. College-trained for a career in the diplomatic service, Kirkland had chosen instead a researcher's desk at the old A.F.L. headquarters and come up through its stodgy bureaucracy—a civil servant of labor, whose only power base had been the high esteem in which Meany held him.

Yet Kirkland could not afford to tiptoe into the exercise of independent authority. The problems he had inherited were not of a kind that permitted temporizing while he consolidated lines of support. The proportion of the work force in union ranks has been sliding downhill for about a quarter century. Only one worker in every five now belongs to a union, instead of one in every four, as in 1955. Industry is moving out of the union heartland—the Northeast and the Middle West—to the right-to-work states of the Sun Belt and to low-wage sanctuaries in the Far East and Latin America. In National Labor Relations Board elections, unions lose more often than they win, and employers, sensing a new vulnerability on the labor side of the barricades, have been mounting highly sophisticated campaigns to convince workers that there is nothing a union could do for them which the boss is not doing better.

Inflation's shrinkage of the wage dollar presented an even more urgent challenge to Kirkland. The pursuit of "more" remains as solidly the centerpiece of unionism's design for living as it was when Samuel Gompers, the A.F.L.'s founder, first enshrined it almost a century ago. But price increases are making a mockery of that chase by devouring union-negotiated pay increases before workers can get to the supermarket to spend them. The average weekly wage nearly doubled in the nineteen-seventies, rising from $114 to $220, yet the average worker ended the decade with a cut in what his pay could buy. In the last twelve months alone, that cut in real pay has come to nearly seven cents out of every wage dollar. And even where the buying power of paychecks is protected by union-negotiated escalator provisions, automatically boosting wages as prices go up, the recession has nullified much of this protection by ushering in a wave of plant closings and mass layoffs in many of the nation's most tightly unionized industries. In 1980, a Presidential-election year, every Council position on inflation, unemployment, or any other national or world problem was bound to have political overtones that would strain Kirkland's advance resolve to keep the federation uncommitted to any candidate until after the presidents of all its affiliated unions meet in Washington September 4th to ratify an endorsement recommended by the Executive Council.

Kirkland's leadership style, to judge by his handling of the Bal Harbour meeting, leans heavily on a blend of reasonableness, patience, and participatory democracy. He substitutes irony for invective and makes his points through the exercise of expository skills that have a polish more familiar in the Ivy League than on the soapbox. "You walk out of a session with him and you think you've had a college course," said Albert Shanker, the president of the American Federation of Teachers. Kirkland is as unformidable in appearance as he is unbombastic in address. Meany's bulldog scowl, bald head, bulging belly, and omnipresent cigar relieved cartoonists of any need for caricature. It was simple—though the corporeality of this astonishingly complex leader was a poor index to his reality—to lampoon him as the prototypical union business agent, the "dese," "dem," and "dose" pork-chopper given

*"No, no, Reynolds. Baseball is a game of inches—not banking."*

• •

to tough talk and soft living at the dues payers' expense. The cartoonists' task was made easier still by Meany's recurrent contemptuous comments on government economic policy—whether under Democratic or Republican Administrations—which invited his depiction as a tosser of monkey wrenches, the tool of the plumber's trade. Kirkland, by contrast, is a face in the crowd, distinguishable only by glasses with dark horn rims, which give him a faintly owlish look, and a few whitened scars left by the removal of sun-generated skin cancers. Now fifty-eight years old, he is stocky, of middle height, with a round face topped by abundant reddish-brown hair. The unobtrusiveness that marked his demeanor during his two decades as Meany's alter ego has not vanished. He radiates little of the electricity of such departed unionists as Meany, John L. Lewis, Walter P. Reuther, Michael J. Quill, and James R. Hoffa. No buzz of interest, or even of recognition, attended Kirkland's movements through the Americana lobby. When he entered the room reserved for news conferences, it usually took the reporters and television crews a minute or two to realize that he was there. After a couple of days, most of the TV contingent drifted off in search of fare more provocative and less eruditely phrased.

The lack of overawing presence was, of course, most apparent around the open square of four long tables at which the Executive Council conducted its daily sessions—the same square over which Meany had presided with such decisiveness for so many years. The Council, an all-male body of thirty-five, determines the course of the fourteen-million-member federation between biennial conventions, which are attended by delegations representing all the federation's affiliates. Thirty-three of the Council members are presidents of international unions, each accustomed within his own organization to the deference that goes with sovereign power. The two others are the federation's full-time officers, the heads of its own hierarchy. Now, for the first time in the near-century since the birth of the old A.F.L., both of these officers—Kirkland and Thomas R. Donahue, his successor as secretary-treasurer—are products of the managerial revolution that has been lifting to executive rank in many sectors of unionism people who started as functionaries in union offices rather than at the workbench.

The consensus at the end of the meeting, even among some who had grumbled beforehand that pencil pushers, bookkeepers, and lawyers had taken over and were further isolating the movement from its rank and file, seemed to be that the Kirkland-Donahue team was off to a creditable start. It had dexterously steered the Council away from several potential collisions, particularly on whether to blame President Carter personally for mismanaging the economy. On that issue, as on all others, Kirkland's policy prevailed: the Council avoided attacks by name on high-ranking officials, confining itself to expressions of deep distress directed at an amorphous "Administration." Kirkland kept the Council going in the directions he considered constructive with no obtrusion of authoritarianism. He relied fundamentally on a framework of consultation, designed to give each member a sense of involvement in decision-making. With that involvement went an obligation on the member's part to do his homework in preparation for the vote on each major issue—a duty that few had taken seriously when their function was primarily that of rubber stamp. "It was not that Meany suppressed discussion—he was such a strong character that people got out of the habit," Donahue, a tall, personable lawyer, who used to be Meany's executive assistant, explained. "With Lane, there is a conscious effort to make members feel they are the architects of policy."

THE Council, which was once populated largely by men in their sixties and seventies, has had such a heavy turnover in the last year or two as a result of death or retirement that a semi-serious suggestion was made this year to have the new members wear name tags, so everyone would know who they were. More important than connecting names with faces, however, was a swift discovery that the infusion of new blood meant increased pressure for new programs and approaches, aimed at shaking labor out of its torpor and starting it back uphill. Most of the

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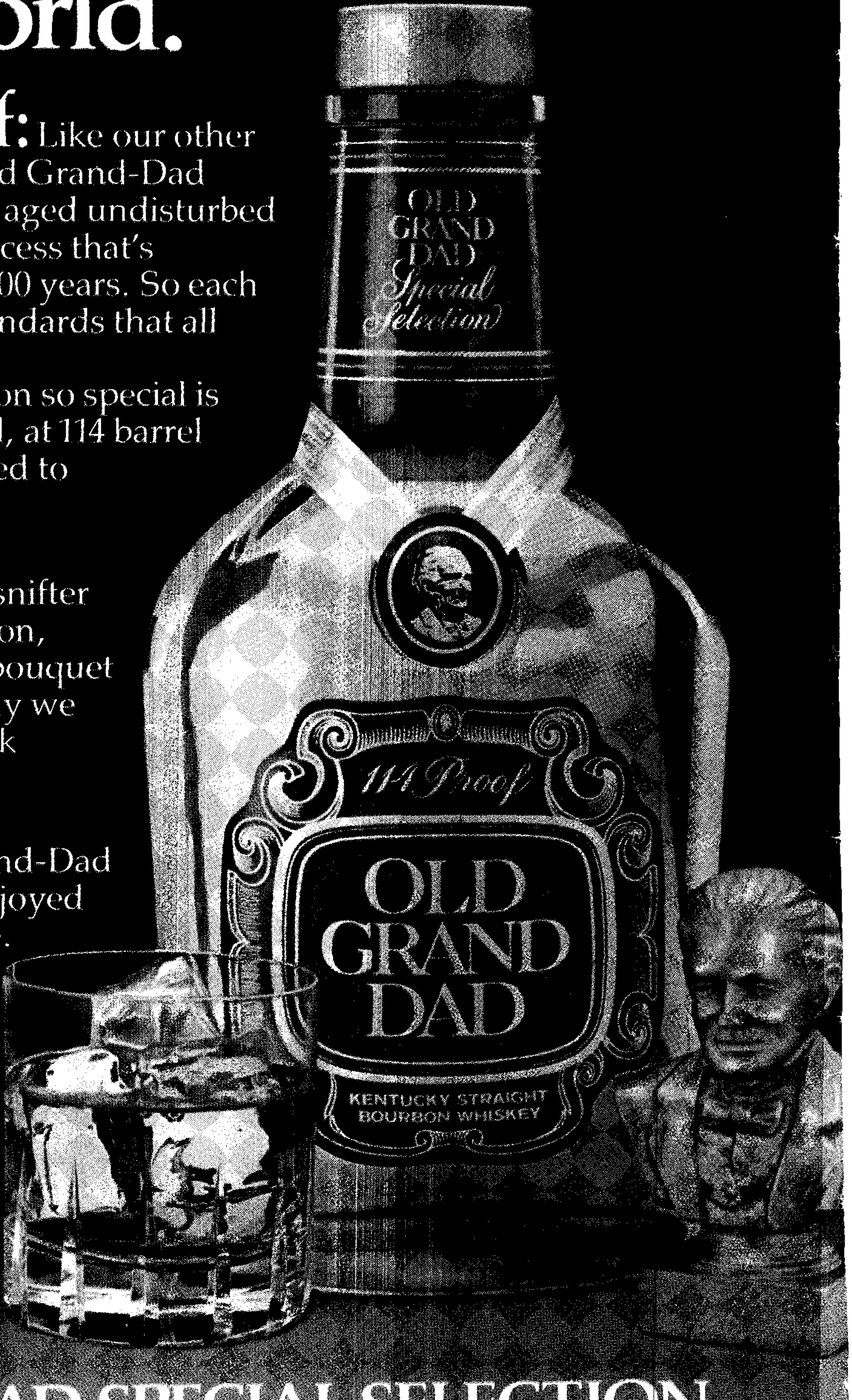

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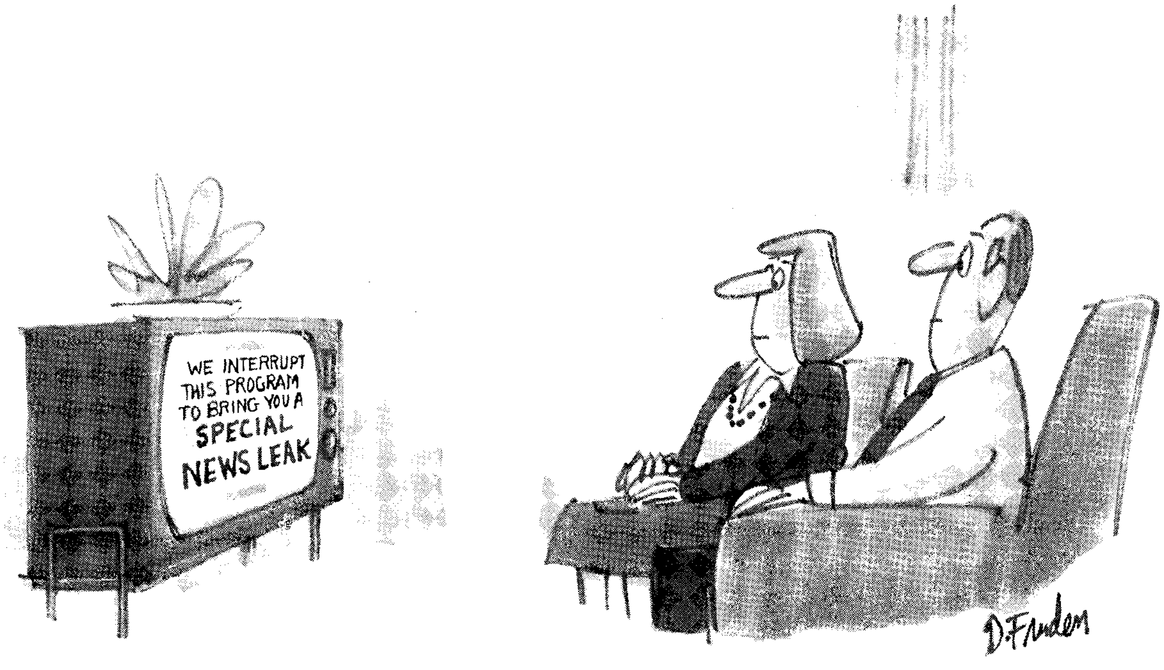
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newcomers are in their forties or early fifties, and so are more attuned than their predecessors ever were to the changes that have come to the workplace with the presence of more than forty million women in the labor force, the spread of two-income families, the replacement of a production-oriented economy with one geared to services, and the obliteration of treasured skills by automation and other quantum leaps in technology. (The universality of change was brought home at the very outset of the Council session: the members learned that there would be no Americana to return to next year. In April, the Sheraton chain took over the hotel and gave it both a face-lift and a new name. Some unionists hope that when the Council checks into the refurbished Sheraton Bal Harbour next February the new look will prove contagious.) My own talks with labor's incoming executive corps indicated that they were longer on desire for change than they were on ideas for effecting it, but their first exposure at close quarters to Kirkland appeared to have satisfied most of them that he could fill in the gaps, despite his current insistence that there is nothing wrong with the old ideas.

"Lane is wonderful" was the verdict of Wayne E. Glenn, who in 1978 became president of the United Paperworkers International, a union with three hundred and twenty-five thousand members. Glenn, a craggy-faced man of fifty-six, is the son of an Oklahoma coal miner and timber worker, and was brought up in an Arkansas sawmill town where, he says, "the company owned everything, including the workers." His voice took on the intensity of a revivalist preacher's as he extolled Kirkland's virtues from a poolside lounge in the blazing sun. "Meany was a Rock of Gibraltar, the right man for his time," he said. "Lane is right for this time." Glenn displayed no comparable effusiveness, however, when the talk turned to the economy and to the political climate in which labor would have to move toward revitalization. He wound up a gloomy review of the record of the President and Congress with a charge I heard over and over, from various Council members: that the oil companies and other multinational corporate giants were dominating the establishment of public policy. "It disturbs me to see decisions made on the basis of what's good for corporate America, not for the American people," Glenn said. When I asked whether his remarks implied pessimism about the adequacy of the political process for safeguarding the general welfare, he talked a bit about his service as a tailgunner on Navy bomb runs in the Pacific in the Second World War and about his first postwar job, at a paper mill, at sixty-six cents an hour, then gave a solemn answer: "I don't want to let myself believe the political system is disintegrating. This is still the greatest country on earth. Our system isn't perfect, but it's still better than any other."

That was more comfort than I got when I spoke with George Hardy, the president of the Service Employees International Union, who is sixty-eight and was preparing to retire from that post in June. His union, which has six hundred and fifty thousand members, started out organizing janitors and elevator operators and fought off control by the Capone gang; now two-thirds of its members are in health care and in state and local government. With the possible exception of William W. Winpisinger, the president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, who calls himself a "seat-of-the-pants" socialist, Hardy was the Council's most radical member. He worked as a migrant farm laborer in California in the days of the Wobblies; was blacklisted for trying to organize a left-wing union of radio operators in the merchant marine; and, when the C.I.O. was on the march in the late thirties, turned down a charter from Harry Bridges only because he felt that it was more important to stay inside the A.F.L. and, along with his father, who was a Service Employees vice-president, fight corrupt elements in the union. Normally, retiring union chiefs are adrip with nostalgic fatuities about the great gains they achieved for their members and the splendid shape in which they are leaving their once puny unions. Not so Hardy, though his presidency, which lasted nine years, did see a spectacular expansion in the size and scope of his organization while many others were standing still or shrinking. At his most cheerful, Hardy has the look of a professional pallbearer. Even when the Florida sun was brightest, and the outside temperature in the eighties, he wore a black suit and a black tie. His head is bald, his mien sombre. His language can be purple, but when we talked about the state of unionism and the economy his words were as lugubrious as his garb. "We have had the greatest success of any labor union in the country," he said. "We increased our membership by two hundred and fifty thousand, and we doubled their wages. I lived and talked union all the time. I never played golf, because I don't think you can take three hours chasing a golf ball and still do a job for the workers. Yet I feel I am going out a failure. So many things I believed in, but my

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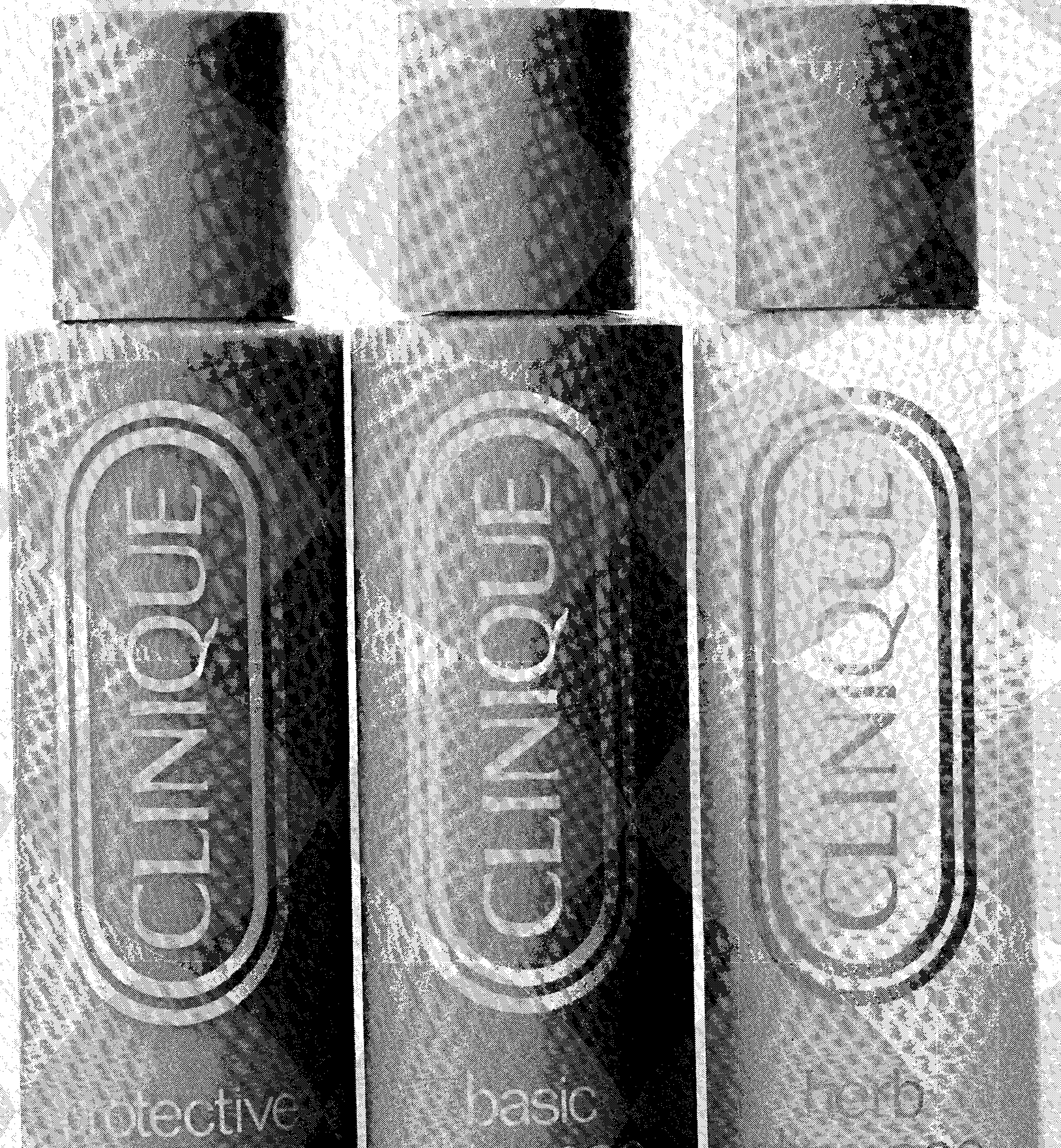
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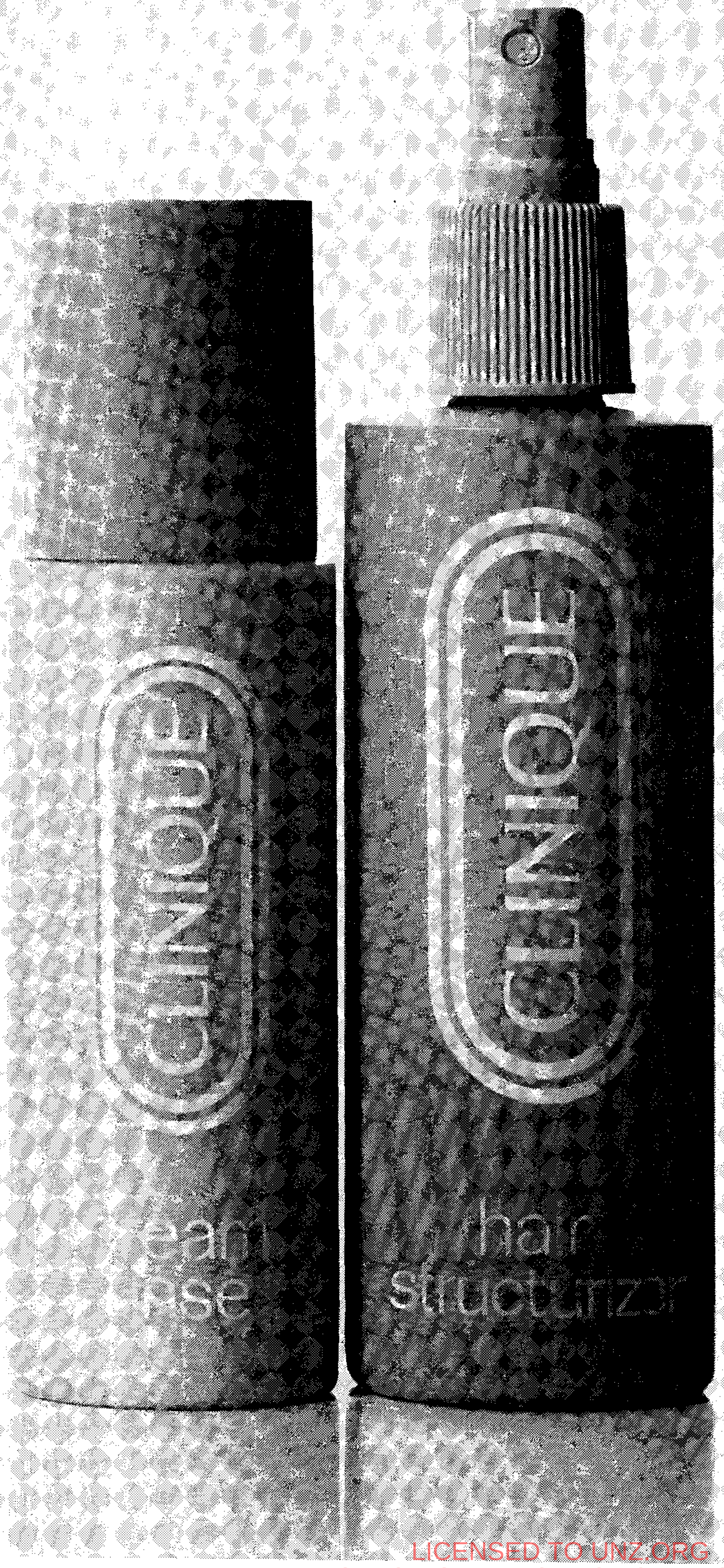

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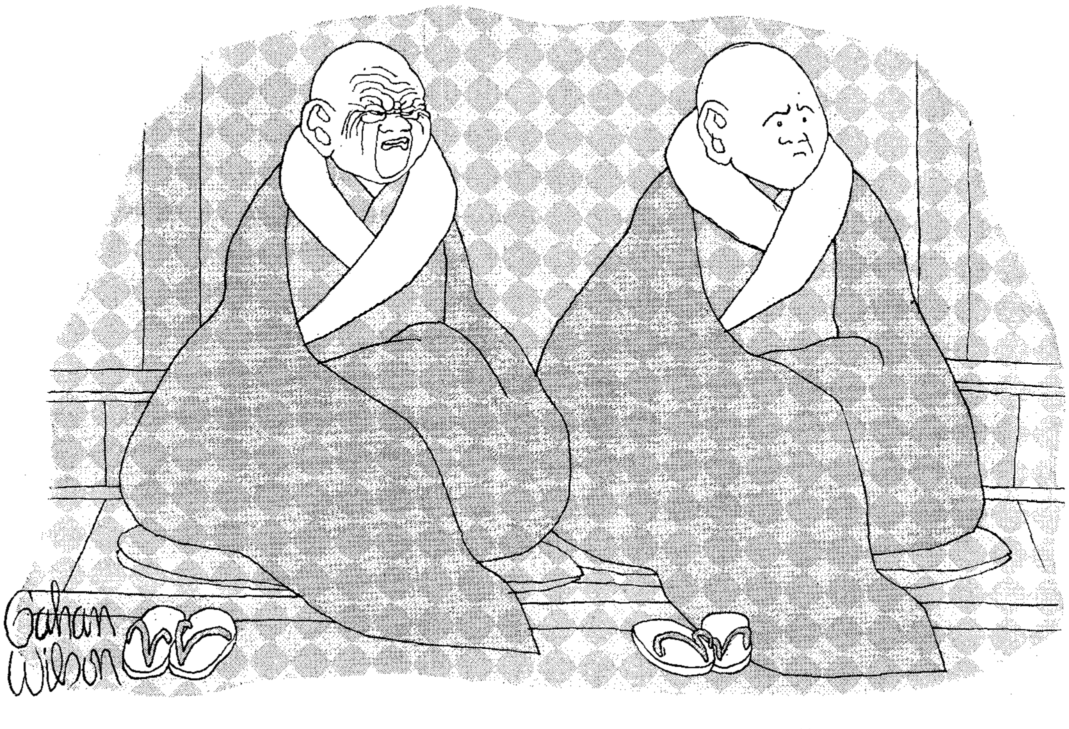
dreams are just shattered. In the service trades, where most of our people are women and minorities, we pushed up the standards, but inflation and the power of the moneyed interests have kept us the working poor. I am despondent. There is just no hope."

Hardy's frustration burst its bounds at the first session of the Executive Council, when, at Kirkland's invitation, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown came to brief the union leaders on the status of national defense and to urge support for the President's plea for standby draft registration and a bigger military budget to counter Soviet aggression in Afghanistan. Kirkland is as firmly anti-Communist and anti-Soviet as Meany was, and most of the rest of the Council joined him in giving Brown a respectful hearing and then adopted a resolution that termed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan "the greatest threat to the free world since the end of World War II." Hardy's reaction was far different. He viewed the plans to spend more on arms while appropriations for social services and the poor were being cut back as evidence that the oil companies were calling the shots for the President and making all Americans captives of corporate greed. Warming to his theme, he drew on his experiences as a radio operator in a tank-destroyer battalion at the Battle of the Bulge to scoff at the Pentagon's global strategy. His tirade grew increasingly scatological, to the embarrassment of other Council members, several of whom sought to have Kirkland cut it short. But Kirkland, little as he sympathized with what Hardy was saying or with his manner of saying it, studiously ignored their raised hands and calls of "Mr. Chairman," and more than twenty minutes passed before Hardy ran out of epithets. When Secretary Brown walked around the square to shake each Council member's hand in farewell, he smiled at Hardy, who lived in San Francisco for many years, and said, "You know, my wife comes from San Francisco, but she doesn't talk like that."

Does Hardy's retirement from the presidency signal a slump back into pussycat tameness for the Service Employees Union? His successor, John J. Sweeney, who until June was the union's secretary-treasurer and is still the head of its biggest New York City local, is as quiet and polite as Hardy is rambunctious. His background is a bureaucratic one, akin to that of Kirkland and Donahue, but Sweeney insists that these surface differences between him and Hardy have not created even a shadow of difference between them on the need for more labor aggressiveness in organizing, in engaging in political action, and in challenging corporate overreach. Sweeney's father was a bus driver on the Third Avenue line, and John, while he was still a student in a Bronx parochial school, accompanied him to strike rallies to listen to Michael Quill, the bellicose president of the Transport Workers' Union, feed red meat to the rank and file. After graduating from Iona College, in New Rochelle, in 1955, Sweeney worked briefly as an economic researcher for I.B.M., but he longed to get into the labor movement and soon switched to the research department of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Three years later, Donahue, who had begun his union career as a publications editor and contract administrator for a Service Employees New York local, lined up a spot for Sweeney in the local's contract department. That began the climb that carried him to the top of the parent union, just a month after his forty-sixth birthday. In dark-blue serge, with a tonsure of curly hair, and with a manner so courteous that it borders on diffidence, Sweeney looks more like a bookish cleric than like a boat-rocker ready to shake up the system. Yet when I asked whether he shared Hardy's belief that big corporations were running—and ruining—the country his reply was instantaneous. "Most of us think that they are," he said.

JUST how far the federation will go in challenging corporate power and what allies it will embrace in the process are likely to be the most ticklish questions that Kirkland will have to decide in the months immediately ahead, and also the ones that will give him the most anguish. The half year that has passed since the Florida meeting has already made that clear. The notion that there should be any great controversy within labor over how hard to kick big business may puzzle outsiders, who are accustomed to the hate-the-boss slogans that unions ritualistically dust off to whip up rank-and-file passions when strike deadlines arrive with no contract in sight. The reality, however, is that through much of the last three decades there has been more symbolism than substance in the adversary expressions exchanged by management and labor in most of the major unionized industries. One reason is that American unions, alone among those in the industrialized democracies of the West, accept the profit motive and the basic tenets of free enterprise. They have little enthusiasm for nationalization of industry, or even for worker representation on corporate boards, which is a legal requirement in West Germany and other members of the European Communities. This identification of United States labor with capitalist pre-

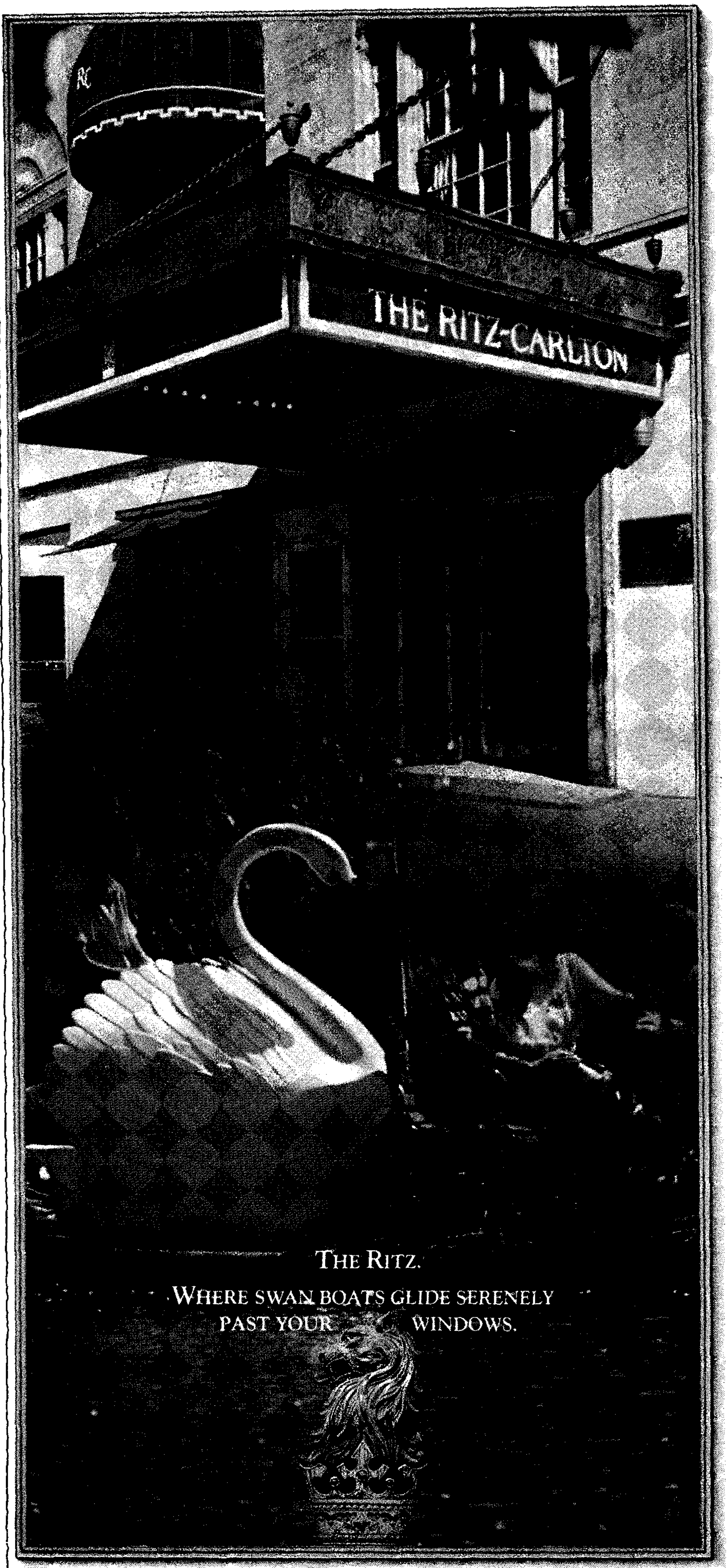


*"Nothing happens next. This is it."*

cepts, it is true, did not stop the monolithic corporations in the mass-production industries from using every dirty trick at their disposal to keep unions out until Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal released what, during the Great Depression, had become an irresistible tide toward unionization.

Pearl Harbor and America's importance as the arsenal of democracy brought a no-strike pledge by labor, and the resulting suspension of hostilities on the production front gave unions an opportunity to consolidate and extend their strength. Then peace on the battlefield unleashed renewed war in the factories, and in 1946 the cost in lost production time through strikes far exceeded anything known in this country either before or since. The moral drawn from that experience by policy-setters in many of the biggest corporations was that unions were too strong to dislodge, so it was wiser to find ways to live with them than to fight them. Out of this conviction came an era of comparative good feeling which had as its anchor point an expectation of mutual benefits. Management counted on secure unions as a stabilizing force, which would prevent wildcat strikes, stimulate productivity, and keep competitive employers from getting an edge through lower wages or fringe benefits. The unions, for their part, freed themselves from the burden of persuading workers to join, for they were able to deputize their employers as membership recruiters. The operation of union-shop contracts automatically delivered tens of thousands of new employees, who had to join if they were to hold their jobs. The boss, in effect, signed up the workers as union members, then collected their dues through payroll checkoff—the ultimate in push-button unionism.

In the last few years, however, employer enthusiasm for this entente cordiale has lessened precipitously, because of the belief that the dividends have been too meagre to compensate for throttled managerial flexibility. Intensified world trade competition and the extra cost-consciousness inevitable in every economic slump have convinced many companies that their balance sheets would be more robust without the inhibition of union work rules and other contractual constraints on management's freedom to manage. Even so, the probability is that few would have gone far toward indulging this yearning to bring back the open-shop days that in the nineteen-twenties industry extolled as "the American



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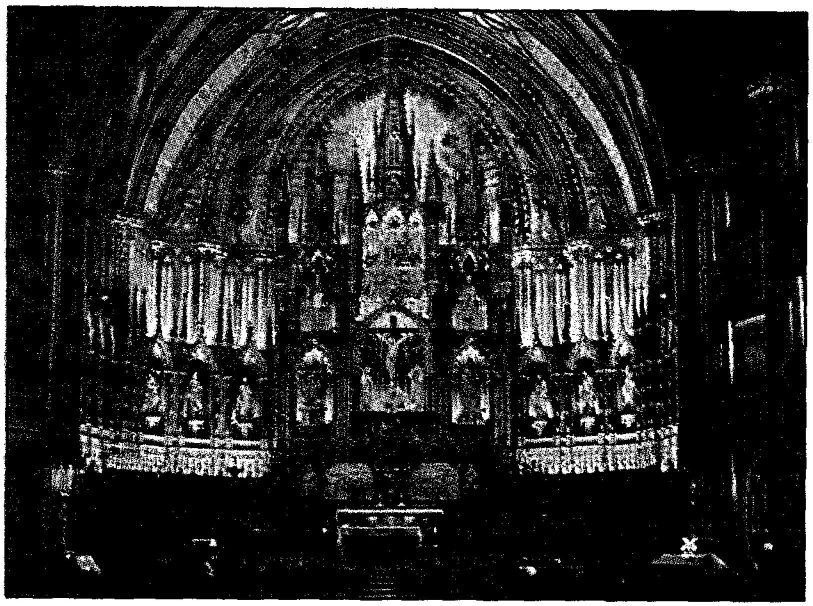

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plan" if companies were not confident that changes in the whole work scene have weakened unions and made them easier to beat. Everything from the decline of unionism's Northern strongholds to the mass influx into the work force of professional and white-collar employees, unmoved by old union slogans, has contributed to a new aggressiveness on the management side. A growth industry of lawyers, specialists in human relations, and other professional labor-management consultants has come into being to tutor employers in ways of keeping their businesses union-free. For many in labor's upper echelon, the final confirmation that industry was on the attack against unionism for the first time since the New Deal came with the bitter congressional battle over labor-law reform in 1977 and 1978. In that fight, companies that had been on good terms with unions for a quarter century joined old-line union-busters in a united front to kill a measure—initiated by the labor movement but considerably watered down in negotiations with the White House and the leadership on Capitol Hill—that sought to neutralize the anti-union campaign by making it easier for unions to enroll and hold members.

A state of cold war has prevailed ever since, and strong pressure has been developing within the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council for a labor counteroffensive, to curb the growth of conglomerate power and to make corporations subject to rules of internal governance similar to the rigorous ones that unions have had to comply with since the passage of the Landrum-Griffin labor-reform act of 1959. Even many advocates of such curbs, however, suffer a degree of schizophrenia, induced by their recognition of the close relationship between the well-being of the union members and the prosperity of the companies they work for. No week passes without employers and unions in such import-beleaguered industries as steel, autos, electronics, and apparel taking joint action at the White House or on Capitol Hill in behalf of higher trigger prices, quotas, or tighter anti-dumping regulations, all aimed at protecting both jobs and profits by limiting the inflow of foreign goods. In 1979, when Chrysler plunged toward bankruptcy after years of questionable management decisions, Kirkland shelved his long-held objections to tin-cup socialism for incompetent bosses, and directed the A.F.L.-C.I.O. lobbyists to team up with the United Automobile Workers in putting pressure on a reluctant Congress to come up with the loan guarantee to bail out the company and save more than a hundred thousand good-paying jobs. The demarcation lines between labor and management have been further blurred recently by the decision of many unions to reach out for a forceful role in the investment of hundreds of billions of dollars in collectively bargained pension funds and by the spread of employee stock-ownership plans—a result of congressionally approved tax concessions.

Kirkland is ultra-sensitive to the complexity of these crosscurrents. From 1976 to 1978, he served alongside Meany and the presidents of six of the most powerful unions in the Labor-Management Group—the most ambitious instrument ever established in this country for the chief executives of industry and labor to collaborate in the formulation of policy in such contentious areas as trade, taxes, inflation, full employment, energy, and health care. Industry's representatives in the group included the heads of General Motors, General Electric, du Pont, United States Steel, Mobil, Citicorp, Bechtel, and Sears, Roebuck. The group—a brainchild of John T. Dunlop, professor of economics at Harvard, who served as Secretary of Labor in the Ford Cabinet—became a casualty of the fight over labor-law reform. But the industry members developed considerable respect for Kirkland in their years of association with him, and there have been hints that several would like to see the panel reëstablished, as a vehicle for exchanging ideas on how to keep the economy healthy and how to strengthen America's competitive position in world markets. Collaboration of that kind is anathema to some members of the federation's Executive Council, who believe that labor ought to be looking in just the opposite direction for allies—toward the critics of big business in organizations representing consumers, women, minorities, youth, and others impatient with the status quo.

During the Executive Council sessions, Kirkland did not join in charges by several of his colleagues that industry, under the leadership of the Business Roundtable, a lobbying group, was ganging up to destroy trade unions. When I asked him whether he believed that the hostility of industry had become so pervasive as to rule out future coöperation along the lines of the Labor-Management Group, his response was Delphic. "You have to ask: What is the purpose of the exercise? What are the ground rules? What does one

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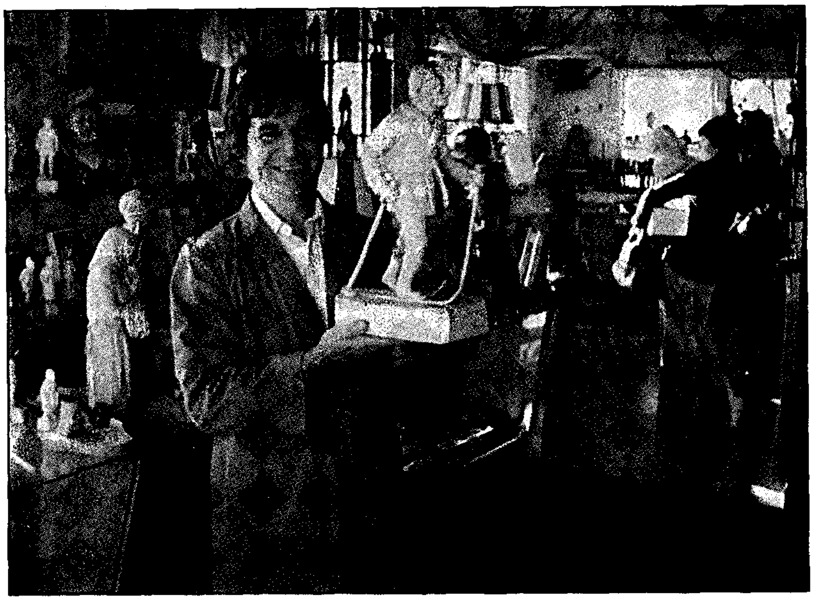

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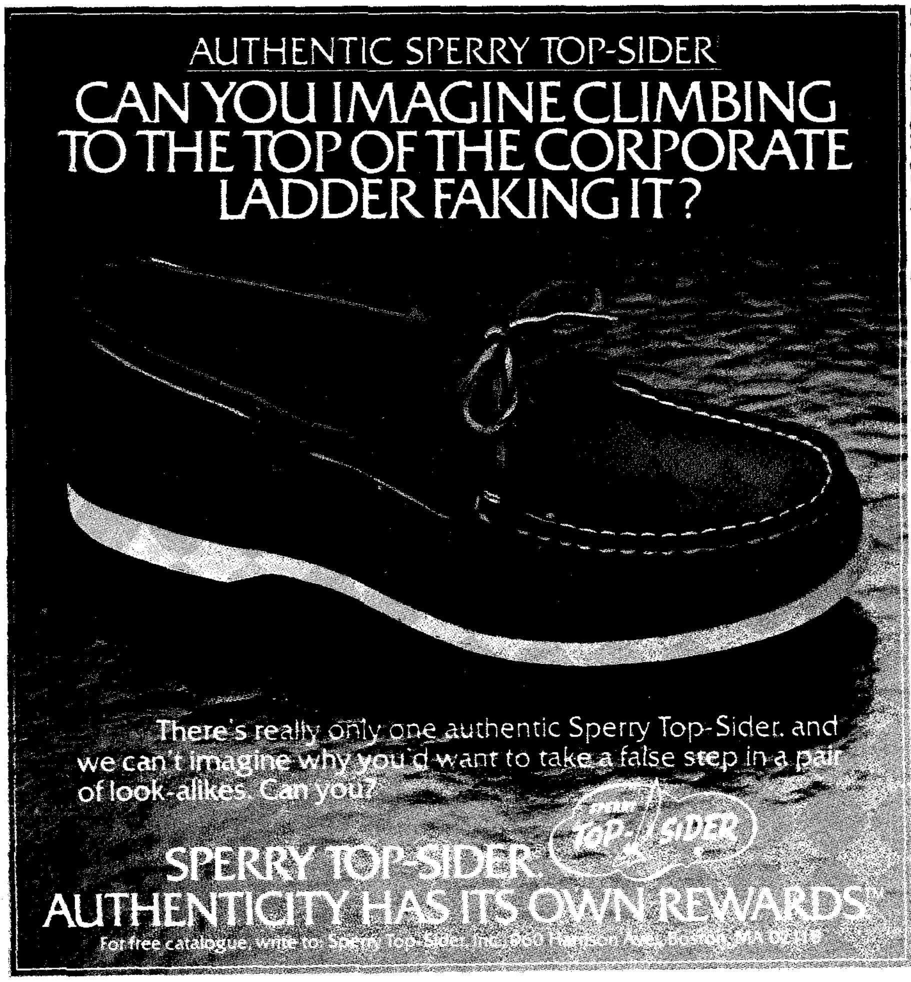

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want to get to?" But, he continued, a more fundamental question had to precede any of these, and that was whether the participants on the business side accepted the necessary role of unions in industry and in society. "That answer is still hanging in the balance," he said.

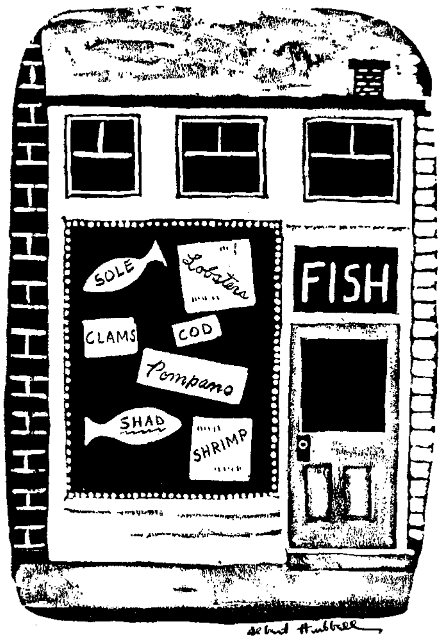
The narrowness of the line that Kirkland will have to walk between fraternization with industry and estrangement from it was seen in his reaction to a January article in *The Nation* imputing to him the mortal union sin of hobnobbing over the years with the Rockefellers and a long list of other wealthy corporate moguls and financiers. To questions about this allegation that he was buddying up to the swells, Kirkland reacted with satiric aplomb. "Oh, I think there is some advantage in outreach to the underprivileged, in getting to know other elements of our society, outside the circle of the trade-union movement that you move in," he said. "It is occasionally in our interest and advantage, and I think it's relatively harmless. I have absolute confidence in my own integrity and capacity to withstand seduction, certainly—if not rape." He paused, then added, "I am steadfastly opposed to any conspiracy of which I am not a part." On being asked whether he had ever been part of a conspiracy, he declined to answer, "on the usual grounds."

Within the Executive Council, Kirkland showed comparable dexterity in defusing the one issue that might have produced a confrontation over how firmly the federation should link itself to critics of corporate abuses. The issue arose in the form of a resolution urging official A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement of Big Business Day, a mobilization that had been set for April 17th by a coalition of anti-establishment elements as the starting point of a decade-long effort to convince the country that, according to the coalition, "the immense and unaccountable power" of giant corporations was the cause of woes ranging from Love Canal to the scuttling of labor-law reform. The resolution had been sent to Kirkland in advance by William H. Wynn, the president of the federation's biggest affiliate, the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union, whose membership—primarily supermarket clerks and butchers—numbers a million three hundred thousand. Wynn was an initiator of the April mobilization, along with Ralph Nader, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Douglas A. Fraser, the president of the United Automobile Workers. A member of the Executive Council since 1978, he has taken the auto union as his model of what a good union should be in the nineteen-eighties. "I like the socially conscious way they move," he told me. His father, a worker on the assembly line at the old Studebaker plant in South Bend, Indiana, used to take him to union rallies thirty years ago, when he was still in his teens, and Wynn developed a vast admiration for Walter Reuther, then the fiery young leader of the General Motors sitdown strikes. That admiration did not dim after Reuther led the Automobile Workers out of the federation in 1968, on the ground that it had become a complacent, contented pillar of the status quo.

In Meany's heyday, a request that the federation join with assorted advocates of social change in any kind of mass demonstration got short shrift. In 1963, for example, he had vetoed direct federation involvement in the historic civil-rights march on Washington, at which the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., made his "I have a dream" speech. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was then in the forefront of the lobbyists on Capitol Hill for passage of a strong civil-rights law, and A. Philip Randolph, the president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and a federation vice-president, was the director of the march. But no amount of pleading by Reuther and other members of the Executive Council could alter Meany's ukase that the federation shun identification with a mobilization initiated by others and outside its direct control.

Kirkland took a middle road on what to do about Big Business Day—one that satisfied Wynn while keeping inviolate a key section of the gospel according to St. George. He had his staff rewrite the Wynn resolution to express agreement with the demonstration's broad objectives, but withheld both official endorsement and financial support. Kirkland explained that the federation's quarrel with the day's purpose was that it was not inclusive enough. "Unfortunately, every day is Big Business Day in this country," he said. But he added a Meany-like caveat. The federation, Kirkland declared, could not let itself become "a blind caboose on someone else's train;" it had to reserve the capacity for independent judgment on how far to go in all such ventures. The diluted version went through unanimously. "I have extreme confidence in Lane," Wynn told me afterward. "He is going to prove himself an outstanding A.F.L.-C.I.O. president. He'll raise the movement to great heights." When Big Business Day rolled around, two months later, federation participation was modest. Ten thousand building tradesmen marched in Boston to protest the growth of nonunion construction. Members of Wynn's union used the occasion to demonstrate against a Seattle bank which was contesting an N.L.R.B. election that the union had won. Elsewhere, the turnout was slim, and headquarters support was almost imperceptible.

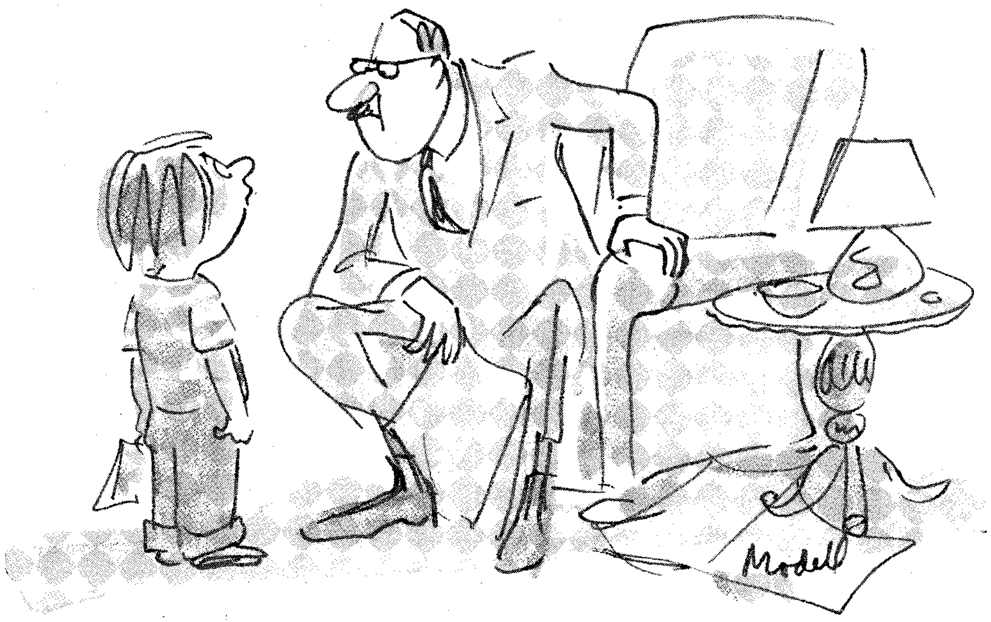
Three weeks after Big Business Day, Kirkland journeyed to the Homestead, at Hot Springs, Virginia, to sup with the fattest of industry's fat cats—the hundred chief executive officers who make up the blue-ribbon Business Council. The invitation was extended by the Council's current chairman, Reginald H. Jones, the chairman of General Electric and an old associate of Kirkland in Dunlop's Labor-Management Group. It was the first time the top industrial leaders had asked a union chief to give them his views. Kirkland's explanation of why he was fraternizing with magnates in a nonunion hotel in a state that bans any form of union shop was as unapologetic as his comment on the article in *The Nation*. "I don't believe the trade-union movement is well served when those who run it talk only to themselves," he said. "I believe in missionary work, and when you do missionary work you have to go into the jungle, because that's where the heathen are." Socially, the excursion was a great success, with Jones describing his fellow-moguls as enthusiastic over Kirkland's presence, and the unionist thanking the Council for the warmth of its hospitality and courtesy. When it came to substance, however, there was nothing to cheer about. On the meeting's central theme, what to do about inflation and recession, Kirkland's prescriptions for national policy and those favored by most of his hosts were diametrically opposed from start to finish. The businessmen tended to favor cutting federal spending and corporate taxes. Kirkland wanted the government to spend more to aid the jobless and the poor.



Intractable as the differences on such basic issues are, the forces that are co-opting unions into a form of junior partnership with industry keep gaining strength, especially as the United States loses ground in the world-trade race. The United Mine Workers, which was torn by rank-and-file anarchy only two years ago, is now co-sponsor with the major coal associations of a lavish lobbying and advertising campaign whose aim is to overcome resistance by environmentalists and budget-balancers to government help for speedier conversion of electric utilities from oil to coal. The United Steelworkers and the steel industry are working together to win White House approval for a program that will shore up faltering steel profits and jobs. The story is the same in autos, men's and women's clothing, and a dozen other import-shrunk industries; and almost invariably the suggested remedies would pass most of the relief bill on to the general public in higher prices, diminished environmental safeguards, or taxes for outright subsidies.

These marriages of convenience grieve Winpisinger, of the Machinists Association—the loudest anti-business voice within the Executive Council. "We're not fulfilling our role," he complained, even before the Florida meeting closed. "We're permitting ourselves to be intimidated into silence while the multinationals exercise an unfettered right to reap their profits and control our institutions. I'm a voice in the wilderness, but we shouldn't be playing in the other guy's ballpark, using his umpire, his ball, and his glove. When we talk about free enterprise, we're talking about a myth."

An excruciating balancing act for Kirkland, not only in the Americana sessions but through all the months since, has involved national politics—specifically, how hard the federation should come down on President Carter for the abysmal state of the economy. This was never a problem for Meany. He had to swallow hard to muster any enthusiasm for Carter when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. en-



*"Granddad, is it true you have pots of money?"*

• •

dorsed him in 1976, and the two men were personally so incompatible that Meany welcomed any opportunity to criticize the President—an attitude that did not change despite the extravagant compliments that Carter continually paid him. For Kirkland, two considerations inhibited direct attacks on the President, even though each day of the meeting brought word of further increases in living costs and interest rates and the attendant shrinkage in wage earners' purchasing power. One deterrent to criticism was the growing possibility, as Senator Edward Kennedy's political star appeared to fade, that the federation would once again find itself endorsing Carter. The second was personal as well as institutional. Kirkland's first major accomplishment as a leader in his own right, nearly two months before he formally succeeded Meany, was the negotiation with President Carter last September of a precedent-setting "national accord," which came closer to making labor a partner in determining public economic policy than it had ever been before, even in the New Deal days. The pact was an American counterpart of the "social contracts" that Western European unions have entered into with labor governments in recent years. Under this pact, a promise of union cooperation in the fixing of standards for a system of voluntary wage restraints was coupled with Administration acquiescence in a series of measures designed to insure equity for labor in the anti-inflation program and to give workers a quid pro quo in economic and social protection for the sacrifices they were being asked to make to help stabilize the dollar.

From labor's standpoint, the greatest forward step in the national accord was a White House commitment to allow the federation to register its ideas about what should get priority in the budget before the President made his decisions and sent them to Congress. From the standpoint of industry and many other critics, however, the rest of the package was a political sop to labor—something of a grab bag of stimulative spending projects whose help in combatting inflation was dubious, coupled with machinery for curbing wages which was so devoid of sanctions that it offered little promise of inhibiting wage demands in 1980. Kirkland won agreement from the Administration after much tense bargaining, in a period when the President's standing in the opinion polls was almost at rock bottom and the White House was casting about desperately for ways to improve its political fortunes: "If the Ayatollah had moved sooner, we probably never would have got the accord," Tom Donahue, who shared the negotiating task with Kirkland, told me.

En route to Bal Harbour, I had stopped in Washington to see Alfred E. Kahn, the President's chief adviser on inflation, and get his views on how much, if anything, the pact was doing to retard the pace of inflation. Kahn is a smiling, peppery, decidedly unczarlike figure, whose candor I had invariably found refreshing in the years between 1974 and 1977, when he was chairman of New York State's Public Service Commission. (He went to Washington originally to serve as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and preside over the deregulation of the airlines, and switched to the job of inflation fighter in 1978.) He was as friendly and animated as ever when I visited him in a sunny corner office in the Old Executive Office Building, next door to the White House. Rocking in a cane chair, he tossed off caustic comments with his usual incisiveness. But when I pressed him for an estimate of Kirkland's role in seeking a balance between the needs of labor and those of the nation under the accord, some of his insouciance deserted him and he took refuge in speaking off the record.

I came away convinced that in the Administration's attempt to stabilize the economy through tripartite cooperation with labor and management a familiar ballet was being performed—a ballet in which an unexceptionable scenario is unfolded to rationalize a long list of exceptions to the rules, and political or economic muscle is what is always most consequential in determining where the balance is fixed. Kahn had seemed less than delighted by his conversion into a kind of Ping-Pong ball. "I often feel my function is to preside over the ratification of the power structure," he'd said, sighing—presumably for the day of deliverance that would carry him back to his old chair as an economics professor at Cornell.

At the Executive Council meeting, Kirkland defended the accord as "useful and constructive," but thereafter his cheerful estimate of its worth and his hopes for its chances of long survival kept ebbing as daily reports poured in of soaring inflation rates and of the Administration's apparent determination to fight inflation in the way the federation likes least, and the way most alien to the spirit of the compact—budget cuts aimed at tipping the country into unemployment and recession. In mid-March, when the President announced his decision to balance the budget by cutting thirteen billion dollars out of the version he had submitted in January—already an "austerity" version, which had been prepared following consultation with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—Kirkland accused the White House of scuttling its commitments and bowing to expediency, election-year hysteria, and the demands of the financial community. He stopped short of pronouncing the accord dead, however, or of ending labor's official participa-

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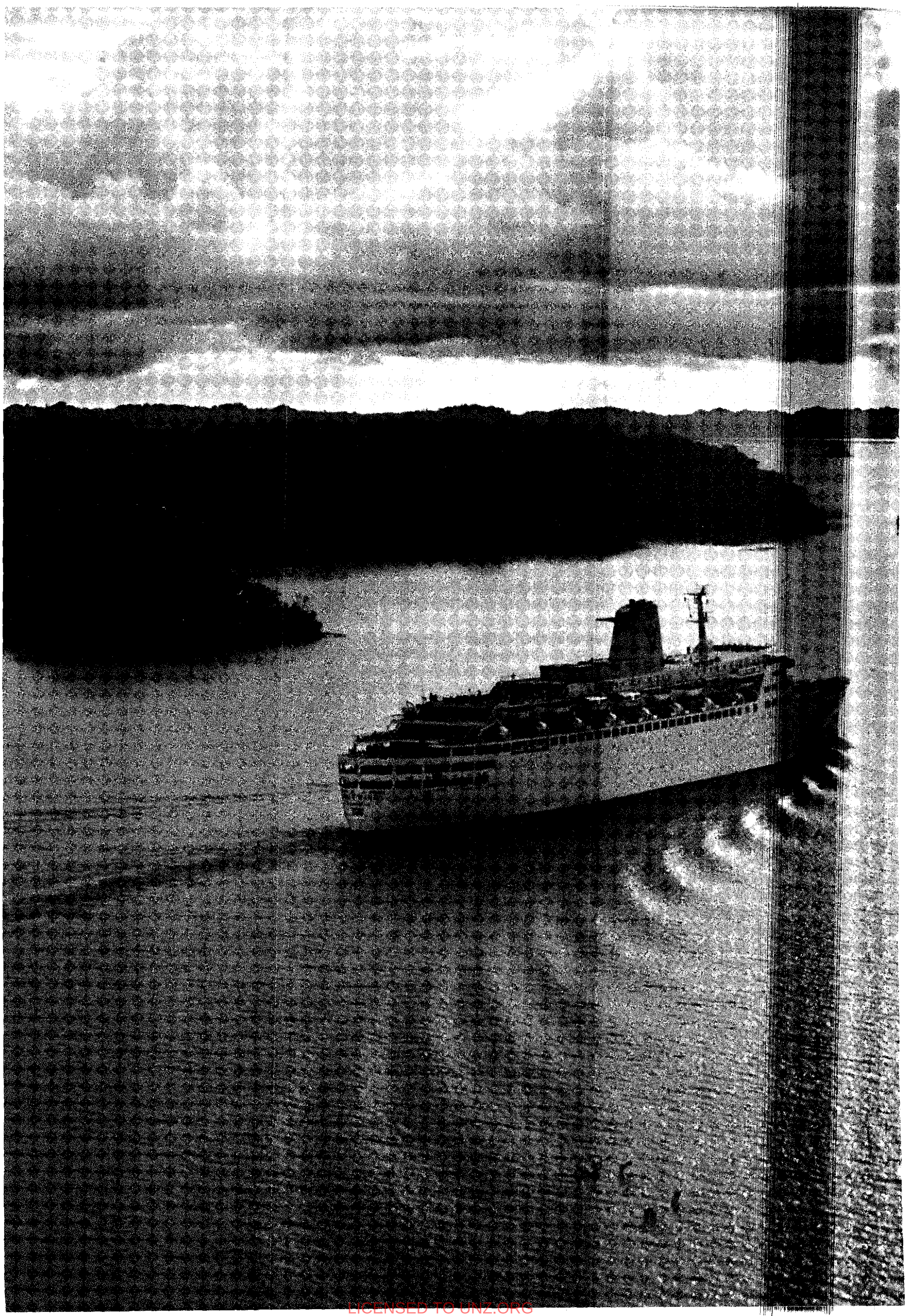

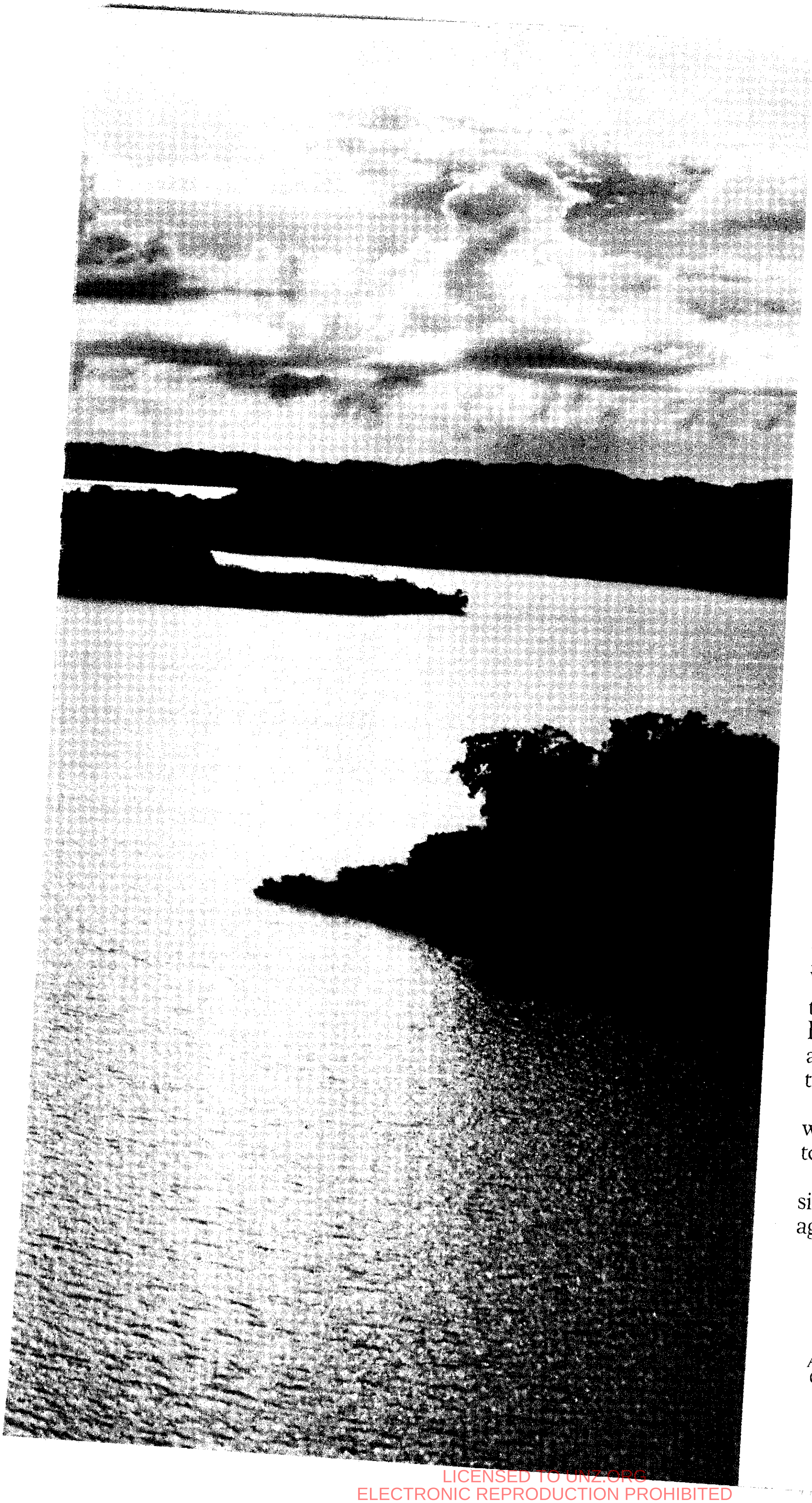

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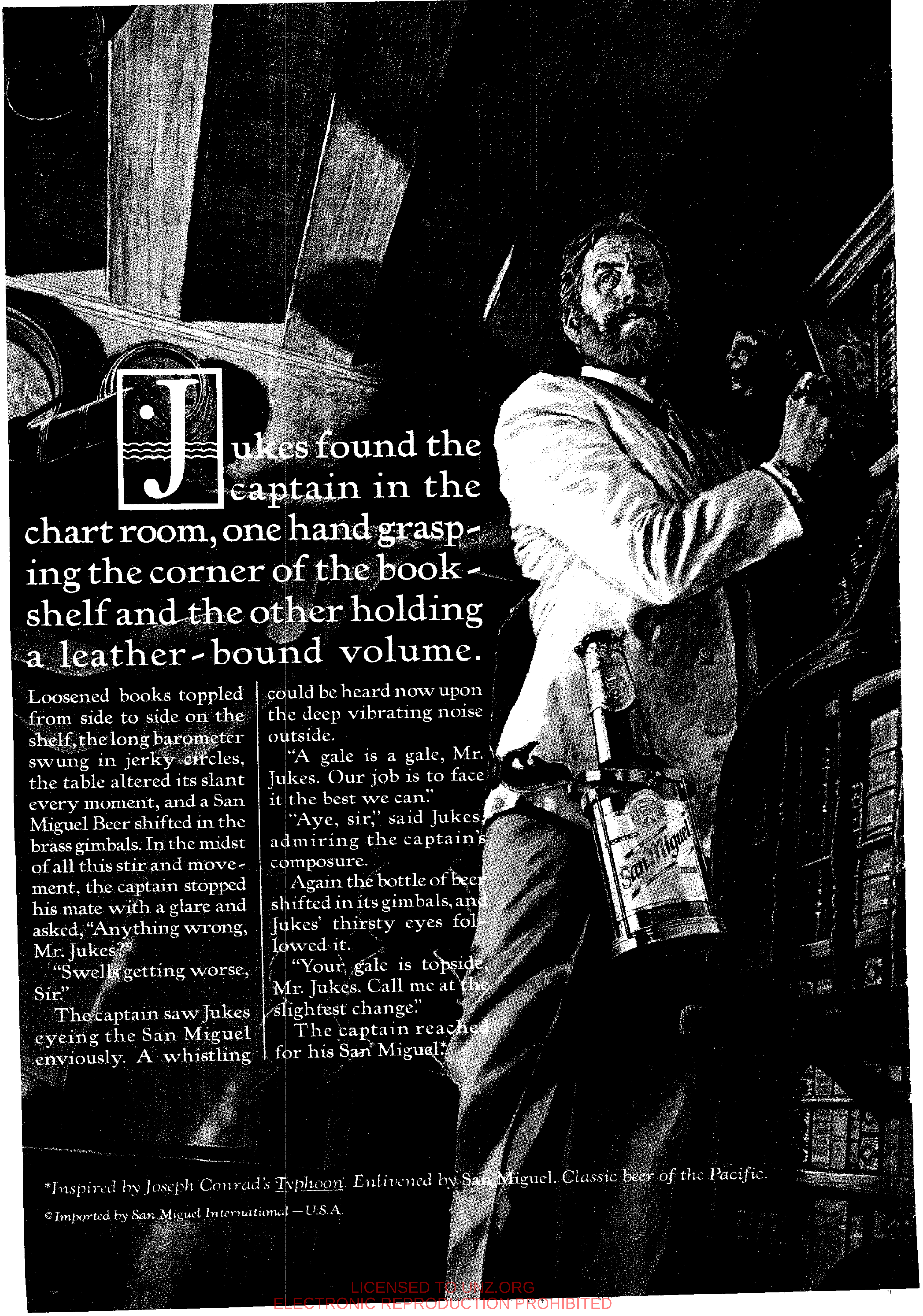

# Jukes found the captain in the chart room, one hand grasping the corner of the bookshelf and the other holding a leather-bound volume.

Loosened books toppled from side to side on the shelf, the long barometer swung in jerky circles, the table altered its slant every moment, and a San Miguel Beer shifted in the brass gimbals. In the midst of all this stir and movement, the captain stopped his mate with a glare and asked, "Anything wrong, Mr. Jukes?"

"Swells getting worse, Sir."

The captain saw Jukes eyeing the San Miguel enviously. A whistling could be heard now upon the deep vibrating noise outside.

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes. Our job is to face it the best we can."

"Aye, sir," said Jukes, admiring the captain's composure.

Again the bottle of beer shifted in its gimbals, and Jukes' thirsty eyes followed it.

"Your gale is topside, Mr. Jukes. Call me at the slightest change."

The captain reached for his San Miguel.*

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*"Anything he says can be substantiated."*

tion in the Pay Advisory Committee, the official apparatus for monitoring wages. The nearest he came to pulling out was to warn the House Budget Committee, "Other elements of society are profiting while our members are losing, and that is not a condition that I personally feel I can long be a part of."

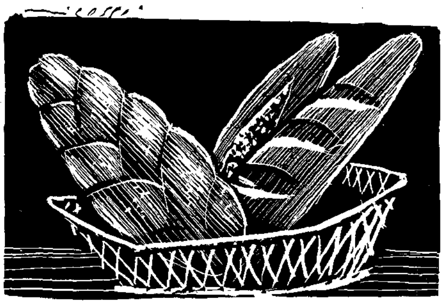
But a parting of the ways never came, despite a steady worsening of the economy as the country slid into an Administration-fostered recession while inflation remained high. Kirkland, convinced that the national accord remained the best blueprint for economic health, clung to it, and avoided personal attacks on the President for abandoning most of its basic tenets. Instead, he accused the Democratic Party as a whole of becoming a "clone of orthodox Republican economic policy" and repudiating its historic concern for workers, the poor, and the disadvantaged. In a vain effort to reverse this trend before the Presidential nominating Conventions, Kirkland took the lead in April in welding a coalition of a hundred and forty-seven organizations, ranging from Americans for Democratic Action through Citizens Against High Blood Pressure, to fight the austerity budgets proposed by the Carter Administration and the congressional budget committees. It represented a liberal-left fusion a hundred and eighty degrees removed in political coloration from the Business Roundtable, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Its inspiration was drawn from the coalition that F.D.R. had forged in the nineteen-thirties with the express purpose of routing "the economic royalists" and restoring hope to "the forgotten man." The new movement's aim was almost identical: to remind the country of the commitment to full employment through vast job-creation programs which it had made (and as quickly buried) in the Humphrey-Hawkins act of 1978. The bipartisan policy now in vogue of balancing the budget at the expense of social programs was condemned as "trickle-down" economics, originating in the discredited notion that making the rich richer is the only right way to open up opportunities for the poor. In July, though the coalition had little but frustration to show for its work, Kirkland hailed it as "the most effective and most constructive alliance in American political and social history." He told the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that he hoped the coalition would become the jumping-off point for a much broader coalition, embracing organizations that had never before been aroused to political and social action—one that would "remind our nation's leaders that public interest is paramount to corporate interest." It sounded like a declaration of war against his erstwhile banquet companions at the Homestead.

The federation deplores the "Hoover-mania" that it feels has taken possession of both political parties, yet many of its leaders are forced to recognize that right-wing sentiment of the kind reflected in California's Proposition 13 and other proposals for drastic cuts in government spending is strong in the electorate, even among large sections of labor's own rank and file. Kirkland has described the labor movement as "the nation's social conscience, a countervailing force to the wealthy and the corporations, the goad for public officials to do what is right." The fact is, though, that, despite its interest in a better-balanced society, the federation has ever been loath to deal with the split-level nature of the American work force, and this reluctance has not diminished even in the light of the widening gap that a decade of inflation has opened up between the "rich" unions and the "poor" ones. Statistics that show the average worker taking a beating as higher prices and higher taxes gobble up pay increases obscure the insulated position that has prevented comparable hardship for workers in the steel, automobile, oil, refining, coal-mining, and other industries where giant companies predominate. The Consumer Price Index went up by a hundred and four per cent in the nineteen-seventies, but the average wage in steel went up by a hundred and fifty-nine per cent, from $166 a week to $429. For oil workers, wages increased a hundred and forty-seven per cent, from $178 to $440, and another raise, of roughly ten per cent, went into effect as a result of a fourteen-week strike early this year. The workers who lose out in the wage-price scramble are those in such fields as apparel, textiles, laundries, and hotels and restaurants, where employers are many and unstable, and where the overwhelming majority of the workers are women and minorities. Among garment workers, the average pay increase over the last decade was only eighty per cent, bringing their weekly wage to just under

$150. In hotels and motels, the average increase was ninety-one per cent, raising the weekly wage to $123. And below these deprived groups are the millions of unorganized among the working poor, whom labor has helped by its zealousness in fighting for a higher federal minimum wage (now $3.10 an hour) but who in every other respect have been ignored by most unions as being too expensive to organize and promising too inconstant a dues base to bother with. The wage guidelines that were established last winter with A.F.L.-C.I.O. blessing have not halted the expansion of the money gulf between the haves and the have-nots in labor's ranks, but the current large-scale layoffs and plant closings caused, in part, by fierce import competition are taking a heavy toll in steel mills and auto plants, and are reminding employees in those hitherto privileged industries that there are no sheltered workshops in the economy.

Basically, everyone at Bal Harbour acknowledged that the critical decisions on whether any wage dollar was to have value and whether there was to be wholesale destruction of jobs through a deliberate choking of the economy would be made on the political front in November, but this was a far from cheering thought. It was downright depressing to Alexander E. Barkan, who, as director of the Committee on Political Education (COPE), is the federation's chief marshaller of money and manpower for political campaigns. Barkan, just past his seventy-first birthday, is an old-fashioned political loyalist, fierce in his enthusiasms and his hatreds. (Bella Abzug, Jane Fonda, and other New Politics elements in the Democratic Party are prominent among his dislikes.) Effusive when he isn't being explosive, Barkan is on intimate terms with at least half the members of Congress, many of whom acknowledge that they might never have got to Capitol Hill without the help he mustered for them. I had never seen him so downcast as he was at the Florida meeting. "Ninety-five per cent of the people we support are Democrats," he told me. "And I don't kid myself, the Party is a shambles."

Nothing that has happened since has lightened Barkan's gloom. In our most recent conversation, a few weeks ago, he summed up his estimate of the Presidential choice open to labor in the three-way contest among Carter, Ronald Reagan, and John Anderson in the single word "terrible." Needless to say, that will not be the word the A.F.L.-C.I.O. uses when its leaders meet just after Labor Day to make official their expected blessing of Carter. But, however hearty their testimonials to Carter and however grim their warnings of the destructive potentialities of a victory for either of his challengers, top unionists privately make little effort to conceal their disappointment that what Kirkland himself calls the "gossamer" quality of both major parties obliges labor to choose once again from among candidates in none of whom its leaders have much trust. When Kirkland is asked whether unionists can be enthusiastic for Carter, he evades the question by saying they can be "very enthusiastic against Reagan." The reality, however, is that union strategists have found no easy way to make plausible to the rank and file a scare campaign against the externally amiable Reagan like the one that proved so effective in taking blue-collar votes away from Governor George C. Wallace, of Alabama, when he made his big push for the Presidency in 1968. The principal union theme then was that Wallace epitomized "Birmingham wages" and union-busting, but the stress that Reagan is already putting on his early career as president of the Screen Actors Guild and on the comparative moderation of his record as governor of California provides a strong shield against a similar assault on him. The indications are plain that he will seek to make this shield punctureproof by kidnapping the ghost of labor's patron saint, F.D.R., and riding forth as a Republican savior of the workers, dedicated to cutting taxes, giving workers more take-home pay, restoring full employment, and banishing inflation, all by freeing the economy from government's suffocating grip—a program of perhaps dubious efficacy but widespread appeal. (Union chiefs waste little time on devising a "stop Anderson" strategy. As pragmatists, they discount his chances of diverting any sizable number of union votes. "His appeal is to intellectuals," says Barkan. "Our problem is with Reagan. We get hardly a ripple from the membership even when he identifies himself with positions that are murder for us, such as making unions subject to the anti-trust laws.")



As they contemplate Election Day, unionists are worried not only about the choice of Presidential candidates but about the fact that in recent years the Federal Election Campaign Act and the Federal Election Commission have permitted corporations and their right-wing allies to move into a potentially commanding position as suppliers of campaign moneybags. The corporations have borrowed a technique that labor originated—the formation of political-action committees to funnel to favored candidates funds raised inside the companies or the unions. "We're being killed, eaten alive by our enemies," said Victor Kamber, who is the principal political adviser to Robert A. Georgine, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Building and Construction Trades Department.

In the Vietnam War years, the building trades were viewed as the most standpat, not to say reactionary, division of organized labor. That was when their hard-hatted members were chasing long-haired anti-war protesters through the canyons of Wall Street and when leaders of the construction unions were fêted at President Nixon's White House. Now Georgine, a forty-eight-year-old Chicagoan who first carried a lunchpail as a lather's apprentice, makes anti-business speeches that compare in militancy with those of Winpisinger. The department has set up an independent think tank, which recently published a tome entitled "From Brass Knuckles to Briefcases: The Changing Art of Union-Busting in America." Much of the inspiration for this shift came from Kamber, who, at thirty-six, holds degrees in law and political science from four universities, and whose own ideological transformation has been as startling as that of the building trades. A former administrative assistant to a Republican member of the House of Representatives, he was offered a White House job by President Ford but chose instead to sign up with the hardhats, for substantially less money—a choice encouraged by Nelson Rockefeller, who said that a year or two of union experience would be a more helpful springboard for a career in politics or law. Seven years with the building trades turned Kamber into "a true believer in labor as a force willing to fight for justice and the rights of workers." He is quick to concede that much internal reform is needed, but that does not diminish his enthusiasm for making labor a central building block in a permanent political coalition that will embrace all the non-Communist organizations pressing for basic social change. The intellectual ferment that Kamber's proselytizing has generated within the federation spilled over into an exchange of letters between him and Tom Kahn, a ranking member of Kirkland's brain trust, and copies of the letters were floating around the Americana in some volume. The exchange had started with Kamber's circulation of literature promoting the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, a group headed by the writer Michael Harrington, which is searching for democratic alternatives to what it sees as corporate domination of American life. Tom Kahn, who had been a member of the national action committee of the old Socialist Party before coming to the federation, in 1972, as an assistant to Meany, wrote to say he wondered what "a nice Republican boy" like Kamber was doing with an organization like Harrington's. Because the building trades have been big boosters of nuclear power plants as a source of construction jobs, he went on to twit Kamber for making common cause with a group that advocated a prompt phasing out of nuclear energy on the ground that it is symbolic of "a socio-economic system out of control." In his reply, Kamber called Kahn's letter an expression of "left sectarianism." He said that it bordered on the bizarre to imply that the building trades ought to shun association with the Harrington organization because they disagreed on the single issue of nuclear power while agreeing on such other questions as the need for labor-law reform, for a national health program, for full employment, and for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. So deep is Kamber's conviction that unions need the broadest possible list of allies to repel their well-heeled, increasingly sophisticated detractors on the right that he cut loose from his institutional connection with the building trades in May to establish a public-affairs firm in Washington—"a Hill & Knowlton of the left," he calls it, in reference to one of the largest public-relations outfits in Washington—to propagandize for unionism through every medium of communication, including the subliminal.

The suffocating atmosphere of futility that hung over much of the political discussion in the Council found outlet in more corridor speculation than I had heard at the Americana in a dozen years about the advisability of moving toward independent political action by

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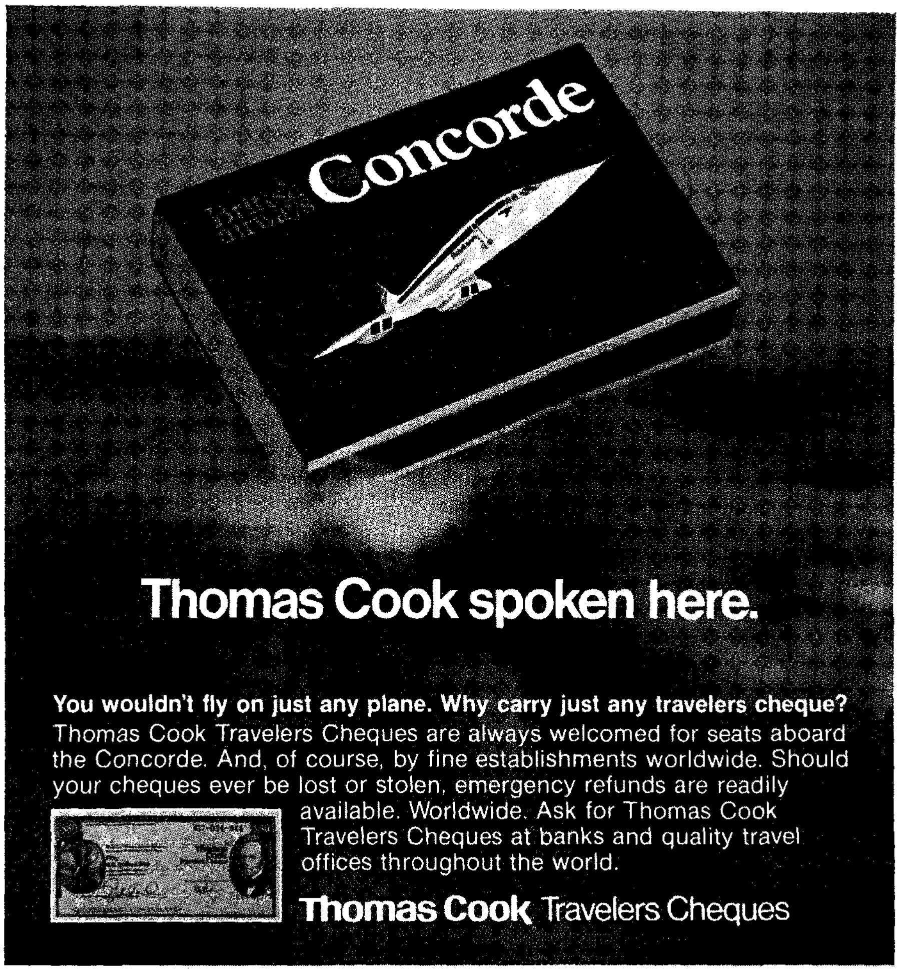

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the end of the current decade. I was not surprised to hear such talk from Winpisinger, who insists that most of the distinctions between the Democrats and the Republicans have been relegated to the pigpen, with the result that labor is forced to march in lockstep with the corporate custodians of power. Or from Jerry Wurf, the volatile president of the million-member American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, who cheerfully confesses that the last happy vote he cast was for Norman Thomas. It did come as a jolt, however, to have the prospect of a third party emerge in a poolside conversation with J. C. Turner, the head of the International Union of Operating Engineers, who had planned to challenge Kirkland for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. presidency until Meany flagged him down last fall. Turner is a thoughtful leader, much respected within labor for having helped to civilize and clean up a union that for years had been among the most corrupt in the federation. He is also a member of the Democratic National Committee, and the closeup view that that position has given him of the disarray within the Party has reduced him to near-despair. "The platform ought to be a minimum standard that candidates must adhere to," Turner told me. "In Western Europe, you put them under the whip if they don't follow the platform; they're not allowed to run at all. In this country, either there is going to have to be more stringent party loyalty or we'll wind up with something like what they have in Canada—the New Democratic Party." The flickering state of Canada's N.D.P. makes evident the hazards of such a demarche, but that didn't repress recurrent suggestions of the need for a third party if the 1980 election brings fresh disappointments.

THE most spectacular breakthrough of the meeting was a start toward unlocking the doors that had kept the Council an all-male enclave since the Gompers era. The move to let women in had been foreshadowed when Kirkland declared at the November convention that the earth would not split if the federation relaxed the tradition that one generation after another of gatekeepers had relied on to keep the "No Admittance" sign firmly in place. The instrument of exclusion was an unwritten rule that Council membership be open only to the top officers of international unions. Under that rule, no woman and no Hispanic ever made it into the executive suite, and the number of blacks on the Council has shrunk from two to one in the quarter century since the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger.

How to get out from under the rule without laying the Council open to charges of "reverse discrimination," a matter of extreme sensitivity to many white males with union cards, involved some fancy footwork inside the Council. Kirkland prepared the way for the final vote by putting nearly half the Council, including all its senior members, on a committee to recommend a solution. One suggestion was that a half-dozen women and minority-group representatives be added to the Council with a voice but no vote, but this advisory status was rejected as a form of tokenism offensive to those now outside. The final plan called for keeping the size of the Council unchanged but reserving two of the thirty-five seats for women and minorities, to be filled when vacancies occur. The selections will be governed only by a constitutional requirement that all A.F.L.-C.I.O. officers be members of affiliated unions. The plan was approved unanimously, but Frederick O'Neal, president of the Associated Actors and Artistes of America, who is the Council's lone black member, abstained, on the ground that the action was too little and too late. Whatever the merit of that objection, it rapidly became evident that scrapping tradition in the federation is a labyrinthine operation, in which the removal of one obstruction simply uncovers another, which could be troublesome later on. In this case, the Council kept in place an unwritten rule barring any union from having more than one representative in the high command. Application of that restriction will exclude from consideration for the new seats—unless the current presidents of their unions die or step down—all the women unionists who have taken the most prominent parts in the effort to admit women to the Executive Council.

Foremost among these is Joyce D. Miller, a vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers, who is president of the Coalition of Labor Union Women (CLUW, pronounced "clue")—a position that makes her the female counterpart of Lane Kirkland. Her own potential exclusion from the federation's select circle did not stand in the way of her delight that the Council had moved at all. "In the nineteen-eighties, an institution that is viable can't have an all-male board, and certainly not the labor movement," she told me when I talked

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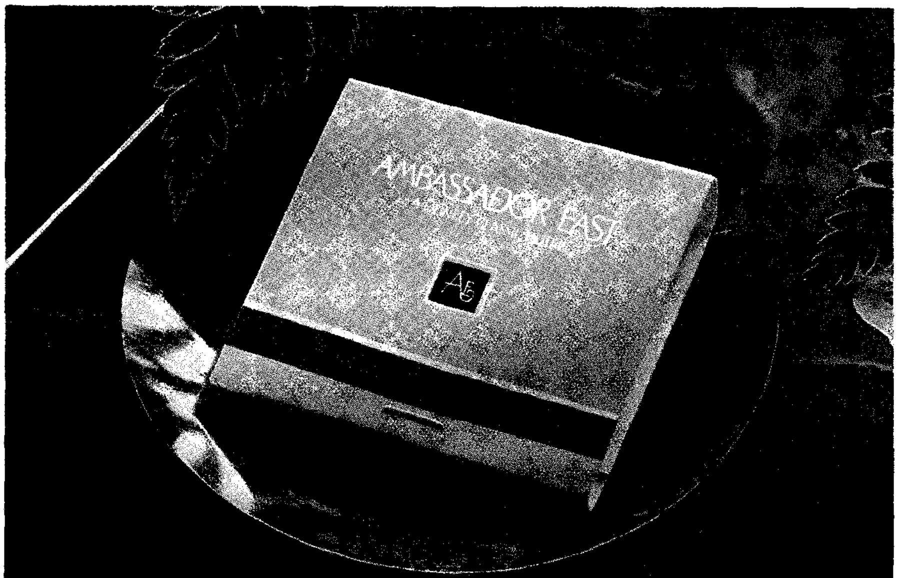

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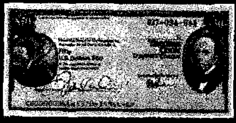

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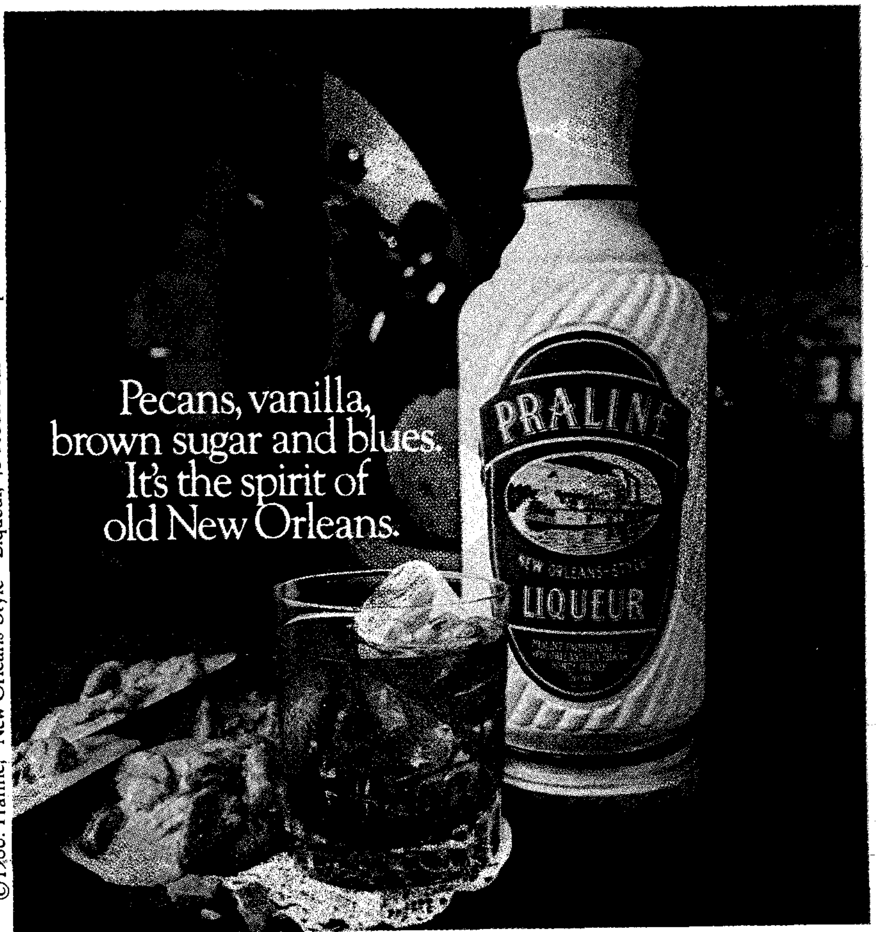
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with her at the Americana, where she was attending meetings of COPE and of her own union. Ms. Miller will continue to concentrate on building up her coalition and on improving the status of women in both the workplace and the community. The coalition has more than doubled its membership since she became its president, three years ago, but it still embraces only twelve thousand women out of a total of six and a half million women in unions and forty-three million women in the labor force. It has been estimated that there will be ten million more women with jobs by 1990, and the coalition hopes that by then it will have made headway toward reversing the conditions that condemn some eighty per cent of all working women to employment in what Ms. Miller calls "female job ghettos" and that contributed to a deterioration in their wage ratio from sixty-three per cent of the men's level a decade ago to fifty-nine per cent now.

A chain-smoker with a confident manner and an exuberant way of speaking, Ms. Miller told me that she has followed a settled strategy of trying to extend women's rights in the federation without forcing confrontations. "We are not an 'anti' group," she said of the coalition. "We think of ourselves as trade unionists first, but that loyalty doesn't stop us from being a militant feminist organization as well. It would be easy to turn into a kook organization or to become a captive. We haven't done either. We can walk around with our heads high." On the day before our talk, she had left the hotel at 6 A.M. to fly to Tallahassee, where she addressed a group of teachers and signed up fifteen new coalition members, returning to the Americana at 8:30 P.M. She considered it a day well spent. "I reinspired myself," she said. Her pleasure was made greater by the fact that she had carried a shopping bag filled with unanswered mail onto the plane with her and had scribbled an answer to every letter. "I'm really neurotic about always leaving a clean desk," she said, "but wherever I sit in a plane is one slum of discarded envelopes." Ms. Miller was born in Chicago in 1928, and while taking a master's degree in social science at the University of Chicago she decided to work for social change through the labor movement. She got her first union card when she worked in a gum-ball factory during the summer vacation, became an education director for the Amalgamated in 1952, married a union business agent, had three children, was divorced, and then made the union her "total life," with all her social activities as well as her work built around it. Now she is putting that same concentration into unionizing women and making labor and society more responsive to their needs. "To me, there is no greater road to equality than a union contract," she told me.

A SECOND area of significant innovation at the midwinter session was a restructuring of the federation's approaches to organizing nonunion workers—four-fifths of the total work force. This endeavor has been conspicuously neglected ever since the 1955 merger. The ending of twenty years of civil war between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. was hailed at the founding convention of the federation as the signal for a union renaissance that would bring millions of unorganized workers flocking to labor's banner in a replay of the inrush of the New Deal. Unfortunately, the merger proved sterile in that respect. The reality behind the vaunting initial rhetoric was that most of the international presidents were less eager to sign up new members than they were to cement through organic unity a no-raiding pact that made every union secure in the possession of the members it already had, no matter how wretchedly it might be representing them. No other union could move in on a union that held bargaining rights, even if a hundred per cent of the workers asked for deliverance.

A hardheaded report prepared by the federation's research department for this year's Council meeting showed that over-all union membership had grown by only two million in the last two decades, while the country's work force had grown by thirty-six million. The one area of dramatic union expansion during the period was in the public sector, with organizations in that field posting gains big enough to offset losses suffered in such historic areas of union strength as manufacturing, railroads, and the merchant marine. Just one-third of all jobs are blue-collar. More than half are white-collar or professional, which are still the categories most difficult for the unions to penetrate. Almost all the rest are in service fields such as supermarkets, laundries, department stores, and beauty shops. Farm jobs, once a majority of all United States jobs, are down to three per cent and are still shrinking.

Though a companion article prepared by Kirkland for distribution to dues payers presented a lengthy catalogue of reasons for interpreting the dismal statistics as signs of union strength, not weakness, every development at the meeting bespoke a determination to stop finding excuses for the sluggishness on the organizational front, and to focus instead on ways of making unionism attractive to a new generation of workers, who are better educated, more insistent on self-expression, and cold to all authority and institutions.

Ironically, the probable worsening of the twin scourges of the workplace, inflation and unemployment, could turn out to be the most persuasive force labor will have on its side in its efforts to convince now indifferent workers that they ought to join a union. Unorganized workers will find that they have little protection against both afflictions, in contrast to those who can rely on the shelters that are usually available under union contracts. Chief among the shelters in terms of safeguarding pay envelopes from melting away as prices increase are cost-of-living escalators, which now automatically push up wages for eight and a half million unionized workers. These synchronizers of earnings with inflation provide a double layer of protection under the guidelines established by the Pay Advisory Committee, the government body for restraining wage increases, on which the worker representatives are union heads. The guidelines fix a range of from seven and a half to nine and a half per cent as a theoretical ceiling for annual pay raises, but the amount of extra money that workers will get through cost-of-living adjustments—COLA clauses, as they are called—is officially calculated at only seven and a half per cent, even though many COLA clauses have been delivering raises considerably larger than that. The shelters that unions can offer against unemployment in an unstable economy are far from ironclad—as the mass misery inflicted by recent plant shutdowns in many strongly unionized cities has shown—but they are nonetheless substantial. Among them are contractual provisions for supplemental unemployment benefits that in combination with regular state job insurance give laid-off workers up to ninety-five per cent of their customary take-home pay for a full year; programs for early retirement when plants close; and, in such industries as steel, printing, and ship-loading, a slowly spreading pattern of approaches to lifetime income guarantees. Furthermore, unions enforce

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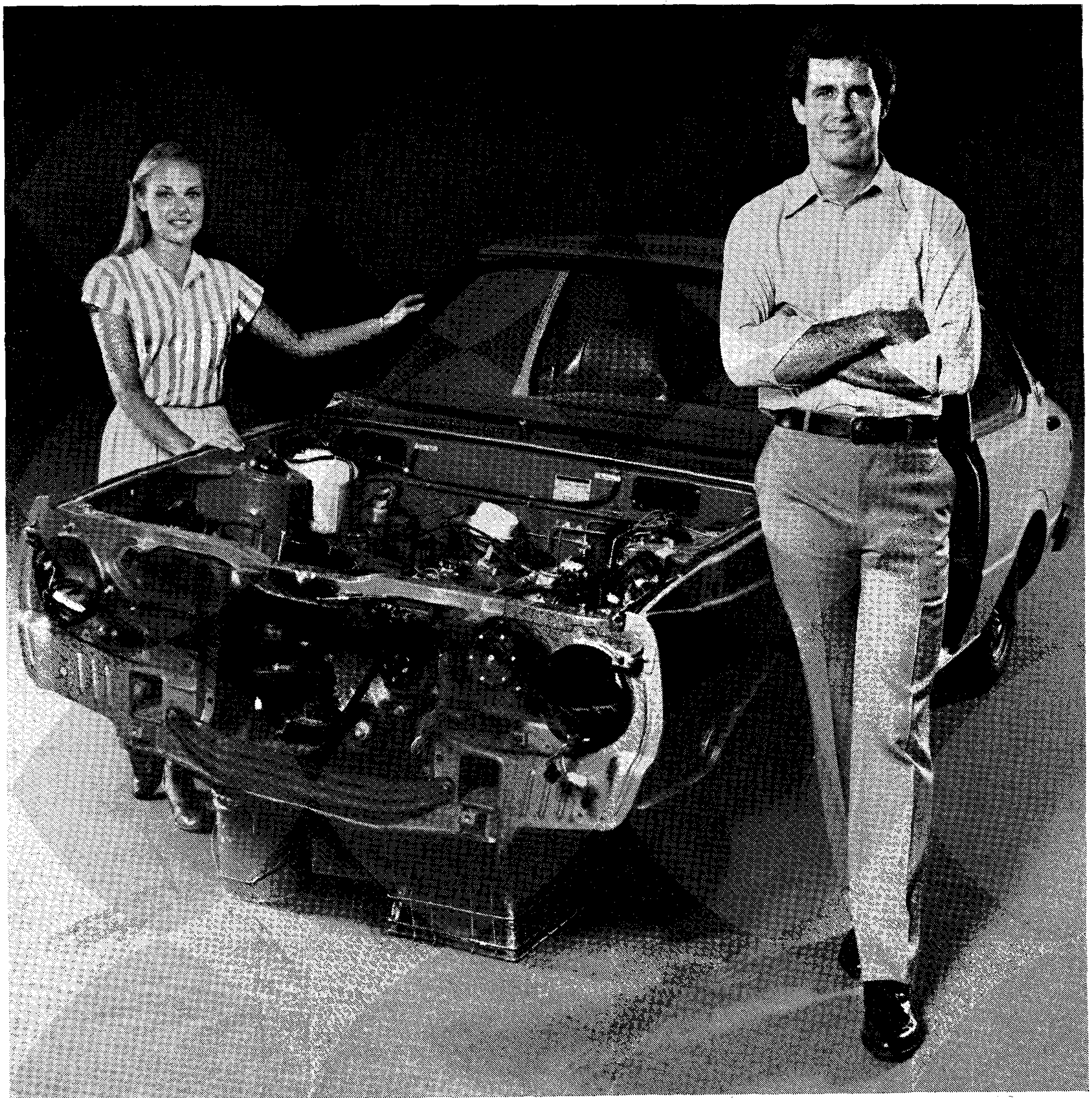

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[1] Another popular technique is the "paper" car—a phantom automobile registered and insured solely to be reported stolen, then collected on. Thanks to such methods, auto theft *in general* is accelerating at over 10% a year, and cost Americans $2 billion plus in 1979.

[2] Ætna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

[3] A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the insurance policy's effective date? Or was it *not* reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets hoisted.

[4] Ætna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every *legitimate vehicle its own* "birth" and "death" certificates.

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requirements for respecting seniority in laying off workers and in recalling those laid off, and can exert political influence in attempting to persuade the government to provide subsidies for keeping plants alive or for helping distressed workers and their families.

Labor's new resolve to broaden the frontiers of organizing manifested itself at Bal Harbour in talk among the unionists about splashy new programs of internal education and external public relations to improve labor's image. In the manner of makers of flour and breakfast cereals, a half-dozen unions have hired pollsters to do market research—directed, in their case, at their own members and at workers they hope to reach, with a view to determining whether their present programs are addressed to the real needs and interests of today's workers. Some are using television and radio spots, taking "public-interest" ads in newspapers and magazines (à la Mobil), making promotional movies, and exploring the potential of cable television and video discs for pinpointing the delivery of union messages to homes they want to reach. Fred J. Kroll, the president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks, who, at forty-four, is the Council's youngest member, is convinced that the attempt to change popular attitudes will have to start long before young people get to their first job. "In the schools, they teach nothing about unions," he complained. "People think of unions as a monstrous force run by racketeers. We must educate youth into a recognition of labor's real role. We have to banish the image of the union official as someone in a T-shirt with tattoos, a beer belly, and a baseball bat. Living right is the first step toward creating a better image."

NOT everything that happened at the Council meeting is likely to advance the image-rebuilding effort. One development that could deter potential converts to unionism and will certainly give fresh ammunition to hostile employers was a decision by the Council to put out a welcome mat for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, a union with two million members, which was cast out of the federation in 1957 as a disgrace to organized labor. The bid to bring back into the House of Labor the scandal-stained truck union—along with two other big unions, which have stayed outside the federation by choice for a number of years, the United Automobile Workers and the United Mine Workers—was initiated by Kirkland on the down-to-earth argument that maximum unity was essential if labor was to prevail over its enemies. "There is no older idea in the trade-union movement than the idea of unity," he said. "I think our progress depends on it." The Council members were all for the Kirkland initiative. Not one thought that any useful purpose would be served by prolonging the Teamsters' exile. However, not one had been on the Council when the original ouster was voted. That vote had been taken on Meany's initiative, and it has always seemed to me the federation's finest hour. The Teamsters was its biggest and strongest affiliate—the union that all the others depended on for assistance in strikes and organizing campaigns. Yet Meany had insisted that the truck union must go, since it refused to change its ways in the face of revelations in televised Senate hearings that underworld elements were dominating its leadership and turning it into a mammoth vehicle for extortion and betrayal of the rank and file. "We have got to give these members a chance," Meany had told the 1957 convention. "We have got to free them from this dictatorship." The delegates supported Meany by a vote of almost five to one, and that demonstration of the organization's readiness to sacrifice in order to rid itself of corruption has never been matched, before or since, by the business community or any other major American institution.

Even as the axe was falling, the Teamsters' domineering leader, Jimmy Hoffa, was warning the federation that "you need us more than we need you;" and Kirkland's invitation to the Teamsters to come home could be interpreted as proof that time had proved Hoffa right. True, Hoffa was no longer around to gloat. He had vanished, apparently the victim of a gangland execution, while seeking to regain the union presidency after he had been paroled from a federal penitentiary—a parole that had every earmark of a political deal between his successor, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, and the Nixon White House. Expulsion did not keep the unregenerate Teamsters from growing by a half million members in two decades—the very period in which many federation unions of stainless reputation were skidding downhill. A number of the Teamsters' gains were

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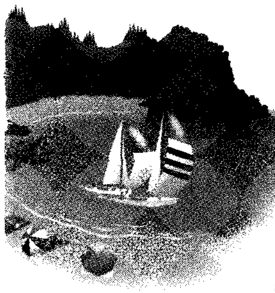

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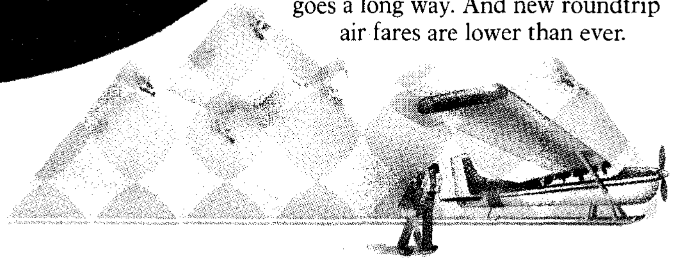

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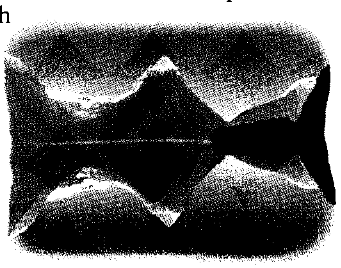

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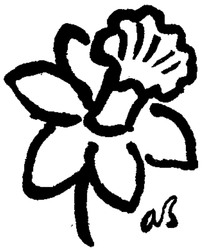
recorded through raids on A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions in a dozen fields remote from trucking—a practice so humiliating to those unions that some of them sued for peace through non-aggression pacts that turned them into vassals of the outcasts. Worse yet, no great insurrectionary wave rose within the Teamsters' rank and file to force the rascals out. None of this ever swayed Meany. When a move was made inside the Executive Council in 1961 to readmit the Teamsters, he came down hard on an observation by David J. McDonald, then head of the United Steelworkers, that bankers didn't condemn one another when they were caught embezzling. "We would never lower our standards to match the standards of the business community or the marketplace," said Meany. A dozen years later, when the Teamsters repudiated a pledge not to work with the California growers to undercut Cesar Chavez's infant farm union, Meany said that the outlaws had forfeited all right to be called a union.



No such implacable mood prevails in the federation today. Kirkland declares himself "satisfied that the Teamsters is a bona-fide trade union, which has done fine work in representing its members," and that it is in labor's best interests to consolidate all its legitimate elements. Concerning corruption, he notes that the Landrum-Griffin act, passed by Congress in specific response to the Teamster scandals of the nineteen-fifties, bars from union office persons found guilty of any of a long list of crimes. It is up to the law-enforcement agencies, Kirkland says, to see that there are no crooks around. "I have the greatest respect for the constabulary forces of this country," he says.

The net effect of this policy of leaving the cleanup task to Uncle Sam has been a virtual abandonment over the past two decades of the ethical-practices codes that were adopted shortly after the merger as the spiritual armor of the labor movement. An Ethical Practices Committee was set up under the federation's constitution to keep the organization free from corruption, but that committee ceased to function in 1959, the year the Landrum-Griffin act was passed. Eventually, Meany himself was looking the other way as racketeers became increasingly assertive in the upper reaches of several unions still in good standing within the federation. One cause of the lessened interest in the problem of corruption was the general cynicism that arose after Watergate shattered respect for government; another was the bribes to foreign officials and military leaders which became standard operating procedure for dozens of America's biggest corporations without exposing them to excoriation, let alone ostracism, by the rest of the industrial and financial establishment. All these factors were reflected in the unanimity with which the Council concluded that the federation was hurting only itself by keeping the Teamsters out.

The frankest explanation I received came from the president of a union that is widely respected for its probity but is currently in deep trouble, because imports are cutting disastrously into work in its industry and because underworld elements allied with some Teamster locals are preying on some companies in the industry. "I tell you, we in our union are sitting around a fading campfire encircled by coyotes," he says. "It is better to have the Teamsters in, so we can go to their leaders openly when we need help. I did go to see Fitzsimmons after my election. He told me, 'We want to be helpful. We may not always be able to help.' I understood that."

No one pretends that in terms of gangster involvement or corruption in the truck union much has changed except the faces. As the federation rolled out the red carpet, Fitzsimmons' son, Francis Richard, who had been serving as an organizer for the Teamsters, was sentenced to two and a half years in prison, fined, and stripped of his post, after pleading guilty to participating in a bribery scheme. When I asked Kirkland what was left of the federation's self-policing concept, he said, "Any institution is bound to have some scoundrels. My view is that vice is individual, not institutional. The relevant question with respect to corruption is, Is that the dominant theme of the organization? Is it dominated by such individuals? Whatever is considered has to adapt to that standard. You do not impose a third or fourth layer of responsibility on top of the legal obligations. That is not compatible with any concept of civil liberties. If one of our institutions, as an institution, becomes dominated by corrupt elements, that is different. I recognize that as a responsibility. It is still in the constitution, and I take it seriously."

Kirkland's eagerness to get all labor under one roof did not extend to one organization that has been growing

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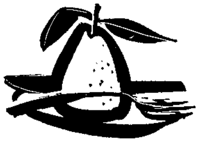

HOW far the labor movement has drifted from some of its original moorings was indicated in one episode that was not on the official agenda. Edward J. Carlough, the president of the Sheet Metal Workers' International Association, which has a hundred and fifty-eight thousand members, makes it a practice during each midwinter meeting to invite eighty unionists and other associates to a lavish dinner at the Café Chauveron, the best and also the most expensive restaurant in the vicinity of the Americana. Carlough, who, at forty-eight, is completing a decade as his father's successor as president of the sheet-metal union, is an unsettling blend of swinger and serious union leader. He wears his hair in a pageboy and is given to gold neck chains, amulets, and attire with a dash that is foreign to his fellow union presidents, who incline toward sober garb. But Carlough has proved himself earnest and dedicated in his official activities. He is labor's most zealous promoter of solar energy—a field that has particular promise as a source of sheet-metal jobs. He has advanced his union from one of the worst laggards in the building trades in the matter of opening ranks to blacks and Hispanics to a position in which one out of every five new sheet-metal apprenticeships now goes to a member of a minority group. And he has been an activist in searching out ways to put the nearly three hundred million dollars in his union's national pension reserve funds into investments that will promote labor's interests without undercutting security or yield. On the evening that Carlough had picked for this year's dinner, a phone call a half hour or so before the scheduled starting time informed him that a picket line representing the kitchen workers at the Chauveron had just been posted outside the restaurant. In the old days, a decision to cancel the dinner would have been instantaneous. For a good trade unionist, no rule was more inviolable than not crossing a picket line, whatever the issue.

Carlough's reaction was different. "We have rules we live by in this labor movement," he told me later. "Where you have a convention or a dinner, you ask the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Union for an 'unfair' list. When I got a call about the arrival of a picket line after some of my guests were already inside the café, I got on the phone and called Ed Hanley"—the international president of the restaurant union. "I found he was registered at the Americana. When I asked him about the pickets, he said he had never heard of the Café Chauveron. He asked someone in the room and came back on the line and said he knew nothing about it. I had someone track down a business agent of the local, and he knew nothing about it. I decided to go through." When Carlough drove up to the restaurant, three bedraggled pickets—two men and a woman—with printed "Do Not Patronize" signs were marching outside in a heavy rain. Most of his guests

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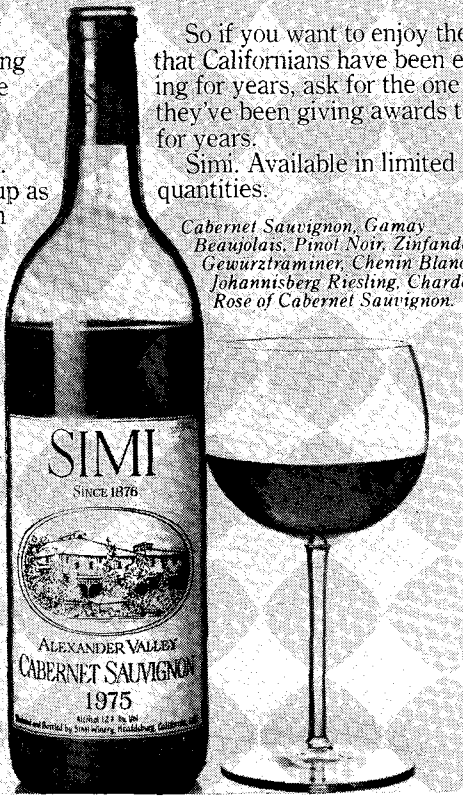

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were huddled on the restaurant patio, waiting for a signal from Carlough on whether or not to enter. He walked in without a word to the pickets. "I'm dining at the Café Chauveron" was the closest he came to an explanation to his party. The majority of his guests followed him inside. Among those who did not were J. Albert Woll, the federation's general counsel, who is also chairman of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company, and Daniel E. O'Sullivan, the insurance company's president. "I felt a little jittery about not going," O'Sullivan said afterward, "because Eddie had given me six million dollars that morning to invest in our 'J for Jobs' program"—a special mortgage account that the company maintains to enable union pension funds to obtain relatively high interest yields while encouraging the creation of union construction jobs—"and I was afraid he might decide to take it back." Four reporters who had been invited also decided to dine elsewhere after being told by the pickets that their old contract had expired and management was being stubborn about renewing it. One of the reporters—Philip Shabecoff, of the *Times*—went inside just long enough to tell Carlough that he was sorry to leave but he was a Newspaper Guild shop steward and would feel queasy crossing a picket line. "Hell, I'm a union president," Carlough retorted. When I talked to him the next day, he had no regrets. "There are picket lines and picket lines in this life," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, I never walked through a picket line and I still haven't. If people think they're better unionists than Eddie Carlough for not going through, God bless 'em."

KENNETH T. BLAYLOCK, forty-five, is the president of the American Federation of Government Employees, which has two hundred and sixty-five thousand dues payers but speaks for seven hundred thousand government workers in their dealings with Uncle Sam. Blaylock, whose heritage is predominantly Seminole and Cherokee Indian, went to work for carnivals after leaving home, the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, at thirteen. Even today, his appearance makes it easier to imagine him as a circus ringmaster than as a bureaucrat or the bureaucrats' chief spokesman. He is tall, big-boned, and dramatically handsome, with coal-black hair that falls in a sweeping wave across his forehead and down one cheek. After knocking around with the carnivals for several years, he moved into a Montgomery, Alabama, boarding house and went to high school during the day while he worked at night as an auto mechanic. "I got a better education than could have been bought for me," Blaylock told me one afternoon. He was sitting in the Americana coffee shop in a sleeveless yellow pullover and was smoking incessantly. In 1954, he said, he was employed as a plumber at the Maxwell Air Force Base, in Montgomery, where he got into a fistfight with a colleague over shop conditions. ("I would have killed the bastard if they hadn't pulled me off," he says.) That earned him the respect of his fellow-workers and led to his election as a union shop steward. After that, a swift move up the chain of command was interrupted only by a two-year hitch in the Army with the 92nd Combat Engineers.

After four years as president of the parent union, Blaylock is convinced that unions in federal, state, and local government must get involved in areas of management policy and decision-making which are traditionally off limits to unions—just as the United Automobile Workers did when it insisted that union representation on Chrysler's board of directors be a condition of its coöperation in rescuing the company from imminent bankruptcy. "In the public sector, it's the employee who gets tagged as overpaid, underworked, overprotected in a job where he can't get fired," Blaylock said. "Congress and public officials won't take the blame for not knowing how to manage or for making efficient management impossible. The managers in the federal service have got to be the most frustrated people in America. They can't use their ingenuity. They spend all their time reporting back to central authority on how well they follow national directives." He cited as an example of federal rigidity the scuttling of an experiment participated in by his union, which he said had saved three million dollars in labor costs by merging five job categories in warehousing operations conducted by the Air Force Logistics Command at seven bases around the United States. "It was a real career-development program for low-rated people that benefitted the employees, the Air Force, and the American people, but it got shot down by a Civil Service Commission job audit that insisted on holding down the top rating by one grade," Blaylock said. "Civil-service reform permits us to get around frozen patterns, but doesn't mandate it. The process has to go all

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the way. There can't be any sacred cows or I'm getting out of it."

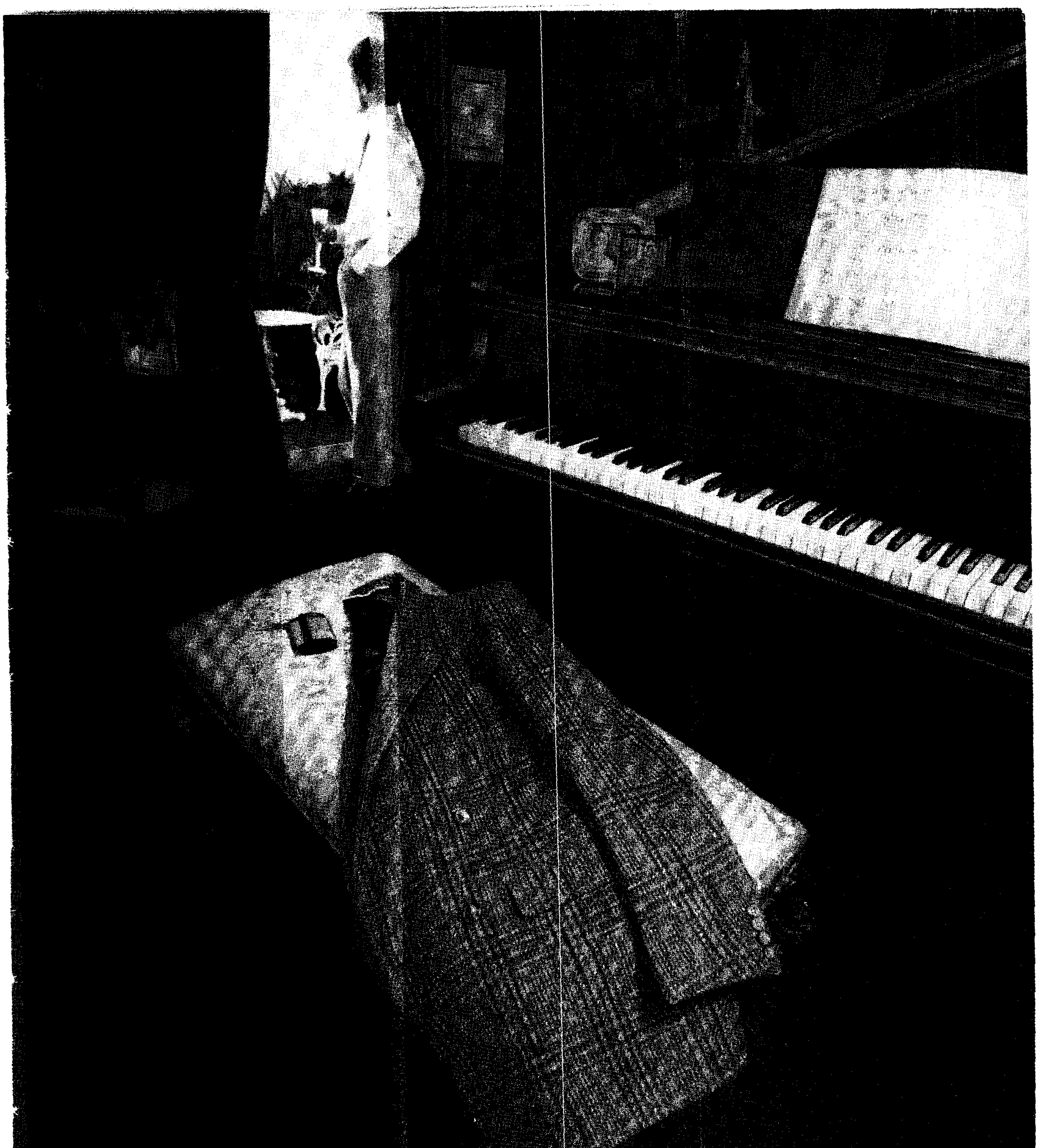
Though nothing has yet happened to alter the widespread public perception of most federal employees as listless to the point of inertia in serving the taxpayers, Blaylock himself is an ardent champion of the work ethic. He worries about his daughter, who is twenty, and his son, seventeen, because he believes that most young people these days expect more and better as a birthright. "I don't want to wind up with thirty-year-old adolescents," he said. "They can be too protected." He spoke again of his own replay of Horatio Alger. "The glamour of the carnival meant tearing down the tents at 1 A.M., sleeping under a truck in the rain, and eating meals off the tailgate," he recalled. "I could have cut hardwood, worked for the T.V.A., or made whiskey. That's what most of my kinfolk did. A lot of them are still sitting on the reservation weeping about their lot." His tone hardened. "I have little sympathy for people who wait on food stamps and handouts at the commissary. I never had any trouble making out."

As we parted, Blaylock assured me that the next few years would see a big forward sweep in union organizing. "When people have got problems, they organize," he said. "When they're comfortable, they don't organize."

BLAYLOCK's remark ended my visit to Bal Harbour on a vibrant note of optimism, like the one that Kirkland had been sounding all through the meeting: the labor movement was forging onward and upward in the face of adversity, contributing significantly to fulfillment of the American dream. But when I got on the plane back to New York, I realized that something had been missing. Not one word in the thousands I had heard from labor's leaders conveyed the slightest readiness to contemplate the possibility that all their old assumptions about mission and methods might have become obsolete in a period of change and realignment so profound that all the conventional laws of economics appear to have been repealed. Savage trade competition, lagging industrial productivity, energy and environmental constraints, the switch from production to services, the demand of the Third World that a quarter of the globe's wealth and industrial capacity be under its control by the year 2000—all have combined to consign to the frozen-food department, perhaps forever, that endlessly expanding economic pie on which Americans could always count to provide more of the good things of life for every segment of the population every year. The assurance of steady growth has been the foundation of this country's high standard of living and its relative freedom from class consciousness. It has also been the central explanation for organized labor's firm adherence to capitalism. Today's inversion of the economic verities permits inflation and unemployment to rise simultaneously, forcing unions into the unfamiliar and unwelcome role of rationers of austerity.

The union problem is worsened by a dawning public dissatisfaction with the shutting out of the community from any direct voice at the collective-bargaining table in instances in which the outcome of contract negotiations has an immediate impact on consumer prices, on the competitiveness of United States products in world markets, or on the uninterrupted availability of vital services. The regularity with which both sides in major industries ask the government for import relief, for subsidies to reopen shut plants or save sick companies, or for other help that adds to inflationary pressures makes many outsiders feel that the bargaining table, at which basic decisions affecting an industry's health are made, should no longer be the exclusive domain of labor and management. Yet no idea is more resolutely resisted by both sides—even in industries in which employers and unions disagree on almost everything else—than the suggestion that the public's stake makes a three-sided negotiating table more appropriate than a two-sided one. Indeed, the closed shop is so tightly closed that mutually agreed-upon news blackouts are standard operating procedure in the crucial stages of most big negotiations, on the theory that members of the public have no right to know anything about settlements that will hit them in the pocketbook until it is too late to do anything in the way of protest.

The public's sense of being imprisoned in a structure that victimizes the community more often than it delivers economic justice is especially strong in bargaining affecting the public's own employees in state and municipal services. Here, of course, the problem is not exactly one of denying the public representation at the bargaining table, since the management negotiators are all designated by the governor or the mayor. Usually, however, these negotiators are just as insistent as bargainers in the private sector that knowledge of what deals are being concocted be



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kept from the public until there is either a settlement or a strike. The rub in civil-service negotiations, especially in the hard-pressed industrial cities, is that the taxpayers blame the cost and inefficiency of public employees for many of the ills that have pushed their communities to the edge of bankruptcy. This tends to create a no-win situation for municipalities and their unions—one in which the citizens resent giving city employees pay raises on a par with those that workers in private jobs are getting, and resent even more the service interruptions that occur when unionists conclude that strikes are the only way to prevent all the burden of sacrifice from descending on them in one contract after another. Every walkout by policemen, firefighters, teachers, transit workers, sanitationmen, or nurses, in defiance of the law and court orders, tears at the fragile fabric of community. So do the civic frustration and rage that result from averting or ending a strike on terms that smack of blackmail and leave the bulk of the people convinced that their civil servants have become their masters.

All these interrelated problems of unions, public and private, bespeak the need for a response beyond the unionism as usual that was being discussed at Bal Harbour. The old instruments for assessing economic equity and fostering growth are working badly, if they are working at all. There is an increasing prospect of an economy operating under mandatory controls through much of the nineteen-eighties. The best way to validate such an enduring system of constraints and to retain within it the maximum allowance for free decision-making by industry and labor would be through a broadening of the social-contract idea embodied in the Carter-Kirkland national accord. As it stands, that accord is more symbolic than real—a shadowy commitment to the acceptance of labor as a partner in national economic planning which was given by an unpersuaded but election-conscious White House as the price of union coöperation in a ludicrously inadequate program of wage and price restraint. Yet, for all the flimsiness of this foundation and the imminent danger of its collapse, this structure is the right one in an era in which the crucial determinations for the economy will be made in the political arena rather than at the bargaining table or in corporate or union executive suites. The chief missing element at this moment is industry support for the accord—support that

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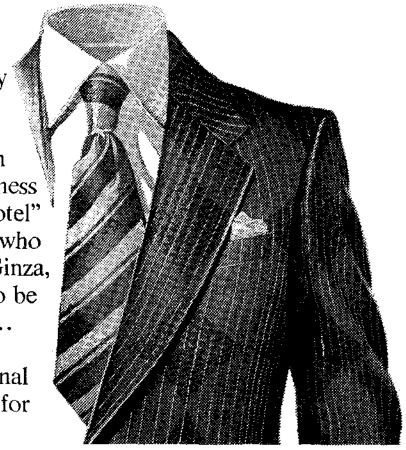

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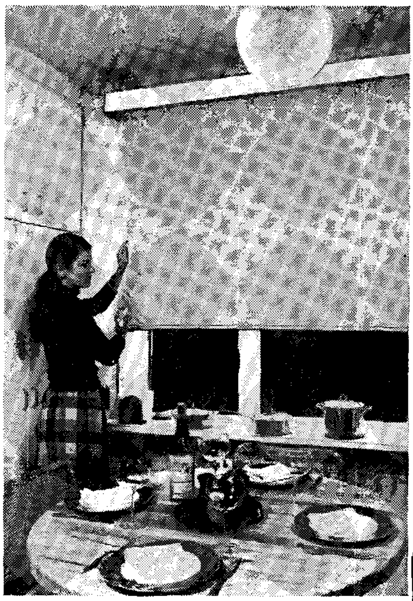

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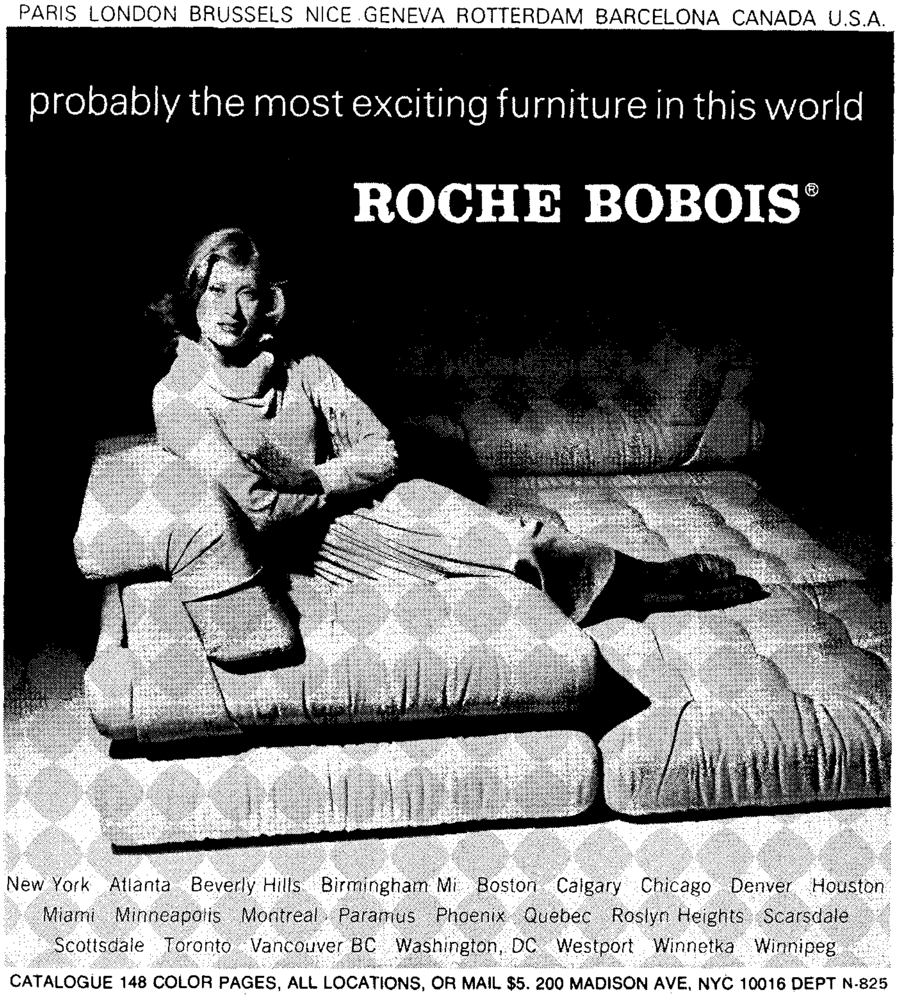

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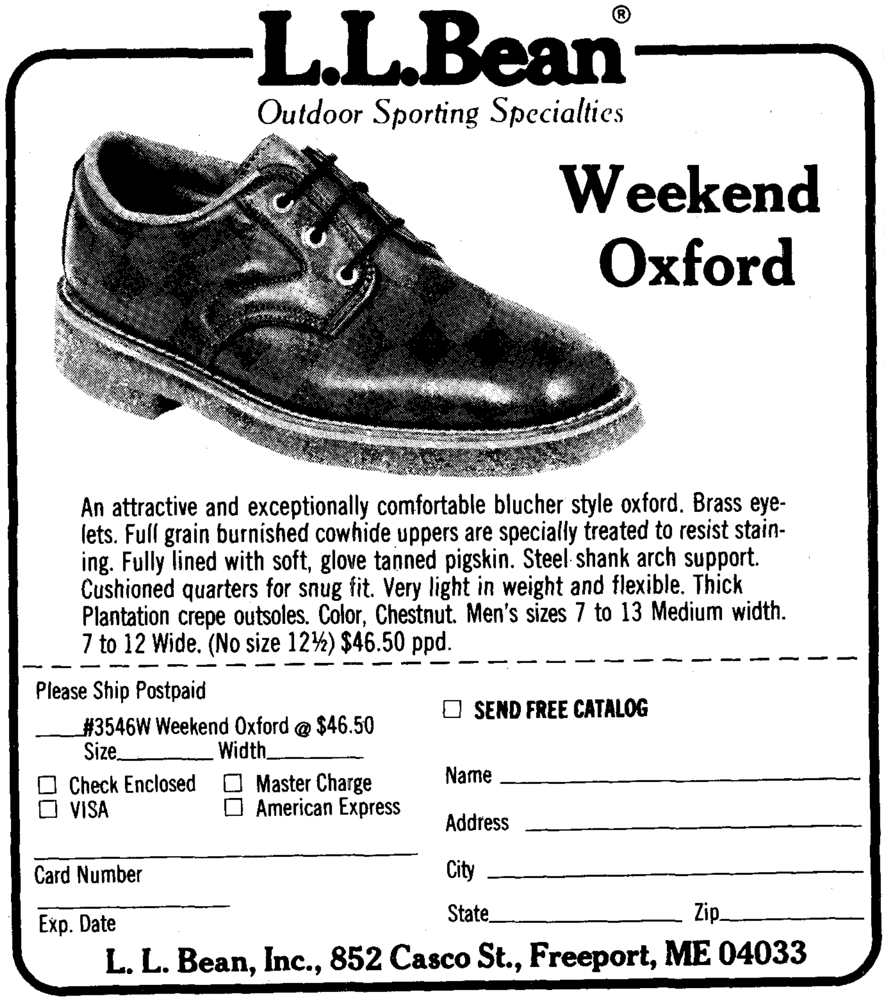

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has been withheld because the dominant forces in business regard it as a political payoff to labor rather than a serious attempt to stabilize the economy. A Presidential-election year is not the time for a new economic summit aimed at enlisting management and labor as partners with government in a search for conceptual foundations and operating relationships calculated to point this country toward a fairer, more participatory form of economic democracy—one that moves away from the paramilitary lines of command, now almost universal in industry, toward fostering individual creativity and dignity in the workplace. The need to wait until after Election Day is made inescapable by the impossibility of confining government's role in the new partnership to that of catalyst. The dangers of cartelism would make economy-wide industry-union collaboration a dubious contribution to the general welfare unless the government remembers that its involvement must be that of protector of the total national interest. The voices taken into account in the making and carrying out of public policy must include those of consumers, environmentalists, women, civil-rights organizations, and all the other diverse strains now unheard at the bargaining table in either private or public employment—the very groups with which labor is currently allied in its effort to make the November election a referendum on jobs for the unemployed and the excluded rather than on tax relief for the rich. Persuading all the power blocs that a three-way partnership offers maximum hope for restoring the shattered links between economic stability and justice will have to be a priority for the incoming President if labor and the country are to have a less cloudy future.

—A. H. Raskin

•

**WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[*From the Collier County (Fla.) Audubon Society newsletter*]

Our last film-lecture "Wildlife by Day and by Night" was exceptionally well done and extremely enjoyable for those of you who missed it. You might not want to miss our next one.

•

Historic Flight — Col. William E. Overacker (above) was the pilot of the C-141B which refueled in the mid air for the first time this week. Below, you can see Mt. Shasta en route to Alaska for the mid air fueling.—*Photo caption in the Vacaville (Calif.) Reporter.*

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Seven Days' Wonder*

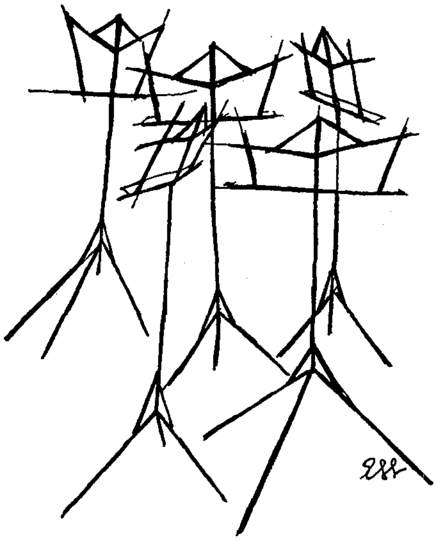
KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN has produced some of the most substantial and considerable music of the postwar years. That judgment needs to be firmly stated because Stockhausen's name has become a symbol, for those unsympathetic to the products of the musical avant-garde, of the worst excesses produced by that movement. The reputation derives, I suppose, from the time—more than ten years ago—when Stockhausen began to experiment with music for which he provided only written instructions. The "score" of "Setz die Segel zur Sonne" reads:

> Play one note long enough
> for you to hear its individual vibrations
> Sustain it
> and listen to the notes of the others
> —to all of them simultaneously, not
> to individual ones—
> and move your note slowly
> until you reach perfect harmony
> and the total sound turns into gold
> to pure, calmly radiating fire.

Pieces such as this, which have been performed with mixed success by conventional symphony orchestras and with more positive results by small, specialist instrumental ensembles, mark the furthest possible point of development in the transfer of creative responsibility from composer to performer. Before Stockhausen arrived at this point, however, he had written many works that for intricacy of detail and subtlety of conception could scarcely be surpassed; his simple pieces are not the product of a man who cannot write complicated music. I can think of few more gripping experiences in the solo, chamber, or orchestral music of the last thirty-five years than Stockhausen's "Piano Piece X;" his "Kontakte," for piano, percussion, and electronic sound; or his "Gruppen," for three orchestral groups.

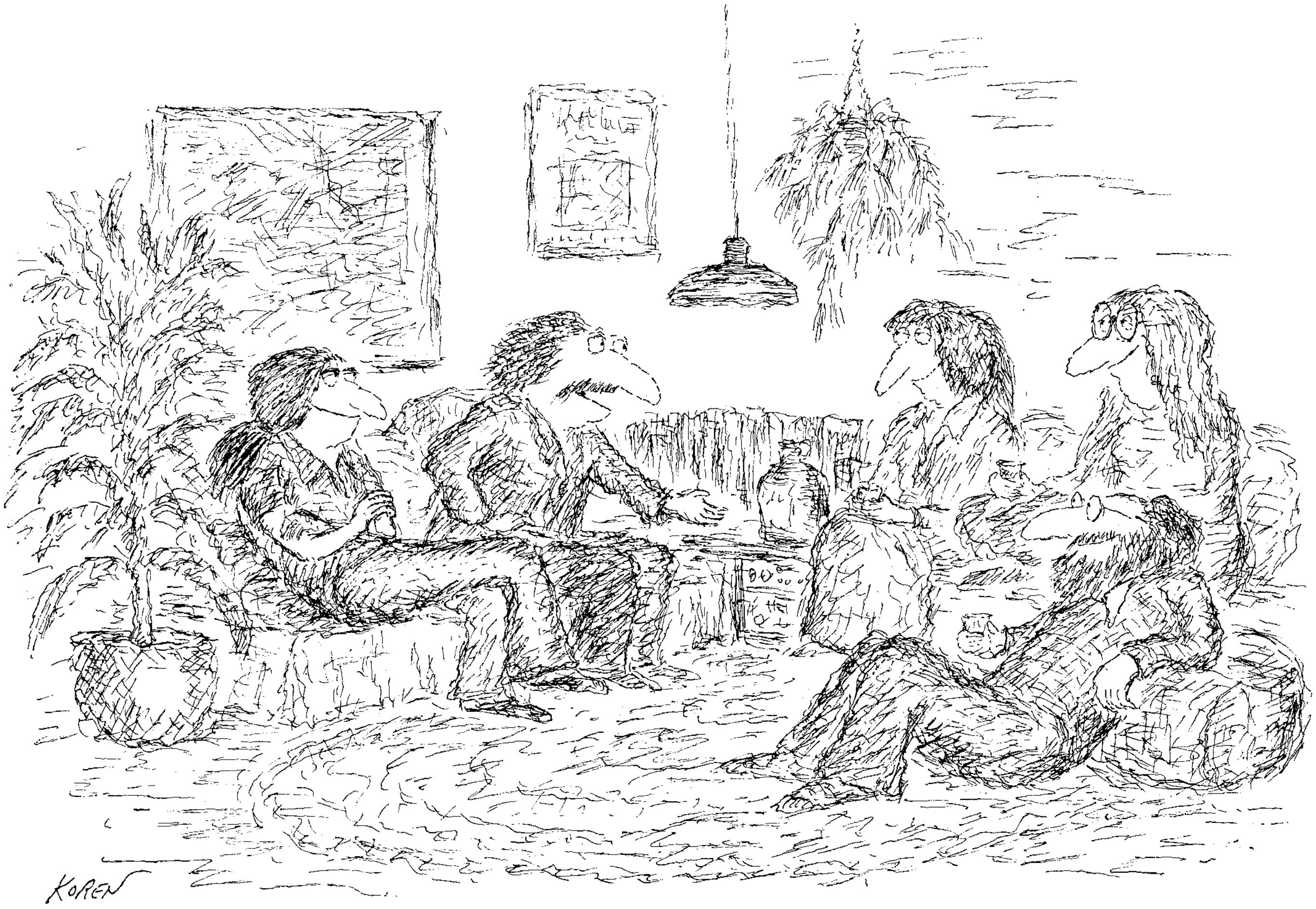
Lately, Stockhausen has been cultivating another kind of simplicity: melodic naïveté. This manifests itself in such curious music-theatre works as "Musik im Bauch," the climax of which is the appearance of a music box from the stomach of a straw man; the box plays a cheerful, empty-headed little tune. The melodies Stockhausen has been developing are linked to signs of the zodiac—and anyone with an esoteric (and expensive) taste in music boxes can purchase one that matches his astrological sign. The "score" of each tiny piece is engraved, in Stockhausen's handwriting, on the lid. Stockhausen has made much use of these zodiac melodies over the last few years. The most impressive achievement (which Deutsche Grammophon will soon release) is "Sirius," a fantasy lasting an hour and a half in which the twelve melodies are subjected to the same sort of transformations, developments, and combinations as were the national anthems of the world in Stockhausen's compelling "Hymnen." But "Sirius," composed in 1977, reaffirms another—and perhaps more worrying—dimension in Stockhausen's recent work. It presents an apocalyptic vision—half mystical, half banal—of the future of the world, which the composer alone is apparently able to penetrate and understand. The four soloists in "Sirius"—a soprano and a bass, a trumpeter and a clarinettist—are supposed to represent master musicians from the Dog Star who have arrived on earth to celebrate the cycle of the seasons. The text, with its references to universal peace and space travel, jars against the subtlety of the music.

Stockhausen's spirituality finds its fullest expression in "Licht," his self-declared major work, which he began in 1977, at the age of forty-nine, and which at present he believes will occupy the remainder of his creative life. From a preoccupation with the seasons in "Sirius," he has now turned to the days of the week, and is writing a work to be performed on the evenings of the seven days—thus going three better than Wagner, and one better than God Himself, who at least rested on the Sabbath. It is not difficult to see similarities between Stockhausen's ambitions in "Licht" and Wagner's in "The Ring," but on present evidence it would be unwise to compare the significance of these two works by German composers. For "Licht" is at present only in its first stages. Of the seven installments, only one, that for Thursday, is complete. An episode from Tuesday's piece was seen in Tokyo in 1977. Thursday's composition is in three acts: "Michaels Jugend," which was first seen in Jerusalem in October, 1979; "Michaels Reise," which was praised by colleagues when it appeared at IRCAM, in Paris, in 1978; and "Michaels Heimkehr," which was given its première in June at the Holland Festival. I travelled to Holland for the first performance; it was given alongside "Michaels Jugend," and was directed by the composer and Peter Eötvös in the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam.



"Michaels Jugend" and the new "Michaels Heimkehr" are very different in conception. Both concern the progress of the innocent and rather insipid Michael, a watered-down twentieth-century Siegfried, toward maturity and universal knowledge. The journey is set against the background of astrological symbols, spirits, and deities special to the day of the week: for Thursday, the special symbol is plants, and the special character is wisdom. "Jugend" is conceived on a chamber-music scale; we see Michael, his mother (Eve), and Lucifer, each portrayed by a combination of a singer, an instrumentalist, and a dancer. Michael is represented by a trumpeter and by a tenor, Eve is a basset horn and a soprano, Lucifer a trombone and a bass, and all three have separate dancing personae. This clever device works well, for it provides the characters with a range of feeling and activity. But the action too often seems empty of meaning. Michael's maturing experiences include a distinctly unerotic encounter with his mother, disguised as half bird and half woman, from whom he is supposed to discover the meaning of sex. We then see his mother dying and his father (a mime role) falling in war. The last scene is a sort of parody of a piano examination, which provides a role for one of Stockhausen's alluring daughters, Majella, as the pianist alter ego of Michael. Michael is supposed to be unaware that it is his dead parents who are the examiners. The significance of all this was lost on the audience.

"Michaels Jugend" was acted out on the front of the Concertgebouw stage, with white screens and a few props. In "Michaels Heimkehr," the



*"Leslie and I were married last week, but she's refusing to take my name."*

• •

whole stage was brought into play. For this act is conceived on the largest scale, with a full orchestra and choir interleaved in segments on the platform. As in "Jugend," we hear the sound of an additional chorus projected around the hall on speakers. There is a large screen above the stage, on which are projected periodically slides of sunsets, astrological symbols, Christs, and colored oily abstract messes. At this point, Michael is being received in the celestial city by his mother. (The crowds of soberly draped singers and the eschatological enthusiasm of the scene reminded more than one commentator of a fundamentalist religious revival meeting.) The projected pictures are a present for Michael, as are three plants—represented by unprepossessing bits of metal at stage front—and a little globe, which presumably symbolizes universal wisdom. The proceedings are interrupted by a noisy woman who stomps up from the hall and pours ridicule on the affair; an attempt to quell her is made by a toy tank, which is launched up a plank and falls off it onto the floor. More effectively, a little demon (Lucifer in the form of a dancer) bursts out of the globe. Michael and Lucifer engage in a fierce battle, fought out instrumentally between trumpet and trombone (the former played by another member of Stockhausen's family, his son Markus). Lucifer is stabbed with the conductor's baton. From the balcony of the hall, Michael is harangued on the stupidity of mankind and the fruitlessness of all the wisdom he has achieved; the scene peters out.

The music Stockhausen has provided for this extraordinary farrago is not without interest. In "Jugend," it is intricate and sometimes striking: a ceaseless flow of complex recitative-type declamation, which seems to lose its way from time to time. In "Heimkehr," however, it is static and ritualistic, built on high, sustained string lines and solid, monolithic chords for chorus and orchestra, over which the soprano soloist soars. It shows the influence of Messiaen, but what Stockhausen presents here is an emaciated, inexpressive version of the French composer's rhapsodic mysticism. There was no feeling of boredom in the long evening (which would have been still longer if the central act of Thursday's work had been performed), thanks mainly to the firmness with which Peter Eötvös directed the large forces of "Heimkehr" and to the evidently careful preparation that the Stockhausen troupe had given to "Jugend." Stockhausen is at present working toward a complete presentation of Thursday's three acts at La Scala in April, 1981; I hope this will not give the impression that "Licht" has anything to do with twentieth-century opera. At present, it is a most ambitious piece of music-theatre, full of arresting ideas but in grave danger of collapsing under the weight of its metaphysical pretensions. Stockhausen is evidently having intimations of immortality; one must hope that these intimations do not induce him to abandon the high standards that he set himself in an earlier and (it seems at the moment) more fruitful period of his composing career.

THE Holland Festival is invariably enjoyable to visit. Whatever the artistic successes and failures, the festival's policy remains distinguished by a willingness to take risks, to try novel ways of presenting concerts, and to explore the widest possible unusual repertory of pieces that benefit from re-

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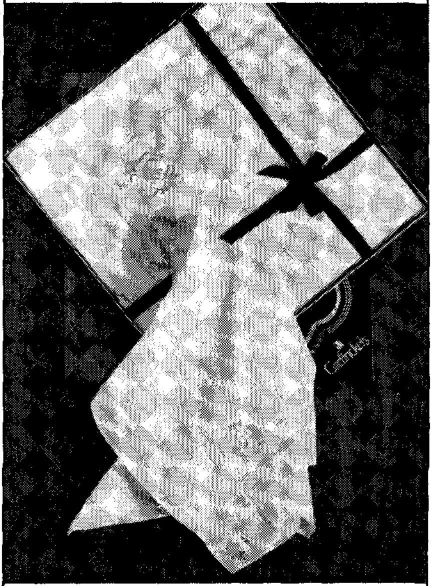

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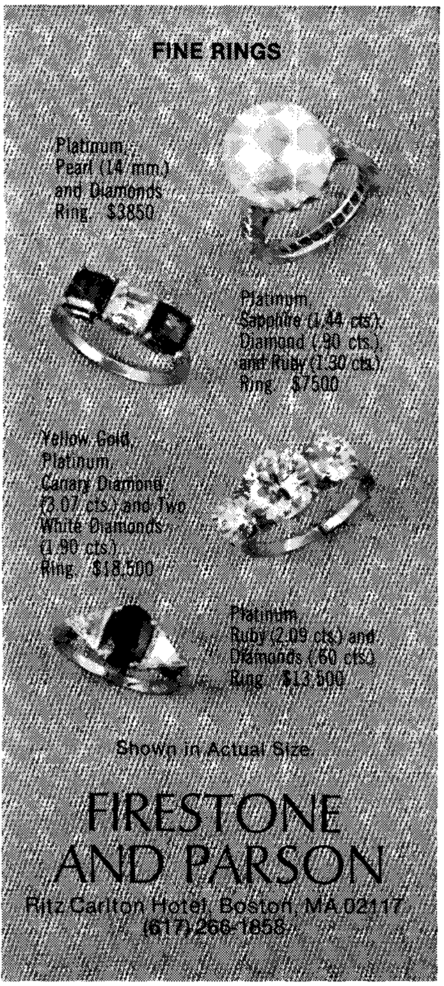
vival in festival conditions. The festival used to have formal themes but has now abandoned them, because they were too restrictive. ("It was a little difficult," said the director, "to find an appropriate work for the Netherlands Dance Theatre when we had the theme 'The Human Voice.' ") This year, however, there was an emphasis on music-theatre. Besides the Stockhausen, there was a hugely successful "cartoon opera" by the contemporary Dutch composer Peter Schat, which played to crowded, youthful audiences in a large tent; a Dutch production of Peter Maxwell Davies' children's opera "The Two Fiddlers" (which, it was agreed, was too complex for the talents of the children involved); a production of the Tom Stoppard-André Previn entertainment "Every Good Boy Deserves Favour;" a revival of Ezra Pound's "Le Testament de Villon," and a medieval pastoral play by Adam de la Halle. This last production was a typical example of the festival's sense of adventure. "Li Gieus de Robin et de Marion" is a late-thirteenth-century dramatic pastoral that makes some use of music but consists mainly of Middle French verse. It could have been tedious. But the festival chose to present it in the almost exactly contemporary castle of Muiderslot, a small but magnificent brick building some twelve kilometres outside Amsterdam. The castle has a fine courtyard with good acoustics, and the pastoral mood was enhanced by sheep and goats that roamed around freely during the evening. The play came only at the end of the evening: it was preceded by a delightful selection of small concerts, held in the courtyard and in the rooms of the castle. Audiences were so large that commuting among these concerts was impossible; instead, I chose for the first part to remain in the courtyard with the animals and listen to the Ensemble Kaproen playing cornet and sackbut music, with some lovely Dutch lute songs by the seventeenth-century diplomat-composer Constantin Huygens. Then, passing the Bishop's Chamber, where there was a clavichord recital, and regretfully overlooking the Camerata Trajectina's program of early-Renaissance music, I squeezed into the wood-panelled, candlelit Ridderzaal for a marvellous program of thirteenth-century music by the Ensemble Sequentia.

Sequentia is an ensemble of four (including three Americans), which is based in Cologne and has rarely visited the United States, because conditions of work and payment for early-



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music specialists are so much more favorable in Europe than they are here. The group has developed a wholly individual style for the music of Adam de la Halle and his contemporaries: the accompaniments are partly memorized, partly improvised; the pieces are linked by drones, so the presentation is continuous; the singers use only word books, and communicate with their eyes and gestures as much as with their voices. The results, particularly in this small and atmospheric setting, were most compelling; the music, notably some weird pieces by Jehan Lescurel, was engrossing. This was an ideal way to present the music to a small, enthusiastic audience: everyone in the room, I felt, was surprised by its emotional power.

The play of Robin and Marion, which followed in the courtyard, was more of a romp. Nevertheless, it was presented with admirable restraint: the temptation to extend and elaborate the music was avoided, and the tiny songs fitted well into the framework of the spoken verse. There were colorful costumes and a well-behaved horse, and extensive use was made of the balconies and walls and windows around the courtyard. Apart from the electric light, which added its assistance as night came on, and the occasional sound of a passing jet, this was an evening that began to give a real feeling of what it might have been like to encounter thirteenth-century music and drama in a thirteenth-century setting. Among all the Holland Festival's experiments, this was one that worked.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

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# U.S. JOURNAL: BUFFALO, N.Y.

## AN ATTEMPT TO COMPILE A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BUFFALO CHICKEN WING

I DID not appreciate the difficulties historians must face regularly in the course of their research until I began trying to compile a short history of the Buffalo chicken wing. Since Buffalo chicken wings were invented less than twenty years ago, I had figured that I would have an easy task compared to, say, a medievalist whose specialty requires him to poke around in thirteenth-century Spain. Also, there is extant documentation identifying the inventor of Buffalo chicken wings as Frank Bellissimo, founder of the Anchor Bar, on Main Street—the form of the documentation being an official proclamation from the City of Buffalo declaring July 29, 1977, Chicken Wing Day. ("WHEREAS, the success of Mr. Bellissimo's tasty experiment in 1964 has grown to the point where thousands of pounds of chicken wings are consumed by Buffalonians in restaurants and taverns throughout our city each week . . .") I would not even have to rummage through some dusty archive for the document; the Anchor Bar has a copy of it laminated on the back of the dinner menu. I had the further advantage of having access to what people in the history game call "contemporary observers"—a crowd of serious chicken-wing eaters right on the scene. A college friend of mine, Leonard Katz, happens to be a Buffalonian—a native Buffalonian, in fact, who is now a dean at the medical school of the State University of New York at Buffalo. I have also known his wife, Judy, since long before the invention of the chicken wing. She is not a native Buffalonian, but she carries the special credentials that go with having been raised in New Haven, a city that claims to have been the scene of the invention of two other American specialties—the hamburger and the American pizza. Although Leonard Katz normally limits his chicken-wing consumption to downing a few as hors d'oeuvres—a policy, he assured me, that has no connection at all with the fact that his medical specialty is the gastro-intestinal tract—the rest of the family think nothing of making an entire meal out of them. Not long before I arrived, Linda Katz had returned from her freshman year at Washington University, in St. Louis—a city where the unique local specialty is, for reasons lost to historians, toasted ravioli—and headed straight for her favorite chicken-wing outlet to repair a four-month deprivation. A friend of Linda's who returned from the University of Michigan at about the same time had eaten chicken wings for dinner four nights in a row before she felt fit to continue. Judy Katz told me that she herself eats chicken wings not only for dinner but, every now and then, for breakfast—a pattern of behavior that I think qualifies her as being somewhere between a contemporary observer and a fanatic.

Even a chicken-wing eater of Judy Katz's seriousness could not have tested the full variety of Buffalo chicken wings. It is said that there are now several hundred places in the area where Buffalonians can order what they usually refer to simply as "wings"—including any number of places that also offer "a bucket of wings" to go. She has, however, obviously taken what is known in social science—a field whose methods are used increasingly by modern historians—as a fair sampling. On my first evening in Buffalo, the Katz family and some other contemporary observers of their acquaintance took me on a tour of what they considered a few appropriate chicken-wing sources so that I could make some preliminary research notes for later analysis. The tour naturally included the Anchor Bar, where celebrated visitors to Buffalo—Phyllis Newman, say, or Walter Mondale's daughter—are now taken as a matter of course, the way they are driven out to see Niagara Falls. It also included a noted chicken-wing center called Duffs and a couple of places that serve beef-on-weck—a

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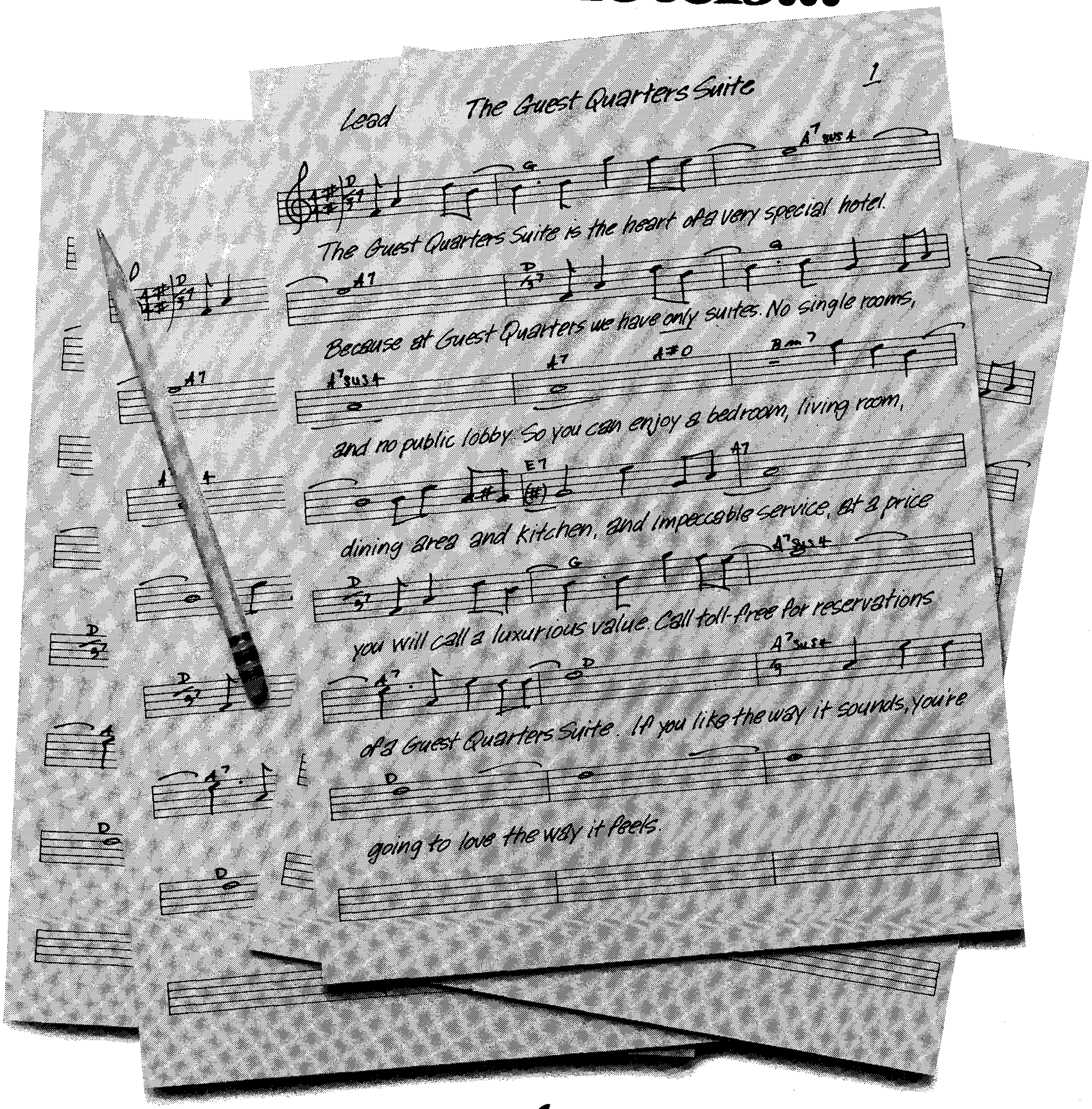
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beef sandwich on a salty roll—which happens to be the local specialty that was replaced in the hearts of true Buffalonians by chicken wings. In Buffalo, chicken wings are always offered "mild" or "medium" or "hot," depending on how much of a dose of hot sauce they have been subjected to during preparation, and are always accompanied by celery and blue-cheese dressing. I sampled mild. I sampled medium. I sampled hot. As is traditional, I washed them down with a number of bottles of Genesee or Molson—particularly while I was sampling the hot. I ate celery between chicken wings. I dipped the celery into the blue-cheese dressing. I dipped chicken wings into the blue-cheese dressing. I tried a beef-on-weck. I found that I needed another order of medium. After four hours, the tour finally ended with Judy Katz apologizing for the fact that we were too late for her favorite chicken-wing place, a pizza parlor called Santora's, which closes at 1 A.M.

The next morning, I got out my preliminary research notes for analysis. They amounted to three sentences I was unable to make out, plus what appeared to be a chicken-wing stain. I showed the stain to Judy Katz. "Medium?" I asked.

"Medium or hot," she said.

Barbara Shelley

FORTUNATELY, the actual moment that Buffalo chicken wings were invented has been described by Frank Bellissimo and his son, Dom, with the sort of rich detail that any historian would value; unfortunately, they use different details. Frank Bellissimo is in his eighties now, and more or less retired; he and his wife, Teressa, are pretty much confined to an apartment above the Anchor Bar. According to the account he has given many times over the years, the invention of the Buffalo chicken wing came about because of a mistake—the delivery of some chicken wings instead of the backs and necks that were ordinarily used in making spaghetti sauce. Frank Bellissimo thought it was a shame to use the wings for sauce. "They were looking at you, like saying, 'I don't belong in the sauce,' " he has often recalled. He implored his wife, who was doing the cooking, to figure out some more dignified end for the wings. Teressa Bellissimo decided to make some hors d'oeuvres for the bar—and the Buffalo chicken wing was born.

Dom Bellissimo—a short, effusive man who now acts as the bustling host of the Anchor Bar—tells a story that does not include a mistaken delivery or, for that matter, Frank Bellissimo. According to Dom, it was late on a Friday night in 1964, a time when Roman Catholics still confined themselves to fish and vegetables on Fridays. He was tending the bar. Some regulars had been spending a lot of money, and Dom asked his mother to make something special to pass around gratis at the stroke of midnight. Teressa Bellissimo picked up some chicken wings—parts of a chicken that most people do not consider even good enough to give away to barflies—and the Buffalo chicken wing was born.

Dom and Frank agree that Teressa Bellissimo chopped each wing in half and served two straight sections that the regulars at the bar could eat with their fingers. (The two straight pieces, one of which looks like a miniature drumstick and is known locally as a drumette, became one of the major characteristics of the dish; in Buffalo, a plate of wings does not look like a plate of wings but like an order of fried chicken that has, for some reason, been reduced drastically in scale.) She "deep-fried" them, applied some hot sauce, and served them on a plate that included some celery from the Anchor Bar's regular antipasto and some of the blue-cheese dressing normally used as the house dressing for salads. Dom and Frank also agree that the wings were an immediate success—famous throughout Buffalo within weeks. Before long, they say, chicken wings were on the dinner menu instead of being served gratis at the bar—and were beginning to nudge aside the Italian food that had always been the Anchor Bar's specialty. In the clipping libraries of the Buffalo newspapers, I could find only one article that dealt with the Bellissimo family and their restaurant in that period—a long piece on Frank and Teressa in the *Courier-Express* in 1969, five years after the invention of the chicken wing. It talks a lot about the musicians who had appeared at the Bellissimos' restaurant over the years and about the entertainers who used to drop in after road shows. It mentions the custom Teressa and Frank had in

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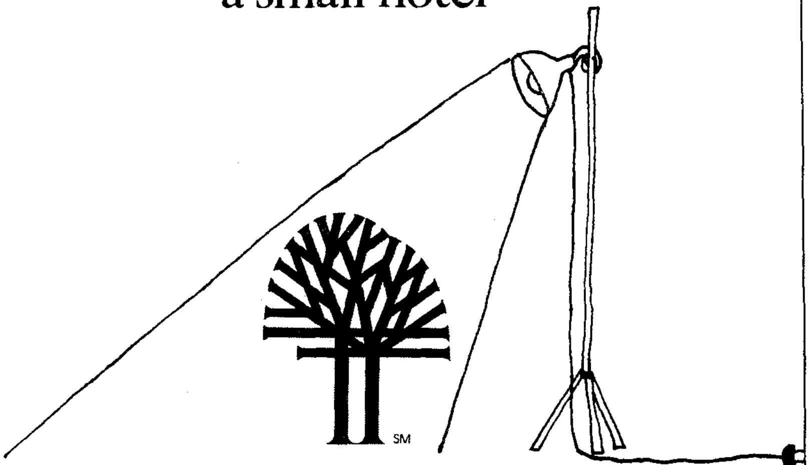
times gone by of offering a few songs themselves late on a Saturday night—Teressa emerging from the kitchen to belt out "Oh Marie" or "Tell Me That You Love Me." It does not mention chicken wings. Perhaps the interviewer simply happened to be more interested in jazz drummers than tasty experiments. Perhaps Frank and Dom Bellissimo are, like most people, fuzzy on dates. By chance, my most trusted contemporary observers, the Katzes, were living out of the city during the crucial period; Linda Katz looked surprised to hear that there had ever been a time when people did not eat chicken wings. The exact date of the discovery seemed a small matter, though, compared to the central historical fact, common to both Bellissimo stories, that the first plate of Buffalo chicken wings emerged from the kitchen of the Anchor Bar. It seemed to me that if a pack of revisionist historians descended on Buffalo, itching to get their hands on some piece of conventional wisdom, they would have no serious quarrel with the basic story of how the Buffalo chicken wing was invented—although the feminists among them might point out that the City of Buffalo's proclamation would have been more exact if it had named as the inventor Teressa Bellissimo. The inventor of the airplane, after all, was not the person who told Wilbur and Orville Wright that it might be nice to have a machine that could fly.

"A BLUE-COLLAR dish for a blue-collar town," one of the Buffalonians who joined the Katz family and me on our chicken-wing tour said, reminding me that historians are obligated to put events in the context of their setting. Buffalo does have the reputation of being a blue-collar town and, particularly after the extraordinary winter in 1977, of being a blue-collar town permanently white with snow. Buffalonians who do much travelling have resigned themselves to the fact that the standard response to hearing that someone comes from Buffalo is a Polish joke or some line like "Has the snow melted yet?" Buffalo has always had a civic-morale problem. Could the problem have been exacerbated by making a local specialty out of a part of the chicken that somebody in San Francisco or Houston might throw away? Frank Bellissimo seemed to argue against that interpretation. "Anybody can sell steak," he told me. "But if you can sell odds and ends of one thing or another, then you're doing something." The celebrated visitors

a small hotel



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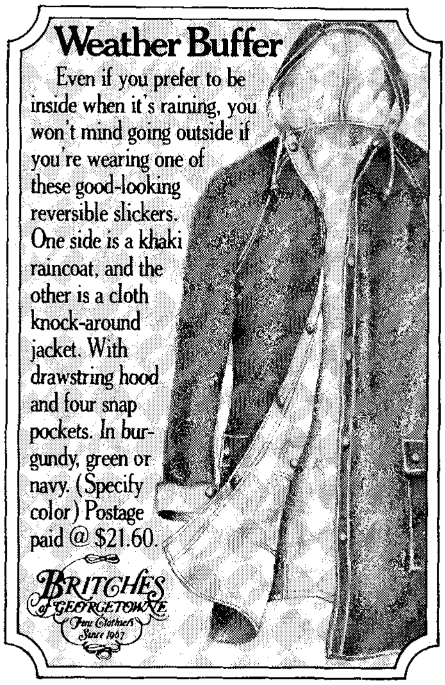

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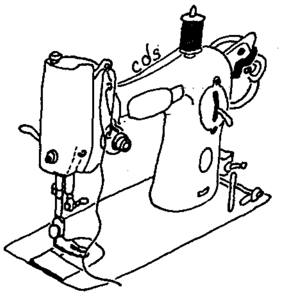
who troop through the Anchor Bar are, after all, almost always favorably impressed by Buffalo chicken wings. Craig Claiborne proclaimed them "excellent" in one of his columns—although he may have undercut the compliment a bit by saying in the same paragraph that he had remained in Buffalo for only three hours.



One way that the invention of the chicken wing seems to have improved morale is that there now exists among Buffalonians a widespread commercial fantasy of hitting it rich by introducing Buffalo chicken wings to some virgin territory. People in Buffalo are always talking about trying wings out on Southern California or testing the waters in Providence. While I was on my tour with the Katz family, Andy Katz, who is fifteen, had one question about my opinion of the local delicacy: "Do you think these would go over in Toronto?" There are already some attempts to sell wings outside of Western New York. A former Buffalonian is serving wings in the Paco's Tacos outlets of Boston. It is said that wings are available in Fort Lauderdale—where so many Buffalonians have retired that the annual events include a beef-on-weck banquet. This summer, in the new Harborplace shopping complex in the inner harbor of Baltimore, a place called Wings 'n Things opened with the announced intention of dealing in the sort of volume hitherto common only within Buffalo itself—a couple of tons of wings a week. "It takes money to make money," Dom Bellissimo told me while reflecting on the fact that his family did not parlay the invention of chicken wings into a franchise fortune. Sometimes he thinks that the opportunity has not been lost forever. "I would like to go with a chain," he told me. "I'm so ready for it. I wish I could get involved with some money people. I'd show them how to go with this thing."

About two years ago, a Buffalo stockbroker named Robert M. Budin wrote a piece for the *Courier-Express* Sunday magazine suggesting, in a lighthearted way, that the city adopt the chicken wing as its symbol. Budin's piece begins with two Buffalonians discussing what had happened when one of them was at a party in Memphis and was asked by a local where he was from. Deciding to "take him face on," the visiting Buffalonian had said, "I'm from Buffalo." Instead of asking if the snow had melted yet, the local had said, "Where those dynamite chicken wings come from?"

"You mean positive recognition?" the friend who is hearing the story asks. It becomes obvious to the two of them that Buffalonians should "mount a campaign to associate Buffalo with chicken wings and rid ourselves of the negatives of snow and cold and the misunderstood beef-on-weck." Budin suggested that the basketball team be called the Buffalo Wings, that the mayor begin wearing a button that says "Do Your Thing with Wings," and that a huge statue of a chicken wing (medium hot) be placed in the convention center.

When I telephoned Budin to inquire about the response to his suggestion, he said it had not been overwhelming. He told me, in fact, that he had embarked on a new campaign to improve Buffalo's reputation. Budin said that a lot of people believed that the city's image suffered from its name. I remembered that his Sunday-magazine piece had ended "Buffalo, thy name is chicken wing." Surely he was not suggesting that the name of the city be changed to Chicken Wing, New York. What should be changed, he told me, is not the name but its pronunciation. He has taken to pronouncing the first syllable as if it were spelled "boo"—so that Buffalo rhymes with Rue de Veau. "It has a quality to it that lifts it above the prosaic 'Buffalo,' " he said.

Maybe, but I suspect that it's only a matter of time before Budin tells some corporate executive in Memphis or Cincinnati that he is calling from Boofalo and the executive says, "Has the snow melted yet?"

ON my last evening in Buffalo—just before the Katzes and I drove out on Niagara Falls Boulevard to try the wings at a place called Fat Man's Got 'Em, and just before Judy Katz gave me final instructions about the bucket of wings I was planning to take back to New York from Santora's the next day ("Get the big bucket. Whatever's left over will be fine the next morning")—I met a man named John Young, who told me, "I am actually the creator of the wing." Young, who is black, reminded me that black people have always eaten chicken wings. What he invented, he said, was the sauce that created Buffalo chicken wings—a special concoction he calls mambo sauce. He said that chicken wings in mambo sauce became his specialty in the middle sixties, and that he even registered the name of his restaurant, John Young's Wings 'n Things, at the county courthouse before moving to Illinois, in 1970. "If the Anchor Bar was selling chicken wings, nobody in Buffalo knew it then," Young said. "After I left here, everybody started chicken wings." Young, who had returned to Buffalo a few months before our talk, told me that those who had copied the dish must be saying, "Oh, man! The original King of the Wings is back. He's fixin' to do a job on you." In fact, Young said, he was pleased to see so many people in Buffalo make money off his invention—a magnanimous sentiment that I had also heard expressed by both Frank and Dom Bellissimo. "I could have formed a company and went across the country," Young told me. "It's still not too late."

The wings Young invented were not chopped in half—a process he includes in the category of "tampering with them." They were served breaded with the mambo sauce covering them. In John Young's Wings 'n Things, as well as in a restaurant called Bird Land, run by Young's brother Paul, they are still served that way—sometimes accompanied by the blue-cheese dressing and celery that were undoubtedly inspired by Teressa Bellissimo. It is true, a local poultry distributor told me, that John Young as well as Frank Bellissimo started buying a lot of chicken wings in the middle sixties, but there is no reason for the distributor to have saved the sales receipts that might indicate who was first. First with what? Was the Buffalo chicken wing invented when Teressa Bellissimo thought of splitting it in half and deep-frying it and serving it with celery and blue-cheese dressing? Was it invented when John Young started using mambo sauce and thought of elevating wings into a specialty? How about the black people who have always eaten chicken wings? The way John Young talks, black people may have been eating chicken wings in thirteenth-century Spain. How is it that historians can fix the date of the Battle of the Boyne with such precision? How can they be so certain of its outcome?

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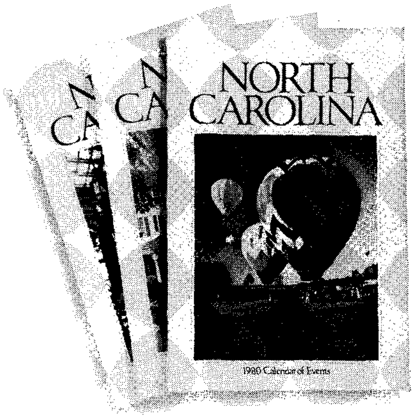

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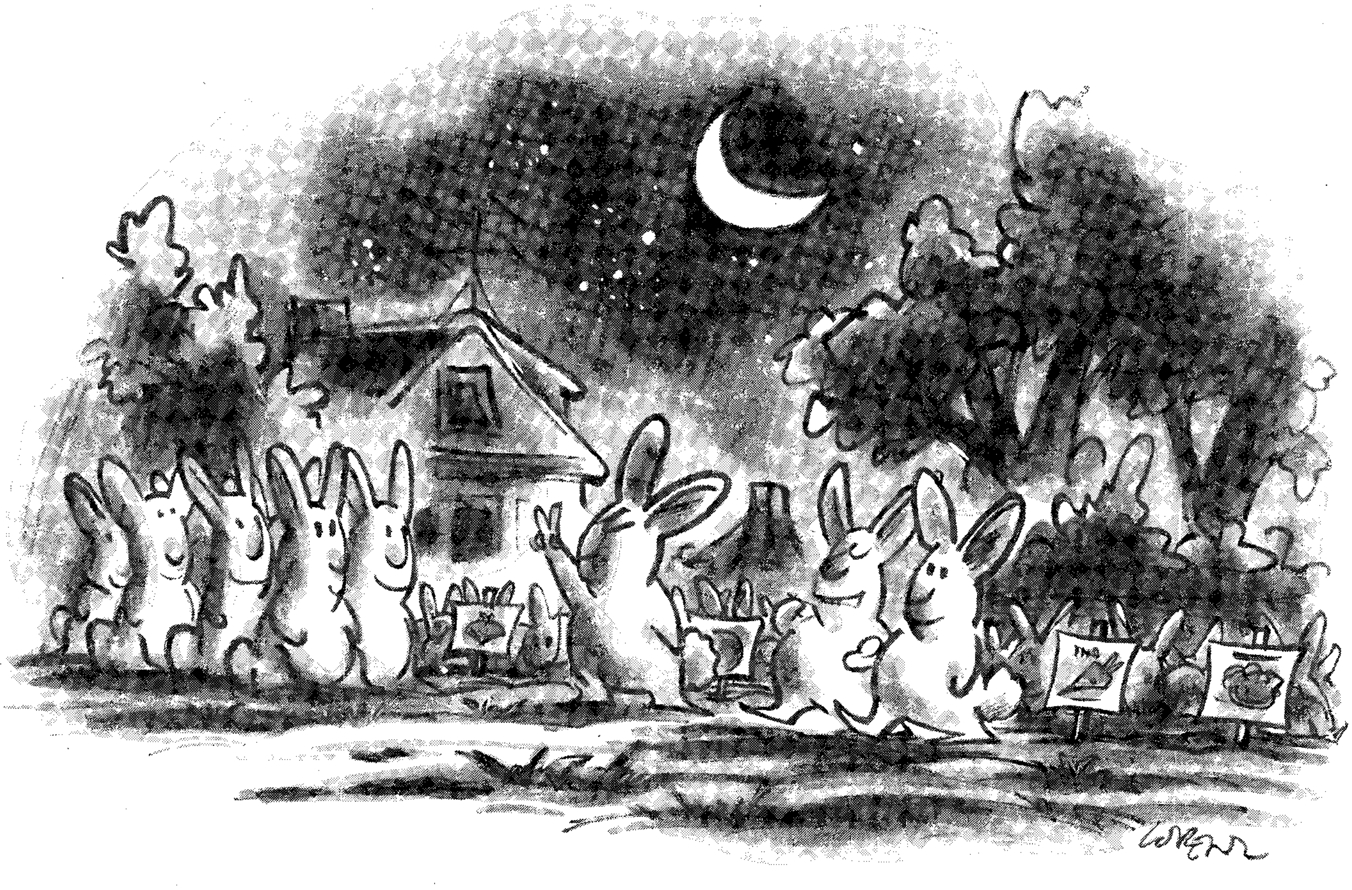
# DANCING

## *Guest Star*

EXCEPT for an unscheduled appearance last May with the New York City Ballet, Mikhail Baryshnikov hasn't danced in New York in over a year, and he has kept his performances elsewhere to a minimum. Besides having to nurse the injuries that forced him to withdraw earlier than expected from Balanchine's company, Baryshnikov seems at the moment to prefer inactivity to dancing familiar roles. He has met every feasible challenge that Western ballet repertory holds and has already been far afield in search of new stimuli. Last summer, he worked with the jazz composer Cecil Taylor. In "Baryshnikov on Broadway," a TV special seen earlier this year, he took on another style that was novel to him, however banal it may have seemed to the rest of us. The dance director, Ron Field, homogenized the choreography of various hit shows, so that Baryshnikov's versatility was reduced to his haircuts and his costumes. In the "Guys and Dolls" segment, he looked appetizingly in character as a fifties sharpie, but there was nothing for him to dance. His merger in the finale with the chorus of "A Chorus Line" symbolized the vapidity of the enterprise. For a Baryshnikov, Broadway isn't a frontier worth conquering—not on these terms.

An invitation from the Royal Ballet put the dancer back in his domain. In July, at Covent Garden, Baryshnikov danced two performances as Romeo, a role in which he had already been seen, and then on August 4th he appeared before the Queen Mother on her eightieth birthday, dancing in the ballet that had been arranged for the occasion by Frederick Ashton to Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. This was Ashton's first major work in four years, and his first with Baryshnikov. Wisely, perhaps, Ashton did not experiment; the ballet is his interpretation of Baryshnikov's style as set against elements of his own. It's a host-and-guest ballet. Admirers of both men may wish that Ashton had not been quite so accommodating. The pas de deux has one of those prolonged "blind" lifts from which the ballerina (Lesley Collier) is dropped to the floor in arabesque, and it gave Baryshnikov some trouble in performance. In the main, though, Baryshnikov's role consists of solo entrées in the style of his Soviet bravura phase—the phase in which we first saw him. The passage-work at the beginning is reminiscent of the fleeting, darting poses of "Vestris" and even of their mime content: there's a split second of "playing the violin" that impishly brings up Paganini. In other ways, too, Ashton's choreography returns Baryshnikov to his ancestral origins in the court ballet of an eighteenth-century city. I'd guess that Ashton prepared for this first collaboration with Baryshnikov by studying not only "Vestris" (those parts of it which are either on film or microscopically reproduced in the book "Baryshnikov at Work") but also the videotape of Baryshnikov's performance in "Theme and Variations," a ballet in which Balanchine extrapolated classical style from an eighteenth-century base, in the manner of "The Sleeping Beauty." But Ashton doesn't stick to this view of Baryshnikov. He is supposed to have summoned the dancer to their first rehearsal saying "Bring all your steps," and as the ballet goes on we get the impression that not one skid, lunge, kick, or convoluted air turn has been left out. The picture of Baryshnikov that the ballet gives us is an inflated, estranged one; he does too much and does it alone, without blending into an over-all conception. Although the expansive material suits the melodramatic Rachmaninoff score, it effectively separates Baryshnikov from the rest of the cast and from the Royal Ballet style. Ashton hasn't set down a theme with variations; he's made a Baryshnikov concerto.

Watching "Rhapsody" is as exhilarating as hanging on to a runaway horse. It gets more and more out of



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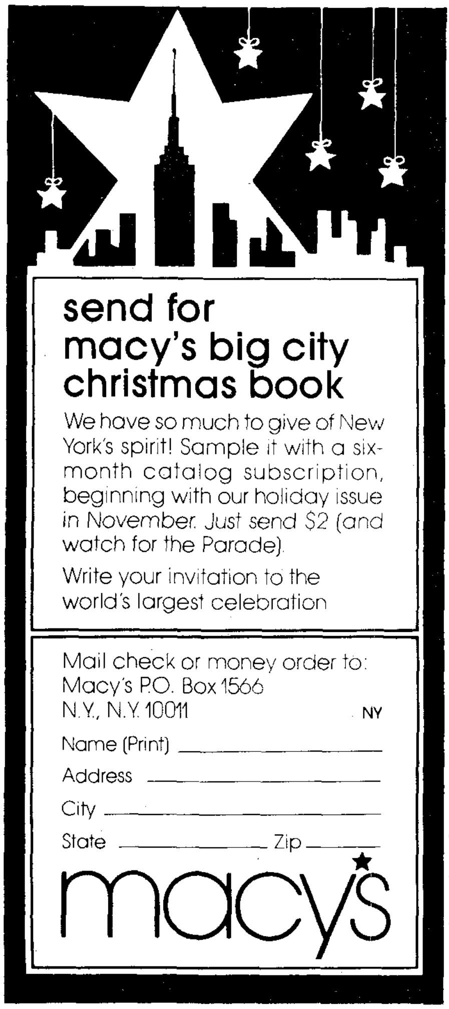
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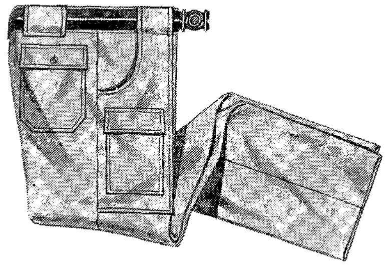
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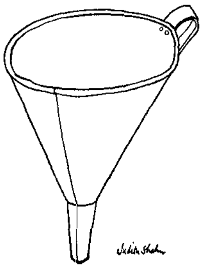
hand, yet it never breaks its stride musically. In the vividness and steadiness of its response to the music, it is moment by moment absolutely satisfying. All through the piece, though, this instantaneous sense of completion fights the gathering sense of disproportion. You have to enjoy the ballet at the expense of sympathizing with it. That's if you see Baryshnikov do it. When, as seems inevitable, a Royal dancer takes over the lead, there may be changes in "Rhapsody" that will put it in balance. Or the changes may only expose what the casting of the demon charger Baryshnikov has so far concealed—the weakness of an ensemble that is appealingly young, carefully chosen, talented, but as yet unready to be looked at too closely. Ashton has invested his most sensitive choreography in these six young women and their partners, and he's made them look not like the disadvantaged kids they often seem to be in other ballets but like the flower of a great company. "Rhapsody" bears a superficial resemblance to that other pièce d'occasion, "Birthday Offering": it is a double septet (7 f., 7 m.), and it has a platform set, which Ashton himself devised from models of eighteenth-century stage architecture. But, except to Baryshnikov and Lesley Collier, Ashton allots no individual variations such as distinguished "Birthday Offering." Instead, he distributes little individualizing touches that let us think we've seen more of Genesia Rosato or Karen Paisey or Bryony Brind than we actually have. The men are more uniformly handled; once or twice Baryshnikov streaks through their midst, and they explode into échappés and entrechats like corks bobbing in his wake. His genius isn't contagious—it only seems to be. Ashton has also been protective of his ballerina, even contriving at times to give an air of intrigue to the fact that she doesn't dominate the ballet as a ballerina should. He brings her on late, after the "concerto" structure of the Baryshnikov role has been established, and he presents her in a series of privileged, noncompetitive "ballerina" cameos—swathing her, so to speak, in the differing velvets of one genre image after another. Collier is held high above the men's heads, turned, and lowered (in anticipation of the drop in the pas de deux), after which she dances a swift cadenza on point and offers her hand to Baryshnikov, who sweeps her off. Later, in a "vision" scene, she secludes herself upstage while he conducts a leisurely search among the girls. It's his ballet, the choreography seems to say, but it's *her* repertory. The big pas de deux, to the big tune, is muffled and bland; it's not an evocation—it's just one of those things. If Ashton has a weakness, it is for the potency of cheap music. What other great choreographer has done so much to so little (Auber, Herold, Meyerbeer, Messager, Liszt, Malcolm Arnold)? He has used the Rachmaninoff melody before, as a setting for Moira Shearer in a movie called "The Story of Three Loves." That setting is not eclipsed by "Rhapsody."

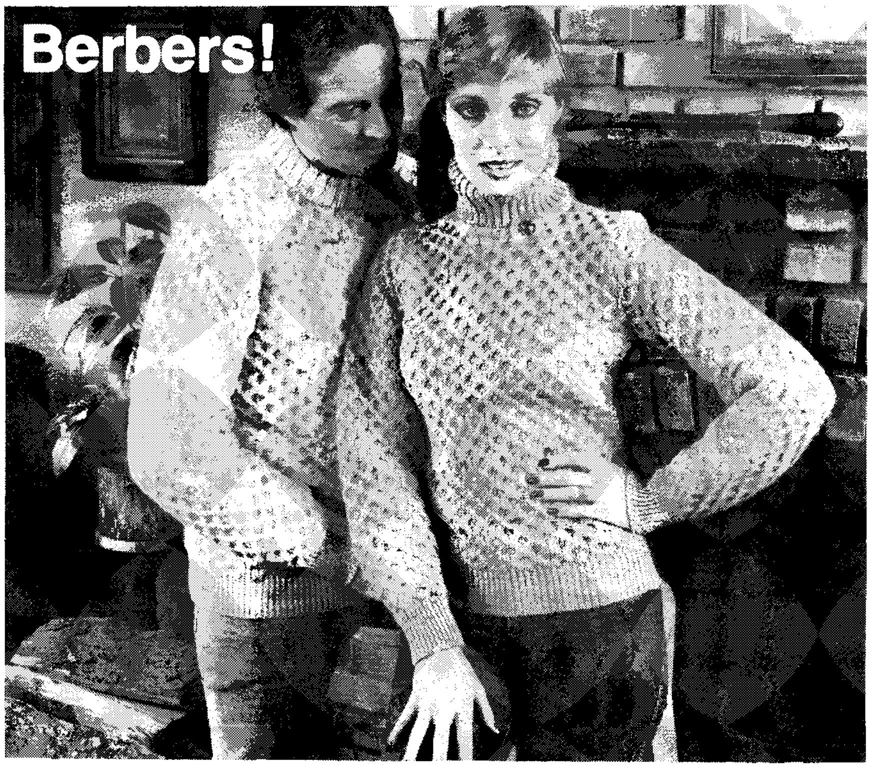
As for Baryshnikov's performance, he was so much the visiting superstar that he became, for the first time in my experience, almost unlikable. It wasn't just the way Ashton used him, although in the final moments he was glorified almost to the point of parody. It wasn't just the way he was dressed, with gilded wavy locks and jewelled chokers around his throat and knee. There was no indication of injury or unease in his dancing, but the rest period has put extra weight on him, and he now moves with an unctuous slipperiness. This is one of the negative signs of maturity. Baryshnikov has always been rococo, but now he's becoming gloatingly mellifluous. He performs soothingly, condescendingly, and about as joyously as Liberace. I inquired about his Romeos, which I missed, and was told that glib fancywork had entered those performances, too. "It was Broadway Misha," said a young critic. The complacency of the uncontested champion? Or the desperation of the artist seeking an outlet for the uncontainable forms within him? Perhaps a bit of both. Baryshnikov doesn't look fresh in "Rhapsody." Ashton has indulged an image of him which he has outgrown, just as in "A Month in the Country" he indulged an image of Anthony Dowell which Dowell had outgrown. But Dowell can still be magnetic in the role through the sheer beauty of his dancing; technically, if not psychologically, the choreography advances him. In "Rhapsody," Baryshnikov hurtles through his technical catalogue. On the first night, he looked like the most sophisticated dancer on earth and the most bored, much as he might have appeared if he had never left Russia. By the last of four performances, he had modified this drastic impression (as well as the golden hair). But for the old sweetness and modesty to return would be wrong—the ballet couldn't use that Misha. As Ashton



builds his climax, Baryshnikov is at stage center, while Collier races here, there—anywhere to keep out of the way. The men lift him high. (But it's *her* repertory.) He lands, spins himself to a stop, and, with the music's closing notes—an ironic wisp of a cadence—gives us the mock-innocent " 'Twas nothing!" shrug that Ashton used for Puck and for the Blue Skater in "Les Patineurs." It is his repertory after all.

Baryshnikov danced in a gold tunic and mustard tights, which, with the gilt and the glitter, made him look like a little golden god. The other dancers—men as well as women—also wore jewelled bands; their heads were wrapped in gold strips. The only unstrident note was the women's soft dresses, in pink and peach and pale yellow. The costume designer, one of Ashton's oldest collaborators, was William Chappell; he has done some classic décors—the Joffrey has "Les Patineurs," and Baryshnikov has just acquired "Les Rendezvous" for American Ballet Theatre—but the costumes for "Rhapsody" are one dispensable link to "Birthday Offering," which still uses André Levasseur's ugly puffy costumes. (They look as if pirouettes could be done inside them.) The title "Birthday Offering" refers to the company's silver anniversary, in 1956. Next year, the Royal Ballet will be fifty years old. Could "Rhapsody" have been a contemporary counterpart to "Birthday Offering" if the company had been able to marshal a comparable display of strength? Its upper ranks are thin. Although the lower ones, from which the supporting cast of "Rhapsody" is drawn, are full of promise, that promise may not be kept. The past two decades have seen too many examples of careers restrained or aborted, of talent unnurtured. The company has no ballerinas under forty; its titular ballerinas are soloists at best. Miss Collier has a sturdy snub-nosed charm and agile toes, which Ashton exploits in "Rhapsody." But her long, static torso and her lethargic attack seem to immobilize her even when she's speeding over the ground. Marguerite Porter, popular for her Gainsborough looks, cannot meet the technical requirements of the standard ballerina roles. Jennifer Penney, who closed the season in Kenneth MacMillan's "Manon," has striking individuality and beauty, but failure to project makes her insular and pretty.

On top of all this, the company as a whole is showing too many inflexible backs, too much laxity in stretch and turnout. To look at some of the younger men is to wonder where on earth Dowell came from—or Michael Batch-



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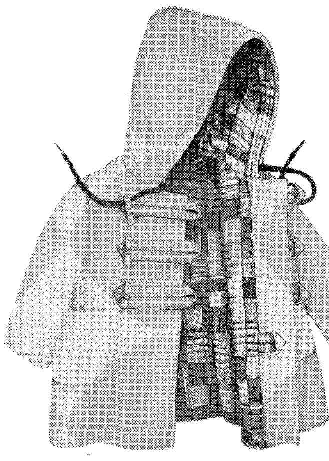

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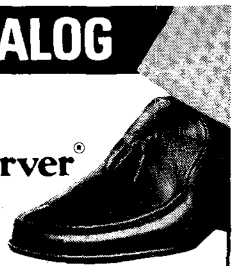

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elor, who may be his only successor. The Ashton pas de quatre in "Swan Lake," another touchstone of company strength, was shakily performed (except by Fiona Chadwick, who was good) by two different casts. The Ashton Act IV, which dates from 1963, the same year as the pas de quatre, has been restored. It has been criticized for cold efficiency and abstraction, and there is a certain amount of meaningless clattering about and forming up at the start of the act. But there are wonderful things that follow, notably the extended slow march (to music borrowed from Act III), in which Odette ushers sections of her flock into the wings, returning each time to embrace the Prince, who kneels alone in the middle of the stage. On her last return, she takes a slow piqué balance and hovers over him; the timing of the gradual ascent to the tread of the music forms as poignant an image as any that may be found in the second act. I saw Miss Porter's Odette and Monica Mason's on the same day. Mason, a senior ballerina and a genuine one, danced with relaxed authority, as if for her own pleasure. The grandeur of her bearing is untypical of Royal ballerinas, and she is an infrequent Odette. But she is a model of clean style and musical incisiveness. On this occasion, she opened her phrase to its utmost transparency and gave us moments of illumination as wide and as blank as fate.

It has been an exciting summer season at Covent Garden. Makarova came to do repertory and also to make her début as Natalia Petrovna in "A Month in the Country"—a warm, dreamy, impulsive creature who is brought to earth with a crash. Gelsey Kirkland's début as Juliet (to Dowell's or Wayne Eagling's Romeo) was, according to all reports, a sensation. But the main, enduring attraction for an American visitor was the company itself. The Royal in recession is still spectacular. The entrance of the swan corps in flying arabesque sautée is still exciting. And when the company has nothing else, it still has English grit—a collective spirit that can rise in the face of audience rejection and turn failure into success. It is hard to imagine an American or Russian company keeping its temper for forty-five minutes, as the Royal does, in "Mam'zelle Angot," a garrulous Massine farce. Rosalyn Whitten, in the title role, was so lucid and alive that I longed to see her in a classical role—a big one. Perhaps I will; the company dances in New York next June. One applauds for tomorrow, on faith. —Arlene Croce

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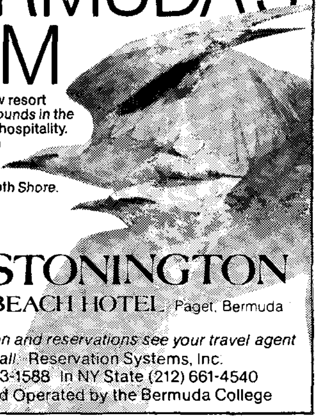

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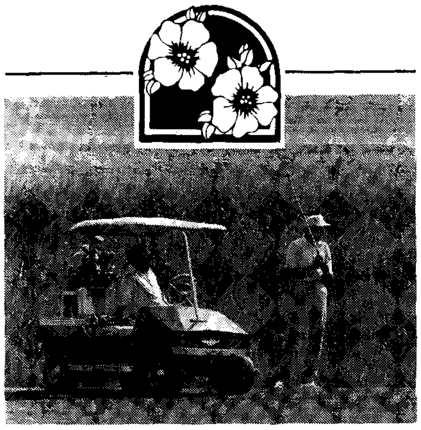
. . . of the poets invited only Walt Whitman attended.
—*Julian Symons.*

They got him in the end, of course.
In a polling booth, dead-drunk.
Vagrant, ballot-stuffer . . .
Four Baltimore coppers to carry that meagre frame.
Our first detective of the broken heart,
he picked through its rubble
with his frenzied calculations,
his delirium of over-clarity,
until he found too many clues . . .
Once I dreamt of a man on a schooner,
compact and handsome, alone on the Sound,
thrilling to a violent storm,
threaded to this world by the silver
of a dying spider:
that man was Edgar.
He loved the moon, and the night torch,
the notion of blood sea-temperatured,
of the cold rush impelling him . . .
In life, in poetry, my antithesis:
detached from the true life,
of rivers and birds and swaying trees,
of soil red with tubers and pregnant clay,
detached from the wondrous release of sex,
his spleen beating heavier than his heart—
two or three men (at least)
packed in among a dozen demons.
He never much cared for my work.
I admired only a fraction of his.
But I happened to be in Washington
last night . . . and I'm old now, half wise,
too old not to have a sixth sense—
for the genuine article, anyway . . .
I marvel at all he accomplished
in such a hatcheted life,
electrifying his losses,
celebrating the deer park, the potter's field,
as I celebrated forest and plain . . .
But then to finish here,
another half-forgotten city,
wearing another man's rags—
a scene he might have written:
streets snaking around him,
steaming and sulphurous,
rain dirty as it left the sky—
one last maze before the foothills of hell . . .
And that polling booth . . .
the drinking pals who dumped him there,
frightened perhaps by that dying wolf's voice;
it strikes me now, the eulogies concluded
(I wouldn't give one and I wouldn't say why),
how appropriate he should go that way,
how perversely American in the end—
a man who had consumed himself with exotica,
green as the Republic itself,
poet of our bloodied ankles and ashen
bones, our cankers and lurid dreams:
I wonder who he voted for.
I wonder if he won.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER



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# BOOKS

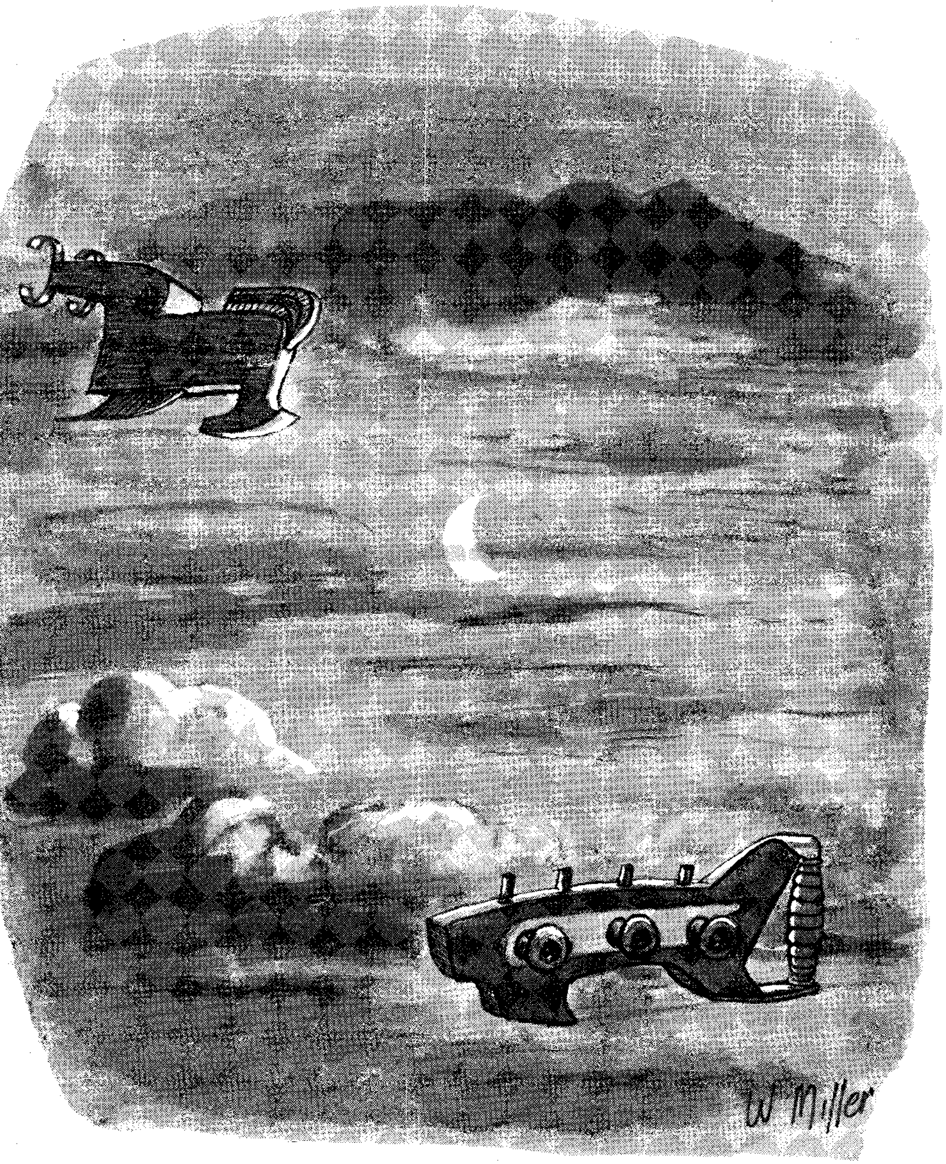
## *Excommunications*

THE chronology of Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's "The Oak and the Calf" (Harper & Row; $15.95)—the title refers to a Russian proverb that signifies violent protest against an immovable object—is mildly confusing. The book is made up of autobiographical texts and archives that Solzhenitsyn set down or assembled between April, 1967, and June, 1974. But the period actually covered by this memoir runs from 1960 to the day of Solzhenitsyn's forced exit from the Soviet Union, in February, 1974. Often, and within the same passage, the time framework alters from a narrative past to a notation that deals with the moment in which the words are being written. This makes for a mosaic of remembrance and immediacy. What Harry Willetts' fluent translation seems to miss, if competent Russian-speaking readers of Solzhenitsyn are to be trusted, is a subtle layering of diverse idioms: the slang of the Gulag world, the greasy jargon of Soviet bureaucracies, throwbacks to the vocabulary and cadences of Russian Orthodoxy, and Solzhenitsyn's own hybrid, inventive prose, with its fundamentalist, antiliterary impetus. This diversity accentuates the time shifts.

Over all, however, the design is clear. This documentary chronicle takes Solzhenitsyn from the almost anonymous condition of a former concentration-camp inmate, in compulsory residence in the dreary wastes of the Soviet empire, to world fame and to that second, more lacerating exile which is life outside Holy Russia and its matchless tongue. Solzhenitsyn sets out to provide a detailed record, unique very nearly by definition, of the existence of a moral titan of unacceptable religious and political convictions and commensurate eloquence under the glass jar of Soviet censorship. Russian masters before him—Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski—had to fight for breath under comparable, though perhaps less efficient, mechanisms of strangulation. But the evidence they have left of this situation, where it exists at all, is fitful or cloaked in the indirect, Aesopian language of the suffocating. (Pasternak's testimony is a case in point.) But Solzhenitsyn, almost from the instant of his release from the Gulag, was dominated by an absolute summons to record, to publish to mankind, what he saw to be the hell of Soviet rule and the apparently unassailable mountains of falsehood on which this satanic regime was based. What had to be described and understood was the methodical extermination "of millions and the corruption of all"—where, in Solzhenitsyn's view, "all" means precisely that.

The source of this summons was never in doubt. Solzhenitsyn had survived murderous war and the inferno of the prisons and camps to which he was shipped from the battlefront. He had scarcely been released to a relatively endurable state of exile when cancer struck. In December, 1953, he was given three weeks to live. "I did not die, however. (With a hopelessly neglected and acutely malignant tumor, this was a divine miracle; I could see no other explanation. Since then, all the life that has been given back to me has not been mine in the full sense: it is built around a purpose.)" Gorky pictured Tolstoy's relations with God as those of two bears wrestling. In Solzhenitsyn's rapport with the Almighty, there is the same vehement intimacy, but it is one of accord. Like the *startsy*, the wandering "God folk" of Old Russia, Solzhenitsyn made of himself a living witness, an incarnate testimony against the secular legions of evil. He would bestride the land, harried, persecuted, a leprous beggar if need be, to cry out the truth against the black wind of lies—above all, against oblivion, that obscene amnesia whereby the indifferent or numbed generations of the present-day Soviet state have forgotten the millions and millions of victims.

Circumstances were uncannily fa-



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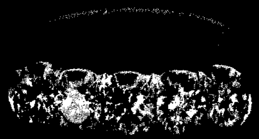

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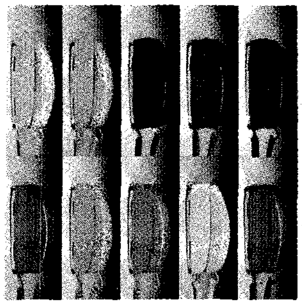

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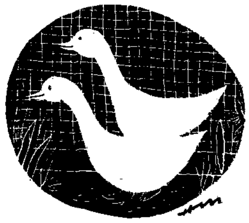
vorable. Khrushchev was maneuvering for a measure of elbow room. He was prepared to uncover certain general aspects of the Stalinist nightmare in order to strengthen his own position and to create a body of educated support for policies aimed at nudging the Soviet Union into a more efficient, more rewarding social structure. Almost casually, with the brusque motion of one who tosses a bottle with a message in it into the uncaring sea, Solzhenitsyn, the nameless ex-convict, submitted his "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" to *Novy Mir*, the most prestigious and influential of literary journals. Aleksandr Tvardovsky, its celebrated editor-in-chief, read the manuscript after it had been all but rejected, if merely for its physical illegibility, by his minions. He read it all night, precisely as V. G. Belinski, the great radical critic, had read the manuscript of "Poor Folk," by one F. M. Dostoevski (soon to be a convict), a century before. By dawn, the mercurial, alcoholic, but acutely perceptive Tvardovsky was convinced that what he had in hand was a major work—possibly a work of genius. Had the hour struck in which an account of life in the Stalinist Gulag, an account written by an "ordinary" Russian and in an idiom of stunning authenticity, could be published? Before his departure from power, Khrushchev gave the book its "visa," and "Ivan Denisovich," altered by a few judicious cuts of passages in which the author's "bitterness" and "pessimism" seemed excessive, went into the world. At forty-four, practically overnight, Solzhenitsyn found himself famous, first throughout literate Russia, then abroad.



A major portion of "The Oak and the Calf" consists of a narrative, often minutely detailed, of Solzhenitsyn's relations with Tvardovsky and his magazine from the acceptance of "Ivan Denisovich," in December, 1961, to Tvardovsky's wretched death, ten years later. To students of Soviet literature and culture, this account will be invaluable. Never before has there been so unrelenting, so tightly evidenced and argued an indictment of the labyrinthine edifice of opportunism, cynicism, servility, cunning, and self-deception in and through which the Soviet intelligentsia operates, survives, and even, when the breeze blows in the right quarter, prospers. Solzhenitsyn's portraits of various luminaries on the *Novy Mir* editorial board can sustain comparison with the gallery of sycophantic rogues and hollow men in Gogol's "The Inspector General." But it is Solzhenitsyn's relation with Tvardovsky himself which is the core of the book. Here the interest surpasses the local circumstance. The febrile ups and downs of this friendship, the interactions, simultaneously creative and corrosive, between the lapidary soul of the writer and the quicksilver mundanities of his editor constitute a human drama of almost Jamesian delicacy and Dostoevskian stress. There is a sense, of which Solzhenitsyn himself may not be wholly cognizant, in which Tvardovsky was broken by the battles he fought *for* Solzhenitsyn no less than by those he fought *against* him. Indeed—and this is the fascination of the case—these were usually the same. At Tvardovsky's burial, Solzhenitsyn, now a world-famous outcast, could not deliver the farewell speech he had prepared, so he made the sign of the cross after each round of lying official oratory: "But that, I think, was plenty for the powers of darkness."

These powers had gathered from very nearly the moment of Solzhenitsyn's initial triumph. What the post-Khrushchev establishment had in mind, what Tvardovsky was laboring to lick into shape, was the special brand of "optimistic dissent," of "positive criticism," which has always been more or less tolerated on the edge of Russian tyranny. Solzhenitsyn was to make plain that the abuses dramatized in "Ivan Denisovich"—abuses that he, after all, had robustly survived—were now a blemish of the past, an unfortunate feature of the repudiated "personality cult." It must be made eloquent, moreover, that even these blemishes could not detract fundamentally from the glory of the Socialist motherland and the "beacon of toiling mankind." If there were further injustices or oversights to be castigated, such chastisement should be undertaken in a vein of concord with the Soviet system as such and with its triumphant future. Instead, the impossible Solzhenitsyn, now a cosseted member of the *Novy Mir* stable, a member of the Writers' Union, and, with Tvardovsky's anxious backing, a candidate for a Lenin Prize, began his volcanic outpouring of apocalyptic denunciations. The world of the Gulag, he thundered, was no bureaucratic accident or result of the regrettable madness of one tyrant. It was the natural

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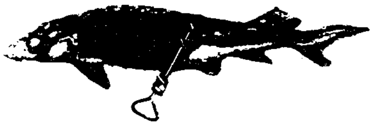
consequence and expression of the whole Marxist-Leninist vision. Even if the camps themselves had been partly emptied, the sadistic bureaucracy, the legalized persecutions, the communal apathy on which they were founded and sustained continued to be dominant, and inevitably so, in the wretched serfdom of life under a Malenkov or a Brezhnev. The answer was not piecemeal reform but a revolution no less fundamental than that of October, 1917. This would be a revolution, a literal turning back, in the name of divine justice, of the ancient values of revealed truth, in penitence for what twentieth-century man, East and West, had done to the image of God imprinted in his forgetful soul. This was the message, more or less explicit, in "The First Circle" and in "Cancer Ward," works whose emasculation, whose distribution to only a limited audience of approved readers made successive clashes between Solzhenitsyn and Tvardovsky—who, miserable creature, was trying to *help*—irreparable. But what need of compromise when God had seized upon His elected servant? Between December, 1966, and February, 1967, Solzhenitsyn writes, "I produced my final draft of 'The Gulag Archipelago,' revising and retyping over 1500 pages in seventy-three days, with time off for illness, stoking the stoves and cooking. It was not I who did it—mine was merely the hand that moved across the page!"

In the months that followed, Solzhenitsyn broke out of the cage of Soviet censorship. Evading the ham-fisted surveillance of the K.G.B., Solzhenitsyn simply mailed his manuscripts abroad and found burrows in which to store his voluminous archives on the history of Leninist-Stalinist autocracy. He became, as had Tolstoy before him, a "state within the state"—a condition conceivable only in a society that, like czarist or Communist Russia, attaches absolutely central importance to literature and the menace of thought. Solzhenitsyn's works saw daylight, in their native tongue (printed by those often ramshackle émigré firms that are among the unsung heroes of resistance to tyranny) and in more and more foreign languages. Solzhenitsyn allowed journalists from abroad, though he found most of them vulgar and inaccurate, to seek him out and be his couriers. His ripostes to K.G.B. threats and to the campaigns of hatred and vilification launched against him and his family might be silenced at home, but they made immediate headlines



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throughout the rest of the world and boomeranged back into Russia via foreign broadcasts, notably over the BBC. Reading Solzhenitsyn's memoir, one gets the impression that the Soviet monolith leaks like a sieve. Of course, the pressure of this more-than-human man was very great.

In February, 1970, Tvardovsky was hounded out of *Novy Mir*, but even then Solzhenitsyn could scarcely forgive its tormented editor the degree of compromise and servility to which the journal had had to resort. Two years earlier, during the Soviet invasion of Prague, Solzhenitsyn had concluded that the great physicist P. L. Kapitza "wriggled out" of making any effective protest. Shostakovich merely thrashed about "like a wounded thing." Only Andrei Sakharov had been of any use, and even his convictions, as Solzhenitsyn soon discovered, were too liberal, too tainted with Western rationalism, to provide a genuine alternative to Soviet materialism. Now Solzhenitsyn towered alone and implacable. He had looked forward to the Nobel Prize "as something inevitable." (Giants do not stoop to the hypocrisy of modesty.) But when it came, in 1970, it was too late to secure his position inside Russia, and the evasive diplomatic conduct of the Swedish authorities when Solzhenitsyn decided he could not risk going to Stockholm did much to tarnish the prize's lustre. What the commemorative album bestowed on prize-winners revealed to Solzhenitsyn was "the pathetic sight of a bunch of uniformly packaged laureates with sheepish smiles and jumbo folders containing their diplomas." Solzhenitsyn's opinion on the Last Judgment should be worth waiting for.

By now, of course, the dénouement was in sight. Unable to tolerate Solzhenitsyn's writings at home, incapable of stopping their wildfire dissemination abroad, shrewdly aware that the man's emotional power base lay in his native earth, the Kremlin acted. The rural refuge that Mstislav Rostropovich—cellists, witness Casals, seem to be an especially brave breed—had put at Solzhenitsyn's disposal was taken away from him. His own cottage was ransacked, his family harried. On the afternoon of February 12, 1974, Solzhenitsyn was arrested. His account of the ensuing thirty-six hours is the high point of the book. The K.G.B. alternated between pedantic fury and helpless exasperation. The two young inmates who shared Solzhenitsyn's cell were only dimly aware of the stature of their companion. He himself folded

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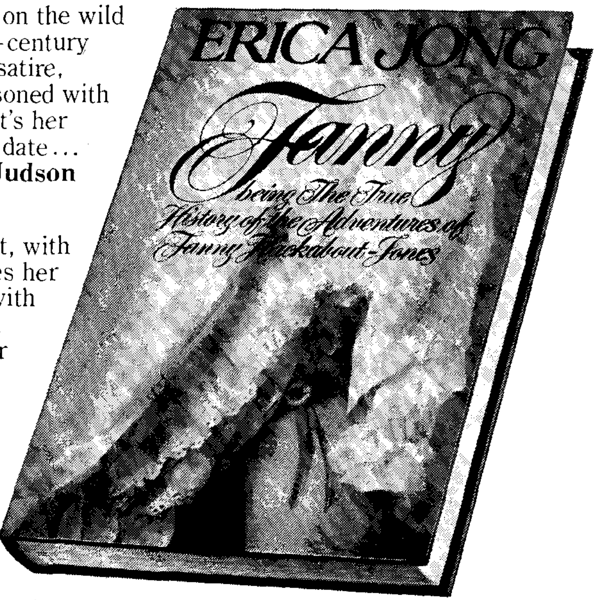
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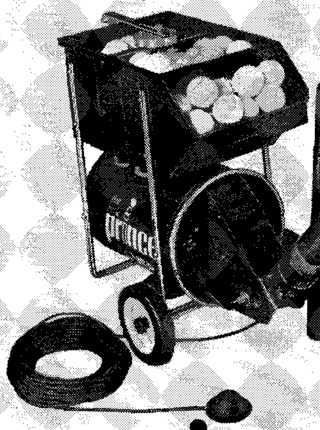

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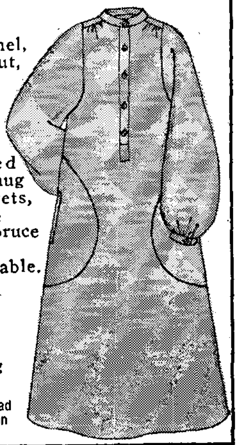

back into the sly, compact, barracks-room-lawyer posture of the experienced *zek*, the Gulag regular. When his interrogators failed to beat him up, when the ration of gruel was increased, Solzhenitsyn reacted with shambling, mocking wonder. Again, one thinks of Gogol's black comedies. Whatever its "silliness," in fact the Nobel Prize had very probably insured Solzhenitsyn's life and that of his family. On February 13th, instead of being consigned to the Gulag or enforced residence in the subarctic, Solzhenitsyn was more or less urbanely dumped in West Germany. Western officials streamed toward him across the tarmac bearing flowers. In vain, as it happens:

> I put no hopes in the West—indeed, no Russian ever should. If we ever become free it will only be by our own efforts. If the twentieth century has any lesson for mankind, it is we who will teach the West, not the West us. Excessive ease and prosperity have weakened their will and their reason.

What Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn means by "free" in this characteristic passage needs a close look. It has little to do with the usual connotations of the word in the spineless and mentally enfeebled West. The ideal inherent in Solzhenitsyn's model of history and of society is that of a theocratic community, largely rural, in the style of a somewhat enfranchised imperial Russia. In such a state, the pornographic trash allowed in the West, the "irresponsible" press and mass media, the superficial religiosity or frank atheism which prevail under capitalist license would be severely curtailed, if not eradicated. Scientific positivism, the pursuit of technology, the factitious liberties offered by mass consumption are destroying man as surely as is Bolshevik tyranny. More efficiently, in fact, for under Kremlin rule the secret light of the Russian soul, the unique kinship of this soul with the suffering Christ have remained deeply buried but unquenched. Marxism was a Western, essentially Jewish import, a bacillus introduced by cunning and by brute force into the Russian bloodstream. The havoc it wrought is precisely that which an alien organism can cause in its innocent, defenseless host.

The familiar Solzhenitsyn reflexes follow on this analysis. General Andrei Vlasov and his anti-Communist legion, which comprised some of the most sadistic butchers loosed on Occupied Europe by the Nazis, are stoutly defended. The atrocities committed by the Soviet Union are "immeasurably greater than those of Hitler." Either this statement about comparative atrocities—Solzhenitsyn has made it repeatedly—is a piece of pure statistics (i.e., in respect to the number of victims) or it is meaningless. In either case, it comes close to being a nauseating simplification.

Nothing that the Soviet Union has accomplished for its millions of citizens—in terms of literacy, of material progress, of cultural opportunities—is of any worth to Solzhenitsyn. The undoubted fact that these citizens fought like tigers against the German invaders and that patriotism and a cordial dislike of dissenters continue to be the sentiments of the vast majority of Soviet men and women today remains a puzzle. Nevertheless, Solzhenitsyn's absolutist vision may be prophetic. My hunch is that *if* there is a change inside Russia it will be an essentially Slavophile—that is to say, nationalistic and conservative—change. It will be some sort of reversal to or lurch toward earlier forms of autocracy. If Marxism-Leninism is repudiated, it will be repudiated more or less on Solzhenitsyn's grounds, as an alien, Westernizing import, with its poisonous sources in the French Revolution and Judaic intellectualism. There have been covert hints of an almost schizophrenic attitude toward the Marxist past in the recent Soviet consciousness.

"But when will the din of battle cease?" asked Solzhenitsyn in December, 1973. "If only I could go away from it all, go away for many years to the back of beyond with nothing but fields and open skies and woods and horses in sight, nothing to do but write my novel at my own pace." Vermont, in short. The Kremlin has obliged. But is it, one wonders, a true haven for this flagellant of God? Can so small a state be large enough to house his anathema?

—GEORGE STEINER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE VERY RICH HOURS OF COUNT VON STAUFFENBERG, by Paul West (Harper & Row; $12.95). On July 20, 1944, a one-eyed, one-handed, three-fingered German officer named Count Claus von Stauffenberg joined a briefing session called by Adolf Hitler, placed a briefcase containing a live time bomb near the Führer, and stepped out of the room. The bomb exploded, killing four staff members, but Hitler got off with a few splinters and minor burns. Within hours, the Count was seized and shot, along with several accomplices. For months afterward, scores of officers continued to be rounded up, tortured, and hanged. Speaking from beyond the grave in this unusual novel, Stauffenberg tells the whole story of the grisly fiasco: how his blue blood boiled at the thought of Hitler the wallpaper hanger dragging Germany to ruin; how a tour of duty in the barren Tunisian desert made him chafe at the thought of a career equally flat and barren; and how the wounds that he received there during a British air raid (especially the loss of an eye) inspired him to risk his battered life for eternal fame but also distorted his perspective and hindered his venture from the start. Stauffenberg's language gets more and more emotional as he turns to his post-mortem "memories" of the terrible vengeance that he accidentally unleashed against friends and allies—undoubtedly moving away from the facts about Stauffenberg and toward Mr. West's own feelings. But the shift is gradual, the hyperbole is understandable, and Mr. West's novel stands as an astonishing union of research and imagination.

FORGOTTEN IMPULSES, by Todd Walton (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). A handsome professor of English at the University of Chicago tells his wife that he has been fired, that he is broke, and that he wants to move back to the house in which he grew up and in which his widowed mother and younger brother still live, in a tiny town in Illinois; against her better judgment, she agrees to go with him. The story of what happens there in the months that follow is narrated, chapter by chapter, by the five main characters: the ex-professor, who grows increasingly odd as bitter memories of his sadistic father (who died before his brother was born) work their way into his thoughts and actions; his plucky and sophisticated wife, who, with only country folk and cornfields for company, does not feel as forlorn as she had feared, because she is determined to be pleasing and pleased; her brother-in-law, as handsome as his brother and far more cheerful, but not half as simple as he pretends to be; the brother-in-law's pretty and passionate fiancée, who takes to both newcomers but knows they are too attractive not to disturb the peace; and the mother, whose recollections of her hateful

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husband reveal, by the end, why her older son had to return. This is a striking family portrait; Todd Walton makes all the characters appealing—sturdy and daring at once—without blurring their distinctive voices and views.

BIRDS OF WINTER, by Theodore Vretos (*Houghton Mifflin*; $9.95). It is 1940; a young Greek named Jason, and nicknamed Icarus by his perceptive grandfather, finds his family's village unbearably dull and narrow, and he chafes to get away. His uncle, a bold and noisy rascal, thinks that the two of them should sail to America, and he urges the young man not to let his girlfriend's charms entice him into a provincial married life. Then Mussolini invades Greece, war is declared, and Jason is relieved of the need to choose. Both men enlist; a few months later, in a battle in Albania, the uncle is killed, and Jason is wounded and hospitalized. When he is discharged, sailing to America no longer seems attractive; instead, Icarus makes a spiritual ascent to a monastery perched on a cliff. A vicious deed by a crazy monk, however, poisons the rarefied air, and Jason retreats to his village, only to find that the war has not gone well for Greece while he has been up in the clouds. Like Greece itself, this spare story has a deceptively simple surface; every passage is permeated with allusions to the heroes of ancient history and mythology. Jason knows that he is a part of that tradition, and his knowledge gives his fall a tragic edge.

## GENERAL

STATES DYCKMAN: AMERICAN LOYALIST, by James Thomas Flexner (*Little, Brown*; $15.95). States (originally Staats) Dyckman was born in his father's Harlem River tavern in 1754 or 1755, and died, a multimillionaire, in 1806, before the completion of the quasi-Palladian mansion called Boscobel, on the Hudson highlands, that was to be his monument. Mr. Flexner, the biographer of the eminent (Washington, Hamilton, John Singleton Copley, Winslow Homer), tells us that he was drawn to Dyckman by his ordinariness—a simple businessman whose only aim in life was to live well—but the man he here brings to full, almost novelistic life is far from ordinary. Dyckman sided with the Crown in the Revolution, out of simple respect for established authority, and found a job in 1777 as a clerk in the Quartermaster Department in New York City. There he observed the lavish embezzlement known as patronage that supported the British upper class, and determined to share in it. How, over a period of years, both here and in England, he managed to foil his aristocratic co-conspirators, who wished to deny him any real part of the spoils, gives his story suspense and excitement. Mr. Flexner's discovery of this entirely human man is a real find.

RECONSTRUCTING APHRA: A SOCIAL BIOGRAPHY OF APHRA BEHN, by Angeline Goreau (*Dial*; $14.95). Although Aphra Behn (1640?-89) was the first Englishwoman—and one of the earliest Britons—to become a professional writer, she has received little attention over the centuries. Notable contemporaries, including Dryden, Wycherley, and Otway, accepted her as a colleague, but her courage in venturing to support herself was long regarded as unfeminine, and her ability to write hit plays for the Restoration audience was considered immodest. Miss Goreau does not claim that Aphra Behn was a great writer; she is most interested in Mrs. Behn's criticism of her age, especially in respect to the role of women: her ideal of romantic relations founded on honesty, equality, and mutuality was radical in her day, and resembles that of the radical Mary Wollstonecraft, more than a century later; with her novel "Oroonoko," one of the first antislavery statements in English, she began the association of feminism and abolitionism. This book shows a career typical of that of the all-around man of letters of the time, and atypical only in Mrs. Behn's being a woman.

ATOMIC ENERGY, by David E. Lilienthal (*Harper & Row*; $8.95). David Lilienthal is a pioneer in both the field of atomic energy and the public uses of energy: he was for many years the chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and in 1947 President Truman appointed him the first chairman of the newly founded Atomic Energy Commission. He is a wise man, and a remarkably modest one. His book is sprinkled with "I was there"s—and, in fact, he was. His views on nuclear energy will draw fire from both sides. He believes that it is essential but that it cannot continue to operate the way it has been operating. He was an early critic of the nuclear industry: he thinks the technology is too complicated to be genuinely safe. What he would like to see is a new start, with fresh ideas, but one can only wonder if this is really possible, given the present political attitudes. His book is a good one to read, however, for its strong dose of common sense.

Little Gloria . . . Happy at Last, by Barbara Goldsmith (Knopf; $15.95). A full airing of the bitter contest, in 1934, over the custody of ten-year-old Gloria Laura Vanderbilt, between Gloria's aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, and her mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, with exhaustive background material on the Whitneys and the Vanderbilts and side excursions into the scandalous activities of certain British peers, peeresses, and royals. The author, a magazine writer and editor, appears to assume that she is writing social history here, and at one point suggests that her book can be considered a study of the oppression of (rich) women. Whatever she has written, there is no doubt that there are six hundred and forty-eight pages of it. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Pissarro: His Life and Work, by Ralph E. Shikes and Paula Harper (Horizon; $24.95). Pissarro, who died in 1903, at the age of seventy-three, has always been credited with being the great leader and teacher of the Impressionists (Cézanne, too, in his old age, described himself as "pupil of Pissarro"), but his contributions to the style, and his achievements as a painter, draftsman, and printmaker, have been played down by critics and art historians. The authors of this superb biography show that Pissarro, as much as any of his fellow-Impressionists, offered a new view of the physical world. "In his paintings of carriages and people passing each other at twilight on a rainy road in Louveciennes," they write, "he evokes the puzzling melancholy of the recognition of a distinct moment of time." The book has been enriched by documents, photographs, and drawings long held by the Pissarro family and only recently made accessible, and by more than two hundred illustrations (twenty-one in color) from Pissarro's prodigious lifework.

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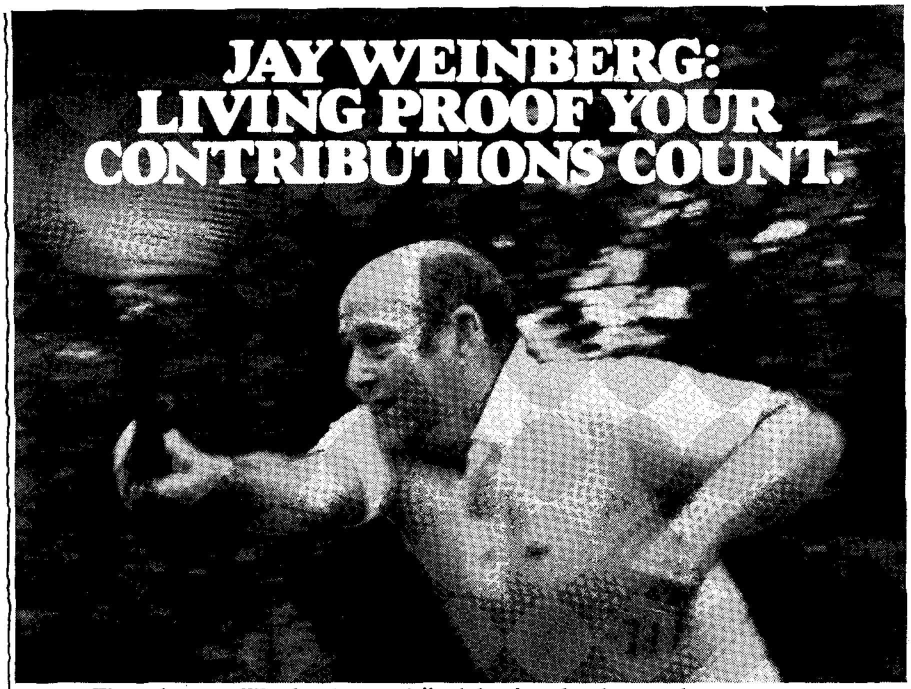
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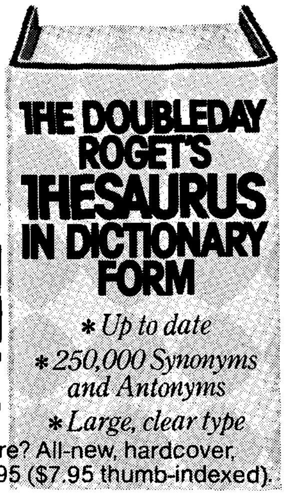
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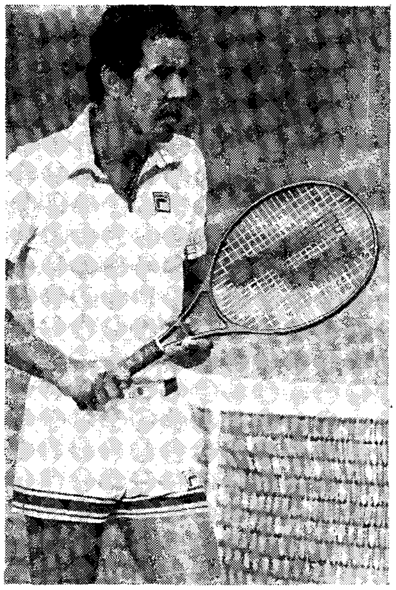

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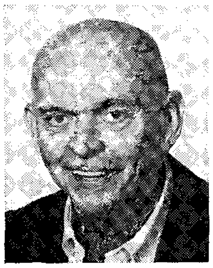

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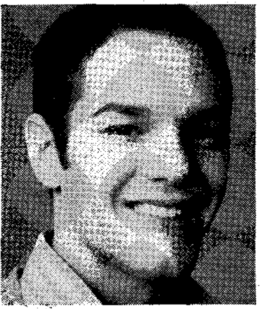

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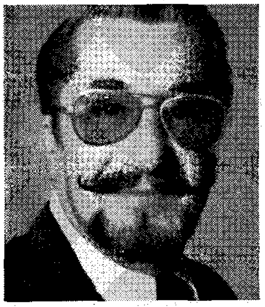

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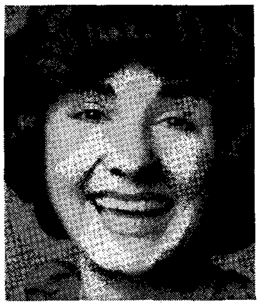

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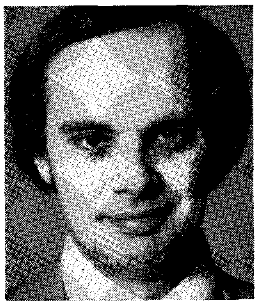

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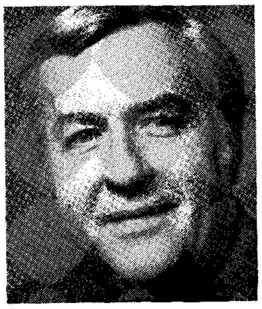

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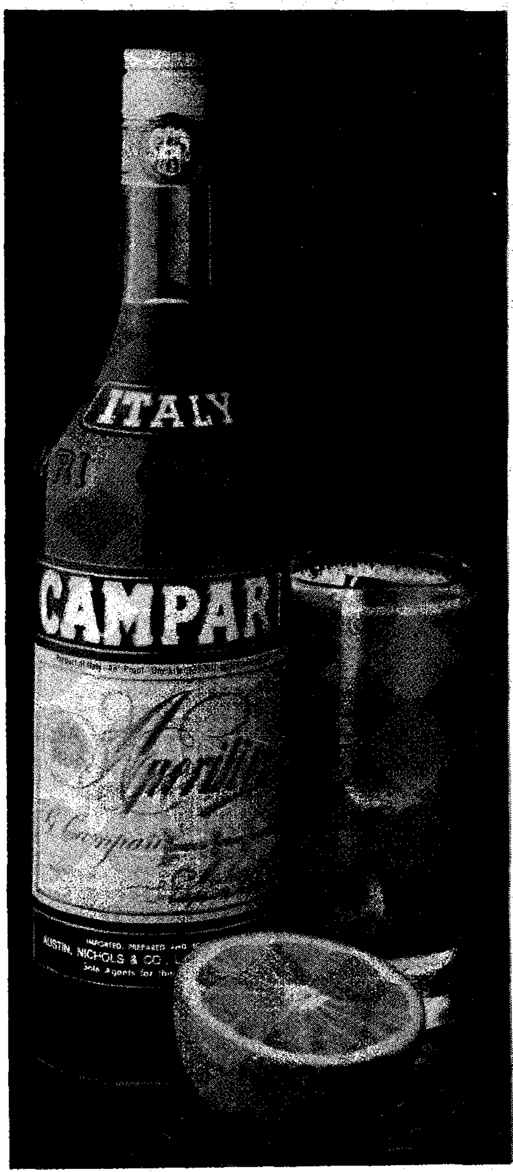

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